









THE  
YOUNG AND FIELD  
LITERARY READERS  
*Book Five*

BY

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## TO THOSE WHO READ THIS BOOK

There was never a boy or girl who did not love a hero. Every brave and unselfish deed that is done in the world makes us stand a little straighter and lift our chests a little higher and want to do something brave and unselfish ourselves.

This book which you are to read is a book of heroes. In it are heroes of all times and all countries. There is Perseus the Greek, who slew the monster that was threatening the earth; there is Daniel the Hebrew, who was thrown into a den of lions and had no fear, because he knew that God was with him; there is Regulus the Roman, who chose to die rather than to break his word; there are Beowulf and Siegfried, the dragon killers; and Arthur, the brave knight of old; and many another hero of the ancient days.

But there are other heroes quite as brave and as strong as these. A hero does not always wear a sword. Nowadays he seldom does, but the heroes of to-day are quite as brave and as strong as those of the old-time storybooks. Perhaps when you read of some of them you will think, as we do, that they are even braver and stronger. There is Florence Nightingale, who spent her life in nursing the sick; and Father Damien, who died to help his fellow men; and Dr. Grenfell, who is still braving the icy storms of Labrador to bring health and happiness to the poor fishermen of that land; and Captain Scott and his brave men, who died amid the cold and snow of the South Polar regions, because they would not leave their sick companions.

Ah, there are plenty of heroes still, and it does us good to read about them.

You will find other things in this book, — stories, poems, selections for the different seasons and holidays, songs of the out of doors, — but you will find it above all a hero book, and we think you will be glad that it is so.

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\* Short selections for memorizing.

# ABOUT THE SOUNDS OF THE LETTERS

In Books Three and Four you have learned the more common marks which tell the sounds of the letters. Now we shall give you in the word lists at the end of the lessons other marks which are used in dictionaries. Altogether, these are the marks that you will need to know :

ā as in nāme	ē as in hēr (= ī = ū)	ó as in són (= ŭ)
â as in senâte	ē as in prey (= ā)	ọ as in wọlf (= ồ = ụ)
â as in câre	ew as in dew (= ū)	ơ as in move (= ồ = ư)
ă as in făt	ī as in īce	ōō as in fōōd (= ơ = ư)
ǣ as in ǣccount	ī as in īdea	ồ as in fồot (= ơ = ư)
ą as in ąsk	ī as in machīne (= ē)	ũ as in ũse (= ew)
à as in sofà	ī as in sīr (= ē = ū)	ũ as in ũnite
ä as in ärm	ŷ as in ŷt	û as in fûr (= ē = ī)
ạ as in whạt (= ố)	ō as in ỏld	ũ as in ửp (= ó)
ạ as in ằl (= ô)	ô as in ỏbey	ǵ as in circũs
ē as in ēvening (= ee)	ô as in hỏrse (= ạ)	ụ as in pụll (= ồ = ơ)
ê as in whêre (= â)	ố as in nốt (= ạ)	ụ as in rụle (= ồ = ơ)
ě as in běj	ố as in cỏnnect	ũ as in German <i>grũn</i>
ě as in decěj	ô as in sỏft	ȳ as in flȳ (= ī)
		ỹ as in mỹth (= ī)
		ȳ as in mȳrrh (= ē = ū)
ç as in miçe (= s)		
eh as in echorus (= k)	ş as in iş (= z)	
çh as in çhaise (= sh)	th as in then	
dğ as in edge (= j)	x as in exạct (= gz)	
ğ as in cạge (= j)	n as in the French <i>ensemble</i>	
ñ as in ñk (= ng)	k as in the German <i>ich</i>	

When not marked, c is sounded as in cat (= k); ch as in child; g as in go; ph as in phantom (= f); qu as in quit (= kw); s as in so; th as in thin; x as in vex; ou as in out; oy as in boy (= oi).

Sometimes ci and ti have the sound of sh, as in gracious, nation.

Letters printed in italic type without marks are not sounded.

THE YOUNG AND FIELD  
LITERARY READERS  
BOOK FIVE



## PART I. READINGS FROM THE ARABIAN NIGHTS

### THE SEVEN VOYAGES OF SINDBAD THE SAILOR

[Nowhere else in the world are people quite so fond of hearing stories as in Arabia and the East. No feast or entertainment is complete without its story-teller; and in the evening after the coffee, or in the afternoon in some corner of the bazaar, or market place, when trade is dull, 5 there is generally to be found a long-bearded Turk or Arab in his great turban, telling some tale of adventure, while a group of interested listeners gather about him.

More than two hundred years ago a Frenchman named Galland, who lived for a time in Constantinople, found 10 there a great collection of these stories written out in Arabic and called "The Thousand and One Nights." He translated them into French, and when he returned to Paris published them in parts. Soon after this they were translated into English and other European languages and 15 became known as "The Arabian Nights."

Afterwards, other Arabic manuscripts were found which were somewhat different, showing that the stories had been written out from memory by different story-tellers

and that they did not always agree. It is thought that many of the tales came first from India, and thence were carried by story-tellers into Persia, and from Persia to Arabia and Egypt. They were written out in Arabic, some perhaps as early as the tenth century; others as late as the sixteenth. Many of them tell of the times of the caliph Haroun al-Raschid, who lived at the beginning of the ninth century.

The stories of "The Arabian Nights" are strung together on another story, like beads on a string. And this is the story that runs through them all and holds them together:

Once upon a time there lived in India a powerful sultan named Shahriyar. He had many wives, but he became weary of them, and as he wearied of them he used to cut off their heads. It was his custom to take a new wife each day, and to behead her upon the following day. The loveliest young women of the city were selected, one after another, and all met the same fate. At length Scheherazade, the beautiful daughter of the vizier, or chief officer of the sultan, said one day to her father, "O my father, give me in marriage to the sultan. Either I shall die and save one other daughter of the Mohammedans from death, or I shall live and save many."

Now Scheherazade had read many stories of former times, and the books of the poets, and she remembered all that she had read. "I can amuse the sultan with stories," she said to herself, "and he will let me live."

Her father, the vizier, tried to persuade her to give up this dangerous plan, but she was determined. So he offered her in marriage to the sultan, and she became Shahriyar's bride.

Upon the night following their marriage, the sultan 5 noticed that Scheherazade was weeping, and he said to her, "What aileth thee?"

She answered, "O my lord, I have a young sister, and I wish to take leave of her." So the sultan sent for the young sister, and she came and embraced Scheherazade 10 and sat with her. And when she saw a fitting time, she said, "O my sister, relate to us a story, to pass away the time."

"Most willingly," said Scheherazade, "if the most righteous sultan will permit me." 15

The sultan was pleased with the idea of a story; so Scheherazade began. She continued her story during the remainder of the night and so planned it that at sunrise, when the sultan arose to go about the business of the day, she had reached the most exciting part of it. Here she 20 stopped.

"How excellent is thy story!" said the young sister.

"It is nothing," said Scheherazade, "compared to that which I will relate to-night, if I live, and if the sultan spare me." 25

"I will spare her until I hear the rest of her story," said the sultan, as he arose and went out.

Soon the vizier came with a bundle of graveclothes under his arm for his daughter's burial, but the sultan told him Scheherazade's burial would be postponed until another day.

5 That night the story was finished and another begun; and so it was the next night, and the next. Each morning, at sunrise, Scheherazade stopped her story at a place so exciting that the sultan could not think of losing the rest of it. It was like the continued stories that we have nowadays  
10 in the magazines. So the nights passed and the stories went on, until one thousand and one nights had gone by. If you figure that out you will find it to be about two years and nine months. By that time the sultan thought so much of his wife that he said he would never part with  
15 her; so they lived happily ever after.

The stories of "The Arabian Nights" in their original form are very long and often repeat themselves, after the manner of the Eastern story-tellers. Most of our English translations are much shortened, and many of the stories  
20 are omitted. One of the best of the short collections is that of Mrs. Martha A. L. Lane, from which this story of Sindbad the Sailor is taken.]

In the time of the caliph Haroun al-Raschid there lived in the city of Bagdad a poor porter called Hindbad. One  
25 day, when the weather was extremely hot and he was staggering along under a heavy burden, he happened to

pass the house of a rich merchant. The pavement before the house had been sprinkled with rose-water, and a cool breeze came from the open door. Within he could see a great garden, where pages and slaves were moving about and preparations seemed to be going on for a feast. Filled with envy, Hindbad spoke aloud in bitterness and discontent, bewailing his own hard lot and protesting against the injustice that had given so much to another, who was perhaps no more deserving than himself.

While he was thus reproaching fate there came forth from the door a young page, who said to him, "Enter; my master calls for thee."

Accordingly Hindbad laid down his burden and went with the page into the house. At the upper end of a great table in the dining hall sat a grave, handsome man, whose hair was already turning gray. On beholding him and his guests Hindbad saluted the assembly with all respect and awaited the host's orders. But the master of the house urged him to draw near and to sit down and to eat of the delicious food that was on the table. And he said to the wondering porter, "What is thy name, and what trade dost thou follow?"

"O my master," answered the porter, "I am called Hindbad, and I bear upon my head men's merchandise, for hire."

At this the master of the house smiled and said: "Thy name is like unto mine, for I am Sindbad the Sailor. And

when I heard what thou wast saying before my door I determined to call thee in, that I might tell thee something of what happened to me before all this prosperity became mine. For I have not gained this comfort except  
5 after many troubles and terrors. Listen, then, to the history of my first voyage."

### SINDBAD'S FIRST VOYAGE

My father died when I was a child, and left me an ample fortune. For a time I lived a gay life, spending without reason, and when at length I saw my folly, my  
10 money was almost gone. Then it occurred to my mind to travel and engage in trade. So I bought some goods and, with other merchants, embarked in a ship, and for many nights and days we traversed the sea.

We passed from land to land and from sea to sea, and  
15 in every place to which we came we bought and sold and exchanged merchandise. At length we arrived at a small island, where the vessel was again brought to anchor. We landed and amused ourselves in various ways. Suddenly the captain, who was still standing upon the deck of his  
20 ship, cried out:

"O ye passengers, come up quickly into the ship. Leave your merchandise and flee for your lives, for that is no island, but a huge fish. When you lighted your fire it felt the heat, and now it will go down with you into the  
25 sea, and you will all be drowned."



"THE SHIP MEANTIME HAD GONE ON HER WAY, AND I WATCHED  
HER UNTIL SHE DISAPPEARED FROM SIGHT"

The passengers, hearing his words, hastened to obey him, but before all of us could reach the ship the island sank with those that were upon it, and we were cast into the sea. By good fortune a great wooden bowl came within  
5 my grasp, and I laid hold upon it and got into it, beating the water with my feet as if they were oars, while the waves tossed me to and fro. The ship meantime had gone on her way, and I watched her until she disappeared from sight.

Night came, and I lost all hope of being saved, but  
10 when another day had passed, the bowl drifted near a shore, where I contrived to make a landing. I threw myself upon the ground like one dead, and there I slept until the next day. Then I awoke and found myself surrounded by springs of fresh water and by all kinds of fruit. I  
15 walked along the shore and amused myself by looking at the strange trees and flowers. Suddenly a man came forth and called to me, saying, "Who art thou, and why hast thou come here?"

I answered him, "O my master, I am a stranger and  
20 have been shipwrecked upon this coast."

Then he said, "Come with me," and led me to a large cave and brought me some food.

"We are the grooms of King Mihraj," he went on, "and we have all his horses under our care. When we return  
25 from pasturing them here, we will take thee with us."

I thanked him, and before much time had gone by we set forth together for the city of King Mihraj. When the

king had heard my story he treated me with all respect and courtesy. I remained in his service a long time, but whenever I went to the seashore I used to ask of all the merchants and travelers concerning my old home, the city of Bagdad. No one had ever heard of it, and I grew weary 5 with my long stay in a foreign land.

One day as I stood upon the shore a great vessel approached, and the sailors began to bring forth the goods that were in the ship. As I stood writing their account for them I said to the captain, "Is there anything more 10 in the vessel?"

"Yes," he answered, "I have some goods in the hold of my ship, but their owner is dead. I desire to sell his goods, so that I may send the money I receive for them to his family in Bagdad."

15

"What was the name of the man?" I asked him.

He answered, "His name was Sindbad the Sailor, and he was drowned on a voyage with us."

Then I cried out at him with a great cry: "O captain, I am Sindbad the Sailor, who landed upon the island 20 with the other merchants, and when the fish dived I was among those who sank. But I was preserved by Allah (whose name be exalted!) and saved from drowning by means of a large wooden bowl, such as the passengers used for washing. I landed on this coast, and the grooms 25 of King Mihraj brought me to this city. Therefore these goods upon thy ship are my property."

When the captain was convinced of my truthfulness he gave me my goods with my name written upon them, and none was missing. So I opened them and took out something precious and costly, as a present to the king. 5 The rest I sold, and with the money I purchased other goods and merchandise. Then I went to the king, and having thanked him for all his kindness, I begged for his permission to go home to my own country. So he bade me farewell, making me rich gifts, and we set sail 10 for Balsora. From that place I returned to Bagdad.

To-morrow I will relate to you what happened on my second voyage.

Sindbad then presented the porter with a hundred pieces of gold and urged him to repeat his visit on the following 15 day. Accordingly Hindbad returned to the house of Sindbad at the time appointed and was welcomed with courtesy. And after the other guests had assembled, and food and drink had been placed before them, Sindbad told them the story of his second voyage.

### SINDBAD'S SECOND VOYAGE

20 I enjoyed my comfortable life for some time, but at length I became weary of it and longed for the pleasure of seeing new countries and of earning my bread. Having again purchased goods and merchandise, I embarked in a stanch vessel with other merchants and travelers. We

passed from sea to sea and from land to land until at last we came to a beautiful though lonely island, where we all went ashore. The air was sweet, and as I sat by a spring of pure water under the trees I fell asleep. When I awoke no one was to be seen. The ship had gone with the other 5 passengers, and I had been forgotten.

I looked about me in terror and despair. I had no food or money with me, and I saw not how I was to live. So I gave myself up for lost, saying, "Not always will the pitcher return from the well unbroken." Presently I rose 10 and walked up and down the shore, unable to keep still. Then I climbed a high tree, but from the top of it I could at first see nothing but sea and sky and trees and sand.

Looking more closely, I saw in the distance a huge white object of uncertain shape. At once I descended from the 15 tree and made my way in that direction. As I drew near to the strange object I found that it was like a great dome, having neither door nor window, nor, indeed, did there seem to be any way of gaining an entrance to it. While I gazed at it a shadow fell upon me, and a bird of enormous size 20 alighted upon the dome and brooded over it with its wings. Then I remembered the stories travelers had told me of a great bird, the roc, that feeds its young with elephants, and I knew that the dome must be a roc's egg.

At length I came so close to the egg that the legs of 25 the bird were within reach of my hand, and they were as big as the trunk of a tree. Unwinding my turban from

my head, I twisted it into a rope and bound my body fast to one of the feet of the bird, saying to myself, "Perhaps I shall be carried to a land of cities, and that will surely be better than this lonely island."

When the dawn came, the bird rose from her egg, uttered a great cry, and drew me up into the air. Gradually, then, she descended and rested in a valley below a lofty mountain top, where I hastily untied my turban and set myself free. The bird seemed unconscious of my presence. She took something from the ground in her talons and flew away, and as I followed her flight with eager gaze, I saw that her prey was a serpent of enormous size.

I noticed as I walked along the valley that the ground was strewn with shining pebbles, and when I stooped to examine them I found them to be diamonds of great size and wonderful beauty. But so steep were the sides of the valley that no one could ascend out of it, and I trod upon the diamonds with no desire to pick them up.

Suddenly, as I walked, a piece of fresh meat fell near me, and I remembered a story that diamond hunters, unable to make their way into many places where the precious stones are to be found, are in the habit of killing a sheep and tossing pieces of raw flesh into the diamond field. These pieces of meat, falling upon the sharp stones, stick to them, and the vultures who feast upon the meat carry the diamonds also to their nests. Then the diamond hunters frighten away the birds and secure the gems.

Hope now revived within me. I filled my pockets and my girdle with the glittering stones, and when another huge piece of meat fell to the earth I clasped it to my breast and, lying upon my back, held it firmly. Thus it was raised above the ground, and a vulture soon seized 5 it with his talons and bore it high into the air, carrying me with it. When the bird had reached the top of the mountain he alighted, but scarcely had he done so when a loud cry from behind him frightened him away, and lo! I found myself standing beside a man clad in the dress 10 of a merchant, who was amazed at my appearance.

He spoke not a word to me, but spying the meat, he came close to it and began to examine it carefully. No diamonds were to be seen upon it, and he smote his hands together in his grief and disappointment. 15

Seeing his distress, I advanced toward him, saying, "Fear not. I am a merchant like thyself, and my story is surprising. Thou shalt receive from me what will astonish and rejoice thee, for I have in abundance what thou art looking for." 20

Then I gave to the merchant several exquisite diamonds, and he thanked me and blessed me, and together we escaped from that dangerous country. We went from valley to valley and from city to city until we arrived at Balsora. Thence I came to Bagdad and entered my own 25 house, bringing with me a great quantity of diamonds, and riches in abundance.

This is the end of the story of my second voyage. Tomorrow, if it be the will of Allah (whose name be exalted !), I will relate to thee the events of my third voyage.

Accordingly, the next morning Hindbad went once more  
5 to the merchant's house and was welcomed as before.

### SINDBAD'S THIRD VOYAGE

For a long time, my friends, I lived in great comfort and happiness. Then I longed once more for travel and diversion and for gain as well, the soul being prone unto greed. So I bought for myself merchandise and embarked  
10 in a great vessel for a foreign shore. We went from sea to sea and from land to land, until one day, when we were in the midst of the sea, the captain cried out, "O passengers, we have been driven out of our course, and fate has brought us near an island on which is the Mountain of Apes. No  
15 man has ever escaped from this place."

Scarcely had he finished speaking when the apes surrounded the vessel on every side and began to climb the ropes. They were hideous beasts, being covered with thick black hair, like felt. Having seized all the passengers,  
20 they landed us upon their island and departed with our ship. Together we made our way into the middle of the island, and lo ! there stood a house with lofty walls and heavy doors. In one vast apartment were fire pots for cooking and a great pile of human bones.

Suddenly there appeared among us a giant of huge form and frightful countenance. His mouth was like the mouth of a well, and his lips were like those of a camel. He came toward us and lifted me from the ground, and I was like a little morsel in his hand. He felt of me and turned me over and over as a butcher does a sheep, but he found me thin and weak from fatigue. So he let me go and took first one and then another from among us until at last he came to our captain, who was fat and broad-shouldered. Being satisfied with this victim's condition, 10 the hideous giant cooked and devoured him, after which he lay down to sleep.

The next day we went forth to examine the island, but there was no place in which we could hide ourselves, and the hours went swiftly by. Presently the giant came 15 again among us and selected another victim in the same fashion as the day before. In the morning we said to one another, "Better for us if we cast ourselves into the sea than suffer ourselves to be put to death in this horrible manner. We must plan how we may escape from the 20 island." And I said to them, "Let us carry away some of his firewood and make rafts for ourselves."

To this they all agreed, and we began the work. We carried the wood to the shore and made rafts and stowed food upon them, after which we returned to the house. 25

That evening, while the giant was sleeping after his dreadful supper, we took two huge iron spits and thrust

them into the giant's eyes, and destroyed his sight. He uttered a great cry and sprang to his feet, while we fled to the right and left in the utmost fear and terror.

Coming to the shore we hastily embarked upon our rafts  
5 and pushed off to sea. But the giant rushed after us, led by another still more horrible than himself, and together they cast upon us great masses of rock, so that of all the persons upon the rafts only three were left alive. The next day we reached an island on which were delicious  
10 fruits and springs of water, and here we slept with thankful hearts.

We were awakened, however, by another foe. A serpent of enormous size had approached us and had swallowed one of our number. At this we were in the greatest fear  
15 and walked about over the island until we found a lofty tree, which we hoped would be a safe hiding place. But when the night came, and it was dark, the serpent returned, and coming up to my companion, swallowed him while I looked on in horror. After this the serpent  
20 went its way, leaving me like one dead, by reason of my fear.

I now tied wide pieces of wood crosswise upon the soles of my feet, and I tied a strip of wood upon each shoulder and one, long and wide, upon the crown of my head.  
25 Thus I was in the midst of pieces of wood which enclosed me like a box. When the evening arrived, the serpent saw me and came near to me, but could not swallow me

while I was protected by the wood. As soon as the sun rose it went its way, in the utmost vexation and rage.

I then walked along the shore of the island, and behold, there was a ship in the distance! So I took a great branch of a tree and signaled with it to the passengers, 5 and they came and took me with them in the ship. I told them of all my troubles, and they wondered exceedingly. They clad me in decent clothing and gave me food to eat until my hunger was satisfied. My soul became at ease, and my courage was strengthened, and all that I had 10 undergone became as a dream.

At length we came in sight of an island, and the captain anchored his ship in order that the merchants might take forth their goods to sell and buy. Then the owner of the ship said to me:

15

"Thou art a stranger and poor. I therefore desire to aid thee to reach thine own country. There was with us a man whom we have lost, and we know not whether he be living or dead. I will put his goods in thy charge, that thou mayst sell them in this island, and in re- 20 turn thou shalt have payment for thy trouble." And I thanked him.

He thereupon ordered the sailors to land the goods and to deliver them to me. And the clerk said, "With what name shall I mark them?" He answered, "They 25 belong to Sindbad the Sailor, of whose fate we have no knowledge."

When I heard my name I ran to the owner of the ship and told him that I was Sindbad the Sailor, and I reminded him of all that had passed between us when I set sail on my second voyage. And one of the merchants arose  
5 and said :

"O my companions, what this man says is true. When I told to you the story of my casting down a huge piece of meat into the Valley of Diamonds and of a man who was brought up with it, you would not believe me. But  
10 this is he whom the vulture brought up out of the valley, and he gave me diamonds of great price. He told me that his name was Sindbad the Sailor, and now you may know that our stories are true."

When the owner of the ship was thus convinced that  
15 I was Sindbad the Sailor he restored all my wealth to me, and we set sail, and in time arrived at Balsora. Then I came to Bagdad, and collected my friends and companions about me, and forgot all that had happened to me and the distresses that I had suffered.

20 To-morrow thou shalt come to me, Hindbad, and I will relate to thee the story of my fourth voyage.

Hindbad took the gold which Sindbad had ordered to be given to him and went his way, wondering at all that he had heard. The next day he returned and was received  
25 with all courtesy. The servants brought forward delicious food, and Sindbad of the Sea began his fourth story.

## SINDBAD'S FOURTH VOYAGE

I lived at home in the utmost happiness and ease until my restless spirit again suggested that I should travel to foreign countries and add to my wealth. Accordingly I purchased goods and gear, and having packed many bales, I embarked with some of the chief men of Balsora and set forth on a long journey.

One day a wind arose, which became a hurricane and tore the sails into strips. The vessel was wrecked, and I, with a number of other merchants, was cast upon the shore of an island. As we walked about in hunger and weariness we saw a building in the distance and proceeded thither. Immediately we were seized and carried into the building and into the presence of the king. He ordered that we should be fed, but so strange was the food that I would eat none of it. My companions ate of it, however, and immediately they became like men without sense. Upon seeing this I was grieved for them and watched to see how they were treated.

It was soon evident that we were to be fattened to serve as food for the king. Every day we were given into the care of a person who took us forth to pasture us like cattle. But because I would not eat of the food, and from excessive fear, I grew thin and ill, so that they forgot about me and allowed me to stay alone.

One day as I was walking about the island the herdsman saw that I was in possession of my reason and made

signs to me to take another road. This I did, running swiftly, because of my fear, until I was hidden from view. For seven days and nights I kept on, stopping only for rest and to eat of the herbs that I found, and at last I  
5 came upon a party of men gathering pepper. I told them my story, and they wondered at my escape. They took me to their king, and he treated me with respect and honor, giving orders that I should have food and that I should amuse myself with a sight of his city.

10 I rejoiced, therefore, and became at ease. A slight matter soon made me an important person. I noticed that all the men of the city (even the king himself) rode their horses without saddles. So I said to the king, "Wilt thou permit me to make a saddle for thee?" And he  
15 said, "What kind of thing is a saddle?" Then I said, "Furnish me with some wood and some leather and some wool, and I will show thee what a saddle is."

So with the aid of a carpenter and a blacksmith I made a saddle which pleased the king. And when his vizier saw  
20 the saddle he desired one like it. All the great men of the city also demanded saddles, which I made for them. Thus I gained much wealth and became well known among them.

The king loaded me with presents and at length gave  
25 me for a wife a woman of high rank and abundant fortune. We lived together in great happiness until, one day, the wife of my neighbor died. I went in to console him

and comfort him, and found him in a most sorrowful state. "Farewell," he said to me, "for never wilt thou see me again."

"How so?" said I. "Thou art well; do not give way to such despair."

"To-day they will bury my wife," he answered, "and they will bury me with her, for it is the custom in our country when the wife dies to bury her husband with her, and when the husband dies the wife is buried with him."

"This is a terrible country," I said, and even as I spoke 10 the people of the city began to draw near. Carrying the woman upon her bier, which was covered with jewels and ornaments, they went forth to a place outside the city where a mountain stood near the sea. They lifted up a great stone and uncovered a deep pit, like a huge well. 15 Into this they lowered the bier and the woman with all her jewels, and then they tied a rope about the man and let him down into the pit. They let down also a great jug of water and seven loaves of bread. Then they replaced the stone and went their way. 20

I said within myself, "This death is worse than the first death," and I became fearful lest my wife should die, and they should bury me alive with her. It was, indeed, but a short time, or so it seemed to me, before she did fall sick and died. And when the people of the city had 25 placed her upon her bier they carried her to the mountain and came forward to bid me farewell. I cried out to

them, "I am a stranger and cannot endure your customs," but they paid no heed to me.

I bowed before them to the earth and kissed their garments, begging them to have mercy upon me. Not one of  
5 them was moved by my distress. They laid hold upon me by force, and after the body of my wife had been lowered into the pit they let me down also, with a jug of fresh water and seven loaves of bread. Then they replaced the stone, and I found myself in a huge cavern beneath  
10 the mountain.

I walked about in the dreadful place and found it to be spacious; but the floor of it was covered with bones and jewels. I made for myself a couch in a far corner, and there I lay, knowing not night from day and taking as little  
15 food as possible, lest my supply should become exhausted.

"It is true," I said to myself, "that Allah ordereth all things, but thou art to blame, unhappy Sindbad, for thy present evil case. If thou hadst stayed quietly at home, thou wouldst have escaped this terrible death." Such were  
20 the complaints with which I filled the cave.

One day I was roused from my sleep by a slight noise, and as I walked toward the place whence it came, a wild beast ran by me and fled toward another part of the pit. As I followed it a faint light appeared in the distance,  
25 and the nearer I approached the larger and lighter it became. So I was convinced that there was a hole in the cavern, which opened to the outer air. Then my heart

was more at ease, and taking an abundance of the jewels with which the ground was strewn, I sought the small opening made by the wild beasts. I dragged myself with great difficulty through the hole and found, to my joy, that I was upon a lonely strip of seashore. 5

Two or three days afterwards, as I sat upon the sand, a ship passed within hail. I made a signal flag of my turban and called to the crew as loud as I could. When the sailors heard my voice they sent out a boat and carried me to the vessel. And the captain said to me, "O man, how didst thou come here? All my life have I been accustomed to pass by this mountain, but never have I seen anything here but the birds and the wild beasts." 10

I answered him, "I am a merchant. I was in a great ship, and it was wrecked near this mountain." But I was 15 silent concerning all that had befallen me in the city. We kept on our course until we arrived in safety at the city of Balsora; after which I came to my house in Bagdad. Sup thou with me to-morrow, O my brother, and I will tell thee what befell me during my fifth voyage, for that 20 is more wonderful than any of the former tales.

So Hindbad took the hundred pieces of gold which were presented to him, and returned to his own house. And the next day at the same hour he sat at Sindbad's table with the other guests and heard with wonder the story of the 25 fifth voyage.

## SINDBAD'S FIFTH VOYAGE

I now dwelt in the city of Bagdad with my friends and companions and was content with my lot. But in time I forgot all that I had experienced and suffered on the sea and longed to seek profit and amusement in other countries. So I bought quantities of goods and set sail from Balsora in a new vessel of great size and beauty.

One day we arrived at an island where many of the passengers landed to divert themselves after the long voyage. The island was uninhabited, but some of the merchants caught sight of a huge white dome of great bulk, which they examined with much curiosity. At length they struck it with stones and sticks until they cracked it and discovered that it was an enormous egg.

When I saw the merchants striking the egg I called out to them, "That is a roc's egg, and the roc will surely come and destroy us," but they paid no heed to my words. And behold! the light was suddenly obscured, and we saw above us two birds of wonderful size flying in circles over the ship.

The captain made haste to depart from the island, but the birds followed us, each bearing in its claws a mass of rock. One of them let fall the rock that he carried, but it missed us by a slight space. It went down into the sea with a mighty plunge and caused great waves, upon which our ship was tossed about like a cockleshell.

Then the other bird let fall a piece of rock, and it dropped upon the ship and crushed it, and we were all thrown into the sea.

I tried to save myself, and caught hold of a plank of the ship, which bore me near an island in the midst of the sea. Here I landed with great difficulty and found myself in a beautiful place that resembled one of the gardens of Paradise.

As I walked, I saw a small stream, near which sat an old man. I said to myself, "Perhaps this old man has also been shipwrecked." So I said to him, "O sir, why dost thou sit here, and what service can I render thee?"

Whereupon he made a sign that I should carry him across the stream. Accordingly I took him upon my shoulders and carried him through the shallow water. Then I stooped, that he might descend with ease, but he would not get down. He had twisted his legs around my neck, and when I looked at them I saw that they were as rough and black as those of a buffalo.

At this I was frightened and strove to throw him from my shoulders, but he pressed upon my chest with his feet and squeezed my throat, so that I was choked and fell upon the ground like one dead. He then beat me upon my back and shoulders until I rose with him and carried him wherever he wished to go. When I disobeyed him he gave me blows with his feet, and if I loitered or went slowly he beat me. We went about among the trees,

where there were choice fruits, and he descended not from my shoulders by night or day. If he desired to sleep he would wind his legs around my neck and take his rest.

Thus it was with me for some time, until the day  
5 I came upon a number of dry gourds lying upon the ground. I took a large one, and having cleansed it thoroughly, I filled it with grape juice and left it in the sun until it had become pure wine. Every morning I drank a little of it to give me strength to bear my burden, and  
10 one day the old man made a sign to me to give him some of the wine. This I did, and being pleased with the taste, he drank all that was left in the gourd.

He soon became unconscious, so that I could shake him from my shoulders. I scarcely dared to believe that I was  
15 freed from him, and in my fear lest he should rise again and torment me I caught up a heavy stone and flung it upon him as he lay there in his drunken sleep.

After that I walked about the island and came again to the seashore. And lo! a vessel approached and an-  
20 chored, and all the passengers landed near me. When they saw me they asked many questions concerning my coming to the island, and I told them my story. Then they said, "This man who rode upon thy shoulders is called the Old Man of the Sea, and no one except thee  
25 ever escaped from him." They gave me food and clothing and took me with them in the ship to a city of lofty buildings overlooking the water. This is called the City



"I TOOK HIM UPON MY SHOULDERS AND CARRIED HIM THROUGH  
THE SHALLOW WATER"

of the Apes, and every night the people embark in boats and ships and pass the night upon the sea, in their fear lest the apes come down upon them from the mountains.

To amuse myself I landed, and the ship set sail without my knowledge; so I repented that I had ever gone ashore in that place. Every night I embarked with some of the people and pushed off from the land to a place of safety. In the morning we returned, and the citizens went about their various occupations. One day a member of the party with whom I had spent the night said, "Thou art a stranger in this place. Art thou skilled in any art or trade by which thou couldst earn thy living?"

And I said to him, "No. I was once a merchant and a person of wealth, but I have lost my ship and all my goods."

Then the man gave me a cotton bag and said to me, "Take this bag and fill it with pebbles."

So I picked up small pebbles and filled the bag. Then he put me in charge of a party of men, saying to them, "This is a stranger. Take him with you and teach him the mode of gathering."

So they welcomed me and took me with them to a wide valley wherein were many lofty trees which no one could climb. There were also many apes, which, when they saw us, fled from us and hid among the branches. Then the men began to pelt the apes with the stones that they had in the bags, upon which the apes plucked off the

fruits of the trees and threw them at the men. When I looked at the fruits which the apes had thrown down I saw that they were coconuts. Thereupon I chose a great tree which held many apes and threw pebbles at them until I had collected a great store of coconuts. Then we 5 returned to the city, and I continued every day to go forth and gather coconuts, until I had amassed a large amount of them.

One day a vessel arrived at that city and cast anchor. I went to my friend who had just helped me and told him 10 that I desired to return to my own country. He replied, "It is for thee to say." So I bade him farewell and engaged my passage in that ship. At every place where we cast anchor I sold some of my coconuts, and soon I had gained much wealth. When we arrived at Balsora I made 15 haste to proceed to Bagdad, where I soon forgot all the hardships of the voyage in making merry with my friends.

Come to me to-morrow, O Hindbad, and I will relate to thee the tale of my sixth voyage, which was even more wonderful than this.

20

Then Sindbad the Sailor gave orders that the porter should receive a hundred pieces of gold. On the following day Hindbad came again, as he had been directed, and Sindbad began the story of his sixth voyage.

## SINDBAD'S SIXTH VOYAGE

One day, my friends, as I was sitting in happiness and gayety, there came to me a party of merchants bearing the marks of travel. When I saw them I remembered the day of my return from voyaging, and I longed again  
5 for the excitement of travel and trade, so I determined to set forth. I bought for myself rich goods and embarked in a large vessel from the city of Balsora. We went from place to place, buying and selling, and fortune seemed to smile upon us, until one day the captain suddenly cried  
10 out to us, "We have fallen into great peril, for the wind hath driven us from our course into an unknown sea."

Then he would have loosed the sails, but the wind flung the ship back and broke her rudder and drove her upon a rocky coast, where she went to pieces.

15 A few of our number were cast upon the shore, which was already strewn with numerous bales of goods and the wrecks of other ships. The abundance of wealth confounded the reason, and the passengers became like madmen in consequence. I went up into the island, and there I found a  
20 stream, that fairly glittered because of the precious stones that it contained. I beheld jewels and crystals of all kinds, together with large pearls suitable for kings.

We wandered about the island, carefully guarding our small stock of provisions, and soon we dared eat of it  
25 but sparingly lest it become exhausted. One after another

died from hunger or fear until at last I was left alone. So I wept, saying to myself, "Would that I had died first!" And I dug a grave for myself and said, "When I fall sick I will lie down in this grave, and the wind will blow the sand over me and cover me, for thus only can I be buried." 5 I blamed myself for my little sense and for going forth from my home, where I was blessed with plenty and comfort.

Then I thought, "The river that I saw must have a beginning and an end. I will make a raft, and I will let it carry me down the river. If I escape, well and good; if 10 not, it will be better to die in the river than in this place."

Then I arose and collected planks and pieces of wood and made a raft for myself, and having taken with me a large quantity of pearls and ambergris, I launched the raft upon the river. Now the river came from beneath a 15 cliff close by and disappeared in the earth under the opposite range of hills; and I was soon carried to a narrow place of intense darkness, where the sides of the raft rubbed against the banks of the river and my head touched the roof above me. 20

Then I blamed myself, saying, "If this river becomes narrower than the raft, I can neither go on nor go back, and I shall perish miserably." I threw myself on my face upon the raft and went on down the river, which sometimes widened and sometimes grew narrow again. Thus 25 I lay there upon my face in the darkness and knew not whether the time were long or short.

At length I awoke and found myself in the light. The raft was tied to the shore, and around me were a number of Indians. They spoke to me in their language, but I knew not what they said. Then a man advanced from among  
5 them and asked me in Arabic who I was and whence I had come.

"I beg of thee, O my master," I answered him, "to bring me some food, and then I will tell thee everything."

Accordingly he brought me food; after which I told  
10 him of all that had happened to me from beginning to end.

Then the men took me with them to their king, who was the king of Serendib, and acquainted him with what had happened. And the king wondered at the narrative  
15 and congratulated me upon my escape.

The island of Serendib is eighty leagues in length and thirty leagues in width, and there is upon it a lofty mountain containing different kinds of minerals and jewels and covered with spice trees. After diverting myself with  
20 a view of its wonders I went back to the king and begged for permission to return to my own country. He granted this permission, and having given me a present and a sealed letter, he said to me, "Carry these to the caliph Haroun al-Raschid and give him salutations from us."  
25 I replied, "I hear and I obey!"

Accordingly I departed thence and returned to Bagdad. The caliph conferred favors upon me, and I continued to

enjoy the same pleasant life which had formerly been mine. I forgot all my troubles and was full of joy.

Come to me to-morrow, O Hindbad, and thou shalt hear my seventh story.

So the porter, as usual, went away satisfied and returned 5 next day to listen to the story of the seventh voyage.

### SINDBAD'S SEVENTH VOYAGE

When I gave up my voyaging, my whole time was spent in pleasure. But while I was sitting in my house one day, a page from the caliph came to me and said, "The caliph asks for thee." 10

I therefore went with him to his majesty and kissed the ground before him, whereupon he said to me, "O Sindbad, I have an errand for thee. Wilt thou do it?"

I said, "O my lord, what is the errand?"

"I desire to send a letter and a present to the king of 15 Serendib," he answered me. And I trembled as I replied:

"O my lord, I have taken a hatred to the sea. I have no desire to go forth from Bagdad." And I told him of all that had happened to me from first to last.

He wondered exceedingly and said, "O Sindbad, surely 20 no such events have ever happened before. But for my sake thou wilt go this time, and thou shalt return with all haste, if it be the will of Allah, and we shall no longer owe a debt of courtesy to the king."

So, since I was unable to refuse his demand, I replied, "I hear and I obey." He then gave me the present and the letter, and money for my voyage, and I kissed his hands and departed.

5 I went from Bagdad to the sea and embarked on a ship, and we had a fair voyage to the island of Serendib.

As soon as we arrived I went to the king and kissed the ground before him. And when he saw me he said, "A friendly welcome to thee, O Sindbad." Then he took  
10 me by the hand and seated me by his side and showed me the greatest courtesy and kindness. I offered to him the present and the letter, saying, "O my lord, I have brought thee a present and a letter from my master, the caliph Haroun al-Raschid. The present consists of a horse worth  
15 a thousand pieces of gold, and a book, and a rich dress, and a hundred different kinds of white cloths from Egypt, and Greek carpets, and silk, and flax, and a wonderful crystal cup."

Then the king gave me many presents and treated me  
20 with honor, and after a few days I took leave of him to return to my own country, having no desire for further travel.

On our homeward voyage there suddenly appeared a number of boats, which surrounded us. In them were  
25 armed men, who conveyed us to an island, and here they sold us as slaves. A rich man bought me and carried me to his house, where he fed and clothed me and treated me

in a friendly manner. One day he said to me, "Dost thou know any trade?" And I answered, "O my lord, I am a merchant, and can make nothing with my hands." And he said, "Dost thou know how to shoot with a bow and arrows?" And I said, "Yes, I know that."

5

So he brought me a bow and arrows and mounted me behind him upon an elephant. We departed at dawn, and coming to a lofty tree, he made me climb it, saying, "Sit here, and when the elephants come to this place shoot at them with thine arrows. If one of them should fall, come 10 and tell me."

He then left me, and I was full of terror. Presently the elephants came wandering about among the trees, and I shot one of them. I went to my master and told him, and he was pleased with me and treated me with favor. 15 He then carried away the slain elephant, in order that he might take the tusks for ivory.

In this manner I went on day after day, until one morning as I was sitting in the tree, suddenly a large number of elephants came forth roaring and trumpeting. 20 They surrounded the tree in which I was sitting, and a huge elephant, having wound his trunk around it, pulled it up by the roots. I fell down senseless among the elephants, and the large one lifted me to his back and went away, with the others following.

25

They came to a place where he threw me upon the ground, and I was left alone. All around me were the

bones and tusks of elephants, and I doubted not that this must be their burial place, and that they had brought me hither in order that I might not kill more of them, since I did it only for their tusks. I marveled at their intelligence  
5 and journeyed a day and a night to find my master, who was overjoyed at my news. We went together to the place, and when he saw all the tusks his heart was glad. He carried away what he desired, and we went back to his house. He treated me with much kindness and said,  
10 "Thou hast shown me the way to great riches. Now thou art a free man."

Then I said to him, "O my master, wilt thou give me leave to go to my own country?" And he answered, "Yes, thou hast permission; but the time of our fair, at which  
15 we sell the ivory, is now near. It will be better for thee to wait until then. When the merchants depart from us I will send thee with them."

Soon after this the merchants came in a ship, and when they had bought and sold and exchanged they took  
20 me away with them. We went from island to island and from place to place until we had crossed the sea and landed on the shores of the Persian Gulf. Here the merchants took forth what they had brought with them and sold it. I also sold what I had and purchased beautiful presents  
25 and everything that I desired. Then I bought a beast to ride upon and crossed the deserts from country to country till we came to Bagdad. I went in to the caliph and

saluted him and kissed his hands, after which I told him all that had happened, and he rejoiced at my safety and had my story written in letters of gold. This is the end of the history of my voyages.

When Sindbad had made an end of his story he bade 5  
his servants give Hindbad a hundred pieces of gold and said to him, "How now, O my brother? Hast thou ever heard of such disasters as I have suffered, and do I not deserve these pleasures as a compensation for what I have endured?" 10

Upon this Hindbad came forward and kissed his hands and said, "O my lord, thou hast indeed endured much and art deserving of all thy favors. Put away from thee now the memory of thy troubles, and may Allah grant thee a long life to enjoy thy good fortune!" 15

Sindbad then made the porter his friend and companion, and the two lived together in all happiness.

### QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Who was the caliph Haroun al-Raschid, and where was Bagdad? 2. Tell how "The Arabian Nights" was found and translated, and where the stories came from. 3. Tell the story of Scheherazade and the sultan. 4. What is a porter? Why did Sindbad call Hindbad into his house?

5. Tell why Sindbad made his first voyage, and how traveling merchants made their money in the days of "The Arabian Nights." 6. What is meant by "Not always will the pitcher.

return from the well unbroken"? 7. Is there, or was there ever, such a bird as the roc? Tell what the old legends said about it. 8. Describe a turban. 9. What and where is Balsora?

10. Have you ever heard a story somewhat like that of the giant in Sindbad's third voyage? If so, tell it in your own words and where it is found. (This Arabian story came from the same source.) 11. Where is Serendib, and what is its present name?

12. What is a "debt of courtesy"? 13. After reading the story of these voyages what sort of man do you think Sindbad was? 14. Which of the voyages do you like best? Tell in as few words as possible the story of that voyage.

15. Is there any truth in this story? Do you think the author of it expected any one to believe it? What is the difference between telling a lie and writing a story about something that never happened? 16. Turn to page 266 of this book and read what Abraham Lincoln said about the story of Sindbad the Sailor. What did he mean by saying it was "a mighty good lie"?

You will be interested in other stories in "The Arabian Nights," particularly, "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp," "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves," "Prince Camaralzaman," "The Merchant and the Genie," "The Story of the Fisherman," and "The Barmecide's Feast." These can be found in almost any edition of the book, but in Mrs. Lane's edition they are much easier to read.

Other good stories of Arabian life are Laboulaye's "The Quest of the Four-Leaved Clover," McManus's "Our Little Arabian Cousin," and selections from Jane Andrews's "Seven Little Sisters" and "Each and All."

**Sindbad** (Sĭnd'băd): a famous sailor in "The Arabian Nights."

**bazaar** (bâ zâr'): a Turkish market place or square filled with shops.

**turban** (tûr'băn): a headdress worn by men in some parts of Asia and by most Mohammedans; a large sash or scarf wound about the cap.

**Galland** (Gáll'ând'): the French translator of "The Arabian Nights."

**Arabic** (Ār'â bĭc): the language of Arabia.

**manuscript** (măn'ũ scrip't): a book or roll written by hand.

**caliph** (cāl'ĭf): the head of the Mohammedan nations.

**Haroun al-Raschid** (Hă rōon'ār rā-shĕd'): caliph of Bagdad from A.D. 786 to 809.

**sultan** (sũl'tăn): the ruler of a Mohammedan country.

**Shahriyar** (Shăh rĭ'yâr): a sultan or king of India, in "The Arabian Nights."

**Bagdad** (Băg dăd'): an ancient city in southeastern Asiatic Turkey on the Tigris River.

**Scheherazade** (Schĕ hĕ'râ ză'dĕ): the story-teller of "The Arabian Nights."

**vizier** (vĭ zĭēr'): a high officer in Mohammedan countries.

**Mohammedans** (Mô hăm'mĕd ănş): followers of Mohammed, or believers in his religion.

**original** (ô rĭg'ĭn ôl): first; not copied from anything else.

**Hindbad** (Hĭnd'băd): a porter, in "The Arabian Nights."

**protesting** (prŏ tĕst'ĭng): objecting earnestly.

**reproaching** (rĕ prŏach'ĭng): blaming.

**assembly** (ăs sĕm'blĭ): a company of persons gathered together in one place.

**merchandise** (mĕr'chăn dĭz): goods; things that are bought and sold.

**prosperity** (prŏs pĕr'ĭ tĭ): good fortune, success.

**ample** (ăm'plĕ): large, abundant, rich.

**traversed** (trăv'ĕrsĕd): crossed, moved back and forth across.

**contrived** (cŏn trĭvĕd'): managed or carried out by some plan.

**grooms** (grŏoms): menservants who take care of horses.

**Mihraj** (Mĭh rāj'): a fabulous king of the East.

**Allah** (Āl'lăh): the Mohammedan name for God.

**exalted** (ĕgz ălt'ĕd): glorified, raised high.

**Balsora** (Băl sŏ'ră): an ancient city in southeastern Turkey, on the Euphrates River near the Persian Gulf; now called Băs'sŏ ră.

**roc** (rŏc): a mythical, or imaginary, bird of great size and strength.

**talons** (tăl'ŏnş): claws of an animal, especially of a bird of prey.

**diversion** (dĭ vĕr'shŏn): amusement, recreation.

**prone** (prōne): inclined, disposed.  
**apartment** (á pǎrt'měnt): a room or set of rooms.

**fatigue** (fà tigue'): weariness.

**gear** (gēar): goods, stuff.

**bier** (biēr): a frame or stand upon which the dead are carried.

**obscured** (ǒb scūred'): darkened, made dim.

**cockleshell** (cǒck'le shěll): the shell of a scallop, used also of a light boat.

**Paradise** (Pǎr'a dīse): heaven.

**gourd** (gōurd): a hard-shelled vegetable of the cucumber family.

**unconscious** (ŭn cǒn'shŭs): in a swoon or faint; not knowing what is going on.

**occupation** (ǒc cŭ pǎ'shòn): business, employment.

**amassed** (á mǎssed'): collected, stored up.

**confounded** (cǒn found'ěd): confused, astonished.

**ambergris** (ǎm'bēr grīs): a waxy substance found floating on tropical seas, and used for perfumery.

**Indians**: here, the people of India.

**Serendib** (Sēr ěn'dīb): an old name for Ceylon; also spelled Sarandeb.

**narrative** (nǎ'rǎ tīve): a story or history.

**congratulated** (cǒn grăt'ŭ lǎ těd): expressed pleasure at some one's success or good fortune; complimented.

**league** (lēague): a measure of distance varying in different times and countries from about 2.4 to 4.6 miles.

**conferred** (cǒn fěrrəd'): bestowed.

**debt of courtesy**: a favor due to someone in return for favors received.

**trumpeting** (trŭm'pět ĭng): making a sound like a trumpet, as the cry of elephants.

**intelligence** (ĭn těl'ĭ ġěņce): understanding.

**disasters** (dĭs'ās'těrs): sudden and great misfortunes.

**compensation** (cǒm pěn sǎ'shòn): pay, reward.

**security** (sě cŭ'rĭ tŭ): safety.

## PART II. STORIES IN VERSE

### ALICE FELL

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

[One of the loveliest places in England is the Lake Country, in the counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland, near the Scottish border. If you will look at a map of that country, you will see a half dozen or more little lakes lying among the mountains and emptying through small rivers into the Irish Sea. It is just such a country as a poet ought to be born in and grow up in, and luckily it was the home of Wordsworth, one of the greatest of English nature poets. Two other poets, Coleridge and Southey, also lived there, and the three together made the region so famous that travelers from all over the world now go to visit it and try to find the places where the poets lived and the scenes which they described.

In 1770, a few years before the breaking out of the American Revolution, Wordsworth was born in the village of Cockermouth, beside a beautiful little river called the Derwent. The house where he lived is still standing—a square, two-storied, solid-looking sort of house, set away back from the street, with a garden behind it that

stretches down to the river. There were five children in the Wordsworth family. William was next to the oldest, and Dorothy, the only sister, was next to William. The children used to spend long summer afternoons playing  
5 together in the garden or beside the river, or running to the rose hedge to peek into the sparrow's nest, or chasing butterflies around the flower beds, or doing a hundred other things that children like to do. From the garden they could see, up the river, the towers of old Cockermouth  
10 Castle. There William spent many an hour climbing about the ruined walls or lying on the grass and looking at the hills and meadows across the stream and at the clouds floating in the sky.

And there was the mill race, too, where he used to go  
15 swimming. He tells about that in his poem called "The Prelude," and he also tells how he went skating in winter and followed away up the river the reflection of a star in the black ice. He was a fine skater and could cut his name in the ice even when he became an old man.

20 He was a tall, slender boy — long-legged and a little awkward, but strong and active. He thought a great deal, and disturbed his good mother by some of his queer ways. She said he was the only one of the children about whom she worried. She was sure William would grow up to be  
25 either very good or very bad ; she did n't know which.

When he was only eight years old his mother died, and he was sent away to school. When he was thirteen

his father died, too, and the five children were taken care of by their grandfather and their uncle, who were both of them cross and disagreeable most of the time, so that the poor children had a hard life of it.

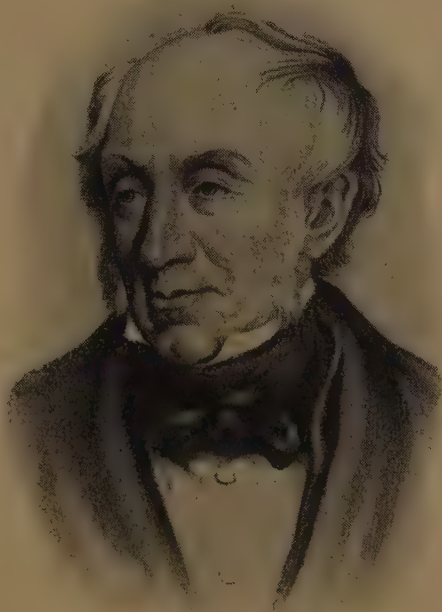
At school William did fairly well, but he was not a great 5 scholar. He was rather too fond of leaving his books and tramping over the hills. When he had finished his college course he went to France, where a frightful war was then going on between the common people and the nobles. It was the French Revolution. Young Wordsworth was 10 going to plunge into this war and take the part of the people, but his relatives in England succeeded in getting him home again and probably saved his life.

Then he and Dorothy rented a small place in the south of England and he began to write poetry. The two used 15 to take long walks together in all kinds of weather. They were both famous walkers. A friend of Wordsworth's figured that during his life he must have walked about two hundred thousand miles. If that seems too much, take your pencil and figure it yourself, at eight miles a day, 20 which was a small average for him. He thought out a great deal of his poetry while he was walking, keeping it in his mind until he could get home and write it down. He would sometimes repeat it to Dorothy and she would write it down for him. They lived out of doors so much 25 that their faces and hands became as brown as an Indian's. Dorothy was sometimes taken for a gypsy.

When Wordsworth was nearly thirty he and Dorothy went back to the Lake Country and took a little house called Dove Cottage. Then he married Mary Hutchinson, a young woman whom he had known for many years and  
5 with whom both he and Dorothy had played when they were children. The three lived very happily together, first in Dove Cottage and then for nearly forty years in a house called Rydal Mount on a high hill overlooking Lake Windermere, with the most wonderful view that  
10 you can imagine, over the lake and the valley and the woods below. Here Wordsworth died at the age of eighty years, honored and beloved by all England, and by all who loved poetry the world over.

His best poems are his "Ode to Immortality," his son-  
15 nets, and some of the short poems which describe a scene or tell a story.

Wordsworth saw beauty in the simplest and most common things. One night a friend of his, a Mr. Graham of Glasgow, was making a journey in the mail coach.  
20 The postboy was driving fast, to escape a shower, when suddenly Mr. Graham thought he heard a sound of wailing. He called to the postboy to stop. They both listened, but the sound had ceased, so they drove on. Again he heard the sound, and again they stopped. At length, on  
25 the back of the coach they found a little girl whose cloak had caught in the wheel and was torn and muddy. It was a poor old cloak, but it was all the child had, and



*William Wordsworth*

she was crying as if her heart would break. Mr. Graham was sorry for her and took her into the coach. She told him that she was an orphan; that her name was Alice Fell, and that she lived in Durham.

5 When they came to Durham, Mr. Graham told the inn-keeper about Alice and her misfortune and gave him money to buy her a new cloak "of duffel gray," a heavy cloth, as warm as could be found; and the next day Alice was as proud and happy as a child could be.

10 Mr. Graham told the story to Mr. Wordsworth. Mr Wordsworth was touched by it. It seemed so kind and beautiful an act that he thought it worth putting into a poem. He writes as if Mr. Graham were telling the story.]

15           The postboy drove with fierce career,  
For threatening clouds the moon had drowned;  
When, as we hurried on, my ear  
Was smitten with a startling sound.

20           As if the wind blew many ways,  
I heard the sound, — and more and more;  
It seemed to follow with the chaise,  
And still I heard it as before.

25           At length I to the boy called out;  
He stopped his horses at the word,  
But neither cry, nor voice, nor shout,  
Nor aught else like it, could be heard.

The boy then smacked his whip, and fast  
The horses scampered through the rain ;  
But, hearing soon upon the blast  
The cry, I bade him halt again.

Forthwith alighting on the ground, 5  
" Whence comes," said I, " this piteous moan ? "  
And there a little girl I found,  
Sitting behind the chaise, alone.

" My cloak ! " no other word she spake,  
But loud and bitterly she wept, 10  
As if her innocent heart would break ;  
And down from off her seat she leapt.

" What ails you, child ? " — She sobbed, " Look here ! "  
I saw it in the wheel entangled,  
A weather-beaten rag as e'er 15  
From any garden scare-crow dangled.

There, twisted between nave and spoke,  
It hung, nor could at once be freed ;  
But our joint pains unloosed the cloak,  
A miserable rag indeed ! 20

" And whither are you going, child,  
To-night along these lonesome ways ? "  
" To Durham," answered she, half wild.  
" Then come with me into the chaise."

Insensible to all relief  
Sat the poor girl, and forth did send  
Sob after sob, as if her grief  
Could never, never have an end.

5       " My child, in Durham do you dwell ?"  
She checked herself in her distress,  
And said, " My name is Alice Fell ;  
I 'm fatherless and motherless,

10       " And I to Durham, Sir, belong."  
Again, as if the thought would choke  
Her very heart, her grief grew strong ;  
And all was for her tattered cloak !

15       The chaise drove on ; our journey's end  
Was nigh ; and sitting by my side,  
As if she had lost her only friend  
She wept, nor would be pacified.

20       Up to the tavern-door we post ,  
Of Alice and her grief I told ;  
And I gave money to the host,  
To buy a new cloak for the old.

      " And let it be of duffel gray,  
As warm a cloak as man can sell !"  
Proud creature was she the next day,  
The little orphan, Alice Fell !

## QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Where is the Lake Country of England, and what three English poets lived there? 2. Write or tell in your own words the story of Wordsworth's life. 3. Point out on a map as many of the places as you can that were connected with his life.

4. Tell in your own words the story of Alice Fell, and how Wordsworth came to know of it. 5. Put into simpler words: "drove with fierce career"; "threatening clouds the moon had drowned"; "my ear was smitten with a startling sound"; "whence comes this piteous moan?"

6. Tell what the traveler said to Alice, in line 13, page 57; what Alice said. 7. Put into simpler words: "our joint pains unloosed the cloak"; "insensible to all relief." 8. Who is speaking in line 21, page 57? in line 24? in line 5, page 58?

9. Notice particularly the pictures in this poem: (*a*) the post chaise dashing along the road at night, the moon covered with clouds, a shower threatening; (*b*) the first halt, the traveler and the postboy listening in the dark, but hearing nothing; (*c*) the rain coming down, the postboy smacking his whip, the horses running; (*d*) the second halt, the finding of the little girl sobbing at the back of the chaise, with her cloak in the wheel; (*e*) the child sitting inside the chaise beside the traveler, telling him her story and crying as she thought of her cloak; (*f*) the traveler at the door of the inn, talking to the innkeeper and giving him money to buy a new cloak for Alice; (*g*) Alice, the next day, proud and happy in her new cloak. Which of these pictures do you like best? Why?

Wordsworth's poem "Lucy Gray" tells a simple story of another little girl, but does not end so happily as this. Other easy poems by Wordsworth are "Written in March" (Literary

Readers, Book Four, page 318), "The Pet Lamb," "We are Seven," "The Kitten and the Falling Leaves," "The Sparrow's Nest," "To my Sister," "The Reverie of Poor Susan," "Simon Lee," and the two poems "To a Butterfly."

**Coleridge** (Cōl'ē rīdġe).

**Southey** (South'eÿ).

**Cockermouth** (Cōck'ēr moũth).

**Rydal Mount** (Rÿ'dāl Mount).

**Windermere** (Wīn'dēr mēre).

**immortality** (īm mōr tāl'ī tÿ): everlasting life.

**sonnet** (sōn'nēt): a poem of fourteen lines with a special plan of rimes.

**career** (cā rēer'): a running, or moving onward rapidly.

**chaise** (çhāise): here a post chaise, or four-wheeled closed traveling carriage, often with a seat or place for baggage behind.

**aught** (aught): anything.

**forthwith** (fōrth wīth'): immediately.

**piteous** (pīt'ē oūs): pitiful, sad.

**nave** (nāve): here means the hub, or round block in the center of a wheel.

**joint pains**: united effort, working together.

**insensible** (īn sēn'sī ble): not able to feel.

**checked**: stopped for a time.

**distress** (dīs trēss'): suffering, great sorrow.

**pacified** (pāç'ī fīed): calmed, quieted.

**tavern** (tāv'ēr n): an inn or hotel.

**post** (pōst): to travel with post horses or in haste.

**host** (hōst): one who entertains; here, an innkeeper or hotel keeper.

**duffel** (dūf'fēl): a heavy woolen cloth; also written "duffil."

*(For memorizing)*

A violet by a mossy stone  
Half hidden from the eye;  
Fair as a star, when only one  
Is shining in the sky.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

## THE LEAK IN THE DIKE

PHOEBE CARY

[A good many years ago, in the days when your grandparents were children, or perhaps before, there lived in a little farmhouse in Ohio, about eight miles north of Cincinnati, a family named Cary. Besides the father and mother there were nine children in the family, and they were very poor. There seemed to be little in life for them but hard work. They had n't a dozen books in the house, and they could seldom afford candles. The children studied at night by such light as they could get from the flame of a rag in a saucer of lard; but they liked to study and to read, and they learned more than many who have far better chances. They went to the district school for a few years, but as soon as they were old enough they had to stay at home and help with the work of the house and farm.

Two of the children, Alice and Phoebe, were very fond of poetry, and each tried to write without letting the other know what she was doing. But at last the secret came out, and then they used to compare their verses and help each other. Phoebe, who was four years younger than Alice, was born in 1824.

The mother died when Phoebe was but eleven years old. Then life was still harder. Yet the girls were cheerful and always looked for the bright and pleasant things — and

one can always find bright and pleasant things if one will only look for them. There were flowers all about the house, and roses over the door, and then there was the big barn to play in.

5 Alice had some verses printed in a newspaper when she was seventeen. About a year later Phoebe also had some printed. She was then only fourteen. When she saw her poem in print she was so excited that she laughed and cried together. After that, both girls wrote, as they could find  
10 time, for newspapers and magazines, and about ten years later a publisher in Philadelphia brought out a little book called "Poems of Alice and Phoebe Cary."

With the money which they had earned they then made their first journey East, visiting New York and Boston and  
15 going to see Mr. Whittier at Amesbury. Long afterwards, upon the death of Alice Cary, Whittier wrote a poem called "The Singer," which tells of this visit.

A year after the visit to Amesbury the two sisters went to New York to live. Alice wrote stories as well as poems.  
20 Phoebe wrote only poems. The two sisters became widely known, were soon able to buy a home for themselves, and had many friends. Much of the money which they earned went to help the other members of their family, and one of the other sisters came from Ohio and lived with them  
25 for many years. Alice Cary died in the early part of 1871, and Phoebe only a few months later. Among the best-known poems for children written by Alice Cary are

"Goodness and Gladness," "Fairy Folk," "November," "An Order for a Picture," and "Three Bugs." Phoebe Cary wrote "The Leak in the Dike," "They Didn't Think," "Suppose, my Little Lady," "Don't Give Up," and "The Chicken's Mistake."

5

"The Leak in the Dike" is an old Dutch legend of Haarlem. Parts of Holland, as you know, are lower than the sea and are protected from it and from the canals by banks of earth called dikes. If one of these dikes should break, or be worn away by a stream of water leak- 10 ing through it, the country would be flooded and the people drowned in their homes. It was such an accident that the brave boy in the story prevented by staying all night at the dike and stopping with his arm a little stream of water trickling through a hole. If he had not 15 done this the hole would in a few hours have been worn so large that nothing could have held the water back.

Peter was the son of a sluice keeper, a man who has charge of the great gates that let the water into the canals and that regulate its flow. The boy had crossed one of 20 these canals to take some cakes to a blind man, and it was while he was returning that he saw the leak and stopped it. Next morning some of the farmers found him there, tired out with his night's watching, and faint and cold. He could not stand. They carried him home, and his parents 25 when they saw him borne along between the men thought for a moment that he was dead. But rest and food soon

brought back his strength, and he lived many years and was greatly loved and honored. Some say his name was Hans, but Miss Cary has called him Peter. The name does n't matter much. He is also known as the "Boy  
5 Hero of Haarlem."]

The good dame looked from her cottage  
At the close of the pleasant day,  
And cheerily called to her little son  
Outside the door at play :

10 " Come, Peter, come ! I want you to go,  
While there is light to see,  
To the hut of the blind old man who lives  
Across the dike, for me,  
And take these cakes I made for him —  
15 They are hot and smoking yet ;  
You have time enough to go and come  
Before the sun is set."

Then the good wife turned to her labor,  
Humming a simple song,  
20 And thought of her husband, working hard  
At the sluices all day long ;  
And set the turf a-blazing,  
And brought the coarse black bread,  
That he might find a fire at night,  
25 And find the table spread.

And Peter left the brother

With whom all day he had played,  
And the sister who had watched their sports  
In the willow's tender shade,

And told them they'd see him back before

5

They saw a star in sight,  
Though he would n't be afraid to go  
In the very darkest night!

For he was a brave, bright fellow,

With eye and conscience clear;

10

He could do whatever a boy might do,

And he had not learned to fear.

Why, he would n't have robbed a bird's nest,

Nor brought a stork to harm,

Though never a law in Holland

15

Had stood to stay his arm!

And now, with his face all glowing

And eyes as bright as the day

With the thoughts of his pleasant errand,

He trudged along the way,

20

And soon his joyous prattle

Made glad a lonesome place —

Alas! if only the blind old man

Could have seen that happy face!

Yet he somehow caught the brightness

25

Which his voice and presence lent,

And he felt the sunshine come and go  
As Peter came and went.

And now, as the day was sinking  
And the winds began to rise,  
5 The mother looked from her door again,  
Shading her anxious eyes ;

And saw the shadows deepen  
And birds to their homes come back,  
But never a sign of Peter

10 Along the level track.

But she said, " He will come at morning,  
So I need not fret or grieve —  
Though it is n't like my boy at all  
To stay without my leave." \

15 But where was the child delaying ?

On the homeward way was he,  
And across the dike while the sun was up  
An hour above the sea.

He was stopping now to gather flowers,  
20 Now listening to the sound  
As the angry waters dashed themselves  
Against their narrow bound.

" Ah ! well for us," said Peter,

" That the gates are good and strong,  
25 And my father tends them carefully,  
Or they would not hold you long !

You're a wicked sea," said Peter ;  
 " I know why you fret and chafe ;  
 You would like to spoil our lands and homes,  
 But our sluices keep you safe ! "

But hark ! Through the noise of waters 5  
 Comes a low, clear, trickling sound,  
 And the child's face pales with terror,  
 And his blossoms drop to the ground.  
 He is up the bank in a moment,  
 And stealing through the sand 10  
 He sees a stream not yet so large  
 As his slender, childish hand.  
*'Tis a leak in the dike !* He is but a boy,  
 Unused to fearful scenes,  
 But, young as he is, he has learned to know 15  
 The dreadful thing that means.  
*A leak in the dike !* The stoutest heart  
 Grows faint that cry to hear,  
 And the bravest man in all the land  
 Turns white with mortal fear. 20  
 For he knows the smallest leak may grow  
 To a flood in a single night,  
 And he knows the strength of the cruel sea  
 When loosed in its angry might. )

And the boy ! He has seen the danger, 25  
 And shouting a wild alarm,

He forces back the weight of the sea  
With the strength of his single arm !  
He listens for the joyful sound  
Of a footstep passing nigh,  
5 And lays his ear to the ground, to catch  
The answer to his cry.  
And he hears the rough winds blowing,  
And the waters rise and fall,  
But never an answer comes to him  
10 Save the echo of his call.  
He sees no hope, no succor,  
His feeble voice is lost,  
Yet what shall he do but watch and wait,  
Though he perish at his post !

15 So, faintly calling and crying  
Till the sun is under the sea,  
Crying and moaning till the stars  
Come out for company,  
He thinks of his brother and sister  
20 Asleep in their safe warm bed,  
He thinks of his father and mother,  
Of himself as dying — and dead,  
And of how, when the night is over,  
They must come and find him at last,  
25 But he never thinks he can leave the place  
Where duty holds him fast.



"BUT HE NEVER THINKS HE CAN LEAVE THE PLACE  
WHERE DUTY HOLDS HIM FAST"

The good dame in the cottage

Is up and astir with the light,

For the thought of her little Peter

Has been with her all night.

5

And now she watches the pathway,

As yester eve she had done,

But what does she see so strange and black

Against the rising sun?

Her neighbors are bearing between them

10

Something straight to her door;

Her child is coming home, but not

As he ever came before!

"He is dead!" she cries; "my darling!"

And the startled father hears,

15

And comes and looks the way she looks,

And fears the thing she fears;

Till a glad shout from the bearers

Thrills the stricken man and wife —

"Give thanks, for your son has saved our land,

20

And God has saved his life!"

So, there in the morning sunshine

They knelt about the boy,

And every head was bared and bent

In tearful, reverent joy.

25

'Tis many a year since then; but still,

When the sea roars like a flood,

Their boys are taught what a boy can do  
 Who is brave and true and good.  
 For every man in that country  
 Takes his son by the hand,  
 And tells him of little Peter  
 Whose courage saved the land.

5

They have many a valiant hero,  
 Remembered through the years,  
 But never one whose name so oft  
 Is named with loving tears.  
 And his deed shall be sung by the cradle  
 And told to the child on the knee  
 So long as the dikes of Holland  
 Divide the land from the sea!

10

### QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Tell or write a story about Alice and Phœbe Cary.
2. Describe the dikes of Holland.
3. What are the sluices?
4. Find Haarlem on a map. What is the name of the sea that threatened Haarlem?
5. What is meant by "set the turf a-blazing"?
6. What is a "conscience clear"?
7. The "lonesome place" which the boy's prattle made glad was the home of the blind man. What is meant by "he felt the sunshine come and go as Peter came and went"?
8. Why are the waters called "angry," and why does Peter say, "You're a *wicked* sea"?
9. What is meant by "till the sun is under the sea"?
10. If you think that Peter should not

have cried so much, remember that he was not very big; the legend says he was about eight years old. Can a person do a brave thing and yet be very much afraid?

This story is well told in prose in Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge's "Hans Brinker," and in Sara Cone Bryant's "How to Tell Stories to Children."

Other poems by the Cary sisters are named on pages 62, 63. "Goodness and Gladness" and two memory gems are in Book Four of the Literary Readers.

**sluices** (slu'çēs): gates to regulate the flow or the level of water.

**turf**: in Holland turf or peat is used for making fires.

**prattle**: chatter.

**conscience** (cōn'shēns): something within us that tells us what is right and what is wrong.

**chafe** (chāfe): to fret.

**pales** (pālēs): grows pale.

**unused** (ūn ūsed'): not accustomed.

**mortal** (môr'tāl): deathly.

**save**: except.

**succor** (süc'cōr): help.

**astir** (ā stīr'): stirring.

**yester eve**: yesterday evening.

**stricken**: here means struck with fear or sorrow.

**reverent** (rēv'ēr ěnt): humble and respectful; here it means thankful to God.

**valiant** (vāl'yǎnt): brave.

*(To be memorized)*

Your work is not the less noble because no drum beats before you when you go out into your daily battlefields, and no crowds shout about your coming when you return from your daily victory or defeat.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

## THE WIND AND THE MOON

GEORGE MACDONALD

[Among the hills of Aberdeen, in Scotland, in the year 1824, was born the Scotch poet and story-writer, George Macdonald. The elder Macdonald was a good man, but very strict, and George, when a boy, had few toys or pictures, or even books. He had the Bible and "Robinson Crusoe" and "Pilgrim's Progress," and he knew them almost by heart. Then, too, he had for a playground the wide moors and heaths where the heather bloomed in summer, and where in autumn the moor fowl would whirl up at his feet. No one could ask a finer playground 10 than that, and he has often described it in a way that shows how much he loved it.

He went to school in his native village, Huntley, and to the University of Aberdeen; then to London, where he studied to become a minister. After that he preached for 15 a number of years, but people seemed to like his poems and stories better than his sermons, and he at last decided he could do quite as much good by writing as by preaching.

Children know him best by his fairy stories, "At the Back of the North Wind," "The Princess and the Goblin," 20 and "The Princess and Curdie"; and by his children's poems, "Little White Lily" and "Where did you Come from, Baby Dear?" Older readers know him as the author

of "Robert Falconer," "Sir Gibbie," and "Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood." He lectured in this country, and made a great many warm friends, including Longfellow and Whittier and others of our leading poets and writers. In England he was a friend of Ruskin and Tennyson and Browning and Carlyle. He was a tall, fine-looking man with a clear eye and a kindly smile, and he spoke with a strong Scottish accent. He died in 1905.

"The Wind and the Moon" is a fable. It needs no explanation.]

Said the Wind to the Moon, "I will blow you out.

You stare in the air

Like a ghost in a chair,

Always looking what I am about.

15 I hate to be watched ; I will blow you out."

The Wind blew hard, and out went the Moon.

So, deep on a heap

Of clouds, to sleep

Down lay the Wind, and slumbered soon —

20 Muttering low, "I've done for that Moon."

He turned in his bed ; she was there again.

On high in the sky,

With her one ghost eye,

The Moon shone white and alive and plain.

25 Said the Wind, "I will blow you out again."

The Wind blew hard, and the Moon grew dim.

“ With my sledge and my wedge

I have knocked off her edge.

If only I blow right fierce and grim,

The creature will soon be dimmer than dim.”

5

He blew and he blew, and she thinned to a thread.

“ One puff more ’s enough

To blow her to snuff !

One good puff more where the last was bred,

And glimmer, glimmer glum will go the thread.”

10

He blew a great blast, and the thread was gone ;

In the air nowhere

Was a moonbeam bare ;

Far off and harmless the shy stars shone :

Sure and certain the Moon was gone !

15

The Wind he took to his revels once more ;

On down, in town,

Like a merry-mad clown,

He leaped and hallooed with whistle and roar,

“ What ’s that ? ” The glimmering thread once more.

20

He flew in a rage — he danced and blew ;

But in vain was the pain

Of his bursting brain ;

For still the broader the moon-scap grew,

The broader he swelled his big cheeks and blew.

25

Slowly she grew — till she filled the night,  
And shone on her throne  
In the sky alone,  
A matchless, wonderful, silvery light,  
5 Radiant and lovely, the queen of the night.

Said the Wind: "What a marvel of power am I!  
With my breath, good faith,  
I blew her to death —  
First blew her away right out of the sky —  
10 Then blew her in; what a strength am I!"

But the Moon she knew nothing about the affair,  
For, high in the sky,  
With her one white eye,  
Motionless miles above the air,  
15 She had never heard the great wind blare.

### QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Tell the story of George Macdonald's life. 2. What sort of person does he make the Wind to be? Why do you think the Wind wanted to blow out the Moon? 3. In the second stanza what made the Moon go out?

4. In the fourth stanza what did the wind mean by saying he had knocked off the edge of the Moon? In the fifth stanza what is meant by the Moon's thinning to a thread? 5. What are the Wind's revels? Name some of the Wind's revels that you have seen. 6. What did the Wind do when he saw that the

Moon was growing larger in spite of his blowing? 7. Find in this poem four passages which tell how the Moon looked. Tell which you like best. 8. Why is the Moon called "the queen of the night"? 9. Do you remember one of Æsop's fables in which the Wind has a part? (See Literary Readers, Book Two.) Repeat the fable.

You will enjoy reading "At the Back of the North Wind" and the other children's stories by Mr. Macdonald mentioned in the introduction to this poem. Good poems about the wind, by other writers, are Stevenson's "Windy Nights" and "The Wind," Stedman's "What the Winds Bring," M. F. Butts's "Wild Winds," William Howitt's "The Wind in a Frolic," Letitia Landon's "The Wind," Gabriel Setoun's "The Wind's Song," and Christina Rossetti's "Who has Seen the Wind?"

**revels** (rěv'ěls): noisy merrymakings.

brightness; sending out rays of light.

**halloed** (hăll lōōed'): shouted.

**marvel** (mărv'ěl): something wonderful.

**matchless** (mătch'lěss): not to be matched or equaled.

**blare** (blăre): a loud noise like the sound of a trumpet.

**radiant** (ră'dī ănt): beaming with

*(For memorizing)*

The clouds are scudding across the moon;

A misty light is on the sea;

The wind in the shrouds has a wintry tune,

And the foam is flying free.

BAYARD TAYLOR

## THE SCRIBE OF DURLEY

VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD

[Some of the brightest verses ever written for children are in the little book "Down Durley Lane," from which this poem is taken. The author, Miss Virginia Woodward Cloud, is an American poet and writer, who was born and  
5 has lived for many years in Baltimore. She has written a number of stories which have appeared in newspapers and magazines, also the song "A Long Way Round the Year" and many poems, the best known of which are "The Ballad of Sweet P," "Leisurely Lane," "Good-Night  
10 Song," "The Low-Shore Lass," and these Durley ballads.]

Durley is supposed to be an old-fashioned village somewhere in England. The Scribe was the village clerk.]

Said the dauntless Scribe of Durley, "I shall hie me forth  
to see

The midnight raiders who molest my favorite plum tree.

15 Yestreen I counted thirty plums a-ripening in all ;

This evening only twenty-nine are hanging on the wall !

"I'll fright the bold marauders forever from the scene,  
For tales of blood and daring my daily food have been.

My grandsire was a warrior who fought by sea and land :

20 I'll sally out upon the field, his weapons in my hand !"

So that dauntless Scribe of Durley, when the night was  
dark and still,

And the trees were black and spectral, and the moon hung  
o'er the hill,

His project hazardous he hid from his maiden daughters  
three;

But made him ready to protect his favorite plum tree.

"I'll don my grandsire's armor," quoth he unto himself; 5

"And with his shield and helmet, his long sword from  
the shelf,

I'll impress these poor marauders, when I conquer face  
to face,

That they're honored in encountering a very ancient race!"

It was a black and gloomy way, and stealthily stole he —  
This dauntless Scribe of Durley — toward his favorite plum  
tree; 10

And the gruesome armor's rusty greaves they rattled as  
he trod,

And the dinted helmet swayed and bent with spectral beck  
and nod.

He crawled within the shadows dark, and clambered up  
the wall,

When lo! upon the further side uprose a figure tall —

A fearful, ghostly figure, with hairy visage black! 15

And the dauntless Scribe of Durley from off the wall fell back.

Forgot was grandsire's valor, as straightway to the ground  
He rolled with creak and jangle, with weird and awful  
sound.

Up through that gloomy garden-close the Scribe of Durley  
fled ;

Dropped armor, shield and long sword, and the helmet from  
his head.

5 And lo ! upon his threshold, trembling and panting, he —  
The dauntless Scribe of Durley — met his pretty daughters  
three.

One had a lighted candle, and one the snuffers bore,  
And one a gruesome cobweb-brush held valiantly before.

" Oh, father, you are come too late ! " cried One and Two  
and Three ;

10 " For armèd men this night besieged your favorite plum-  
tree !

We heard them stealing stealthily, and followed, one and all,  
With our long broom made ready to sweep them from the  
wall !

And when their leader rose on high with rattling, warlike  
sound,

We lifted yonder cobweb-broom and felled him to the  
ground !

15 And not a plum molested is, upon your favorite tree,  
For twenty-nine a-ripening are, and one we ate for tea ! "

Then the dauntless Scribe of Durley, oh, ne'er a word said he  
 About the bold old ancestor who fought by land and sea.  
 Nay, he patted condescendingly each pretty daughter's  
     head,  
 And with candle — and with dignity — betook himself to  
     bed.

1. What gave the Scribe the idea of putting on his grandsire's armor? 2. What was the "fearful figure" that he saw? 3. Who was the leader of the "armèd men" whom the daughters saw?

You will enjoy Miss Cloud's other poems in "Down Durley Lane."

**dauntless** (däunt'läss): fearless.

**hie me forth**: hasten forth.

**nolest** (mò læst'): disturb.

**yestreen**: yesterday evening.

**marauder** (má raud'ēr): a rover, or one who goes abroad to rob and pillage.

**sally** (säl'ly): rush out.

**spectral** (spēc'trəl): ghostlike.

**hazardous** (hăz'ard ōs): dangerous.

**don** (dŏn): to put on, as dress.

**impress** (im präss'): to fix in the mind.

**encountering** (ĕn count'ēr ing): meeting, as an enemy.

**stealthily** (stěalth'ily): slyly and quietly.

**gruesome** (gruē'sōme): frightful, horrible.

**greaves** (grēaves): armor for the legs below the knees.

**beck**: a beckoning.

**weird** (wēird): wild and ghostlike.

**garden-close** (clōse): a garden surrounded by a wall, hedge, or fence.

**snuffers**: an instrument something like a pair of scissors, for cutting off and holding the burnt wick of a candle.

**condescendingly** (cŏn dē scēnd'ing ly): kindly, but in a way which shows that the speaker feels himself better than the person to whom he is speaking.

**dignity** (dīg'nī tỹ): a lofty or stately manner.

## THE BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT

JOHN GODFREY SAXE

[Saxe was one of the less important American poets, but we enjoy reading his verses because he always saw the funny side of things. He was born in Vermont in 1816. After leaving college he studied and practiced law  
5 and became attorney general of his native state. He was editor of a newspaper in Burlington, Vermont, and later of another paper, the *Evening Journal*, of Albany, New York. He wrote verses for the magazines and was a famous lecturer in his day. He died in 1887.]

10 These verses are a fable. They tell how six blind men felt of an elephant and each one got a different idea of the beast because each felt of a different part. So each thought he knew it all, when he really knew very little.]

There were six men of Indostan  
15 To learning much inclined,  
Who went to see the elephant  
(Though all of them were blind),  
That each by observation  
Might satisfy his mind.

20 The first approached the elephant  
And happening to fall

Against his broad and sturdy side,  
At once began to bawl,  
"Now bless me! but the elephant  
Is very like a wall!"

The second, feeling of the tusk, 5  
Cried, "Ho! what have we here  
So very round and smooth and sharp?  
To me 'tis mighty clear  
This wonder of an elephant  
Is very like a spear!" 10

The third approached the animal  
And happening to take  
The squirming trunk within his hands,  
Thus boldly up and spake:  
"I see," quoth he, "the elephant 15  
Is very like a snake!"

The fourth reached out his eager hand  
And felt about the knee;  
"What most this wondrous beast is like  
Is mighty plain," quoth he; 20  
"'Tis clear enough the elephant  
Is very like a tree!"

The fifth, who chanced to touch the ear,  
Said, "E'en the blindest man

Can tell what this resembles most;  
 Deny the fact who can,  
 This marvel of an elephant  
 Is very like a fan!"

5 The sixth no sooner had begun  
 About the beast to grope,  
 Than seizing on the swinging tail  
 That fell within his scope,  
 "I see," quoth he, "the elephant  
 10 Is very like a rope!"

And so these men of Indostan  
 Disputed loud and long,  
 Each in his own opinion  
 Exceeding stiff and strong,  
 15 Though each was partly in the right,  
 And all were in the wrong!

### QUESTIONS AND HELPS

We all have eyes in our minds, but sometimes we keep them only half open and see only that part of a thing that is next to us. A poet once said, "A *little* learning is a dangerous thing." There is a proverb: "A half-truth is sometimes worse than a lie."

Other well-known poems of Saxe are "King Solomon and the Bees," "A Will and a Way," and "Early Rising."

**Indostan** (Īn dō stān'): Hindustan,  
 the Persian name of India.

**resembles** (rē šēm'bles): is like.

**observation** (ōb sēr vā'shōn): seeing  
 or taking notice.

**scope** (scōpe): width of view.

## PART III. HEROES OF THE OLDEN TIME

### PERSEUS THE GREEK, AND HOW HE SLEW THE GORGON

CHARLES KINGSLEY

[In a beautiful little village among the pasture lands of Devonshire, in the south of England, Charles Kingsley was born on a June day in the year 1819. It was the same year in which Lowell was born, in America. Kingsley's father, like Lowell's, was a minister, and the 5 boy grew up among books. He liked to read, but, better still, he liked to be out of doors, tramping over the broad meadows or along the firm sandy beach, where the sea waves rolled in with their salt white spray. Here, when the tide went out, he used to find many a little sea 10 creature, which he would put into water and watch and study for hours.

He loved all sorts of animals and out-of-door things—dogs and birds and bees and flowers. He was a sturdy boy and was fond of all kinds of manly sport. He had a 15 boat which he could manage even in the roughest sea; he rode often on horseback across the fields; and he was a fine football and cricket player.

When he grew up and had finished his work at school and college he became a minister, as his father had been, but he still spent much of his time studying animals and plants and rocks, because, as he used to say, he could see  
5 God in them all.

He had many pets. There were three great dogs and two cats and a family of toads, who lived in a corner of his garden, and several wasps in a crack beside his window, and any number of birds in the trees around the  
10 house. He helped the birds to make their nests by giving them strings and hair and bits of straw. He was never tired of watching them, and he learned all their ways.

Mr. Kingsley wrote many noble books—some for grown-ups and some for children. Perhaps you have  
15 heard his stories of the Greek heroes; or the story, "Madam How and Lady Why," which tells how the rocks and the earth were made; or his "Water-Babies," which tells of Tom, the chimney sweep. His best-known novels are "Hypatia" and "Westward Ho." Mr. Kingsley died  
20 in 1875.

The story which we are going to read now is that of Perseus, one of the heroes of whom Mr. Kingsley told. The grandfather of Perseus was king of Argos, in the ancient land of Greece. He was a hard-hearted king,  
25 and a prophet had told him that he should be punished by his own grandson. So he determined to be rid of this troublesome grandson at once. With this thought



*Charles Kingsley*

in mind he took his daughter Danaë and her baby, the little Perseus, down to the seashore and put them into a great chest and pushed them out into the sea to let the waves take care of them. And the waves took better care  
5 of them than he had planned; for the sea became calm, and Danaë and her child floated away and at last landed on the island of Seriphus, where Dictys, a kind fisherman, rescued them, and Perseus grew up to be a strong and noble youth. In Seriphus he became a sailor and made many  
10 voyages to the islands round about; but it happened that while he was on one of these voyages the king of Seriphus, Polydectes by name, took his mother, Danaë, from the house of Dictys, the good fisherman, and made her a slave in his palace. What follows is just as Mr. Kingsley tells  
15 it in his book "The Heroes."]

### I. PERSEUS DREAMS A DREAM

Now one day at Samos, while the ship was lading, Perseus wandered into a pleasant wood to get out of the sun, and sat down on the turf, and fell asleep. And as he slept, a strange dream came to him, the strangest dream  
20 which he had ever had in his life.

There came a lady to him through the wood, taller than he, or any mortal man, but beautiful exceedingly, with great gray eyes, clear and piercing, but strangely soft and mild. On her head was a helmet, and in her  
25 hand a spear. And over her shoulder, above her long

blue robes, hung a goatskin, which bore up a mighty shield of brass, polished like a mirror. She stood and looked at him with her clear gray eyes; and Perseus saw that her eyelids never moved, nor her eyeballs, but looked straight through and through him, and into his very heart, 5 as if she could see all the secrets of his soul, and knew all that he had ever thought or longed for since the day that he was born. And Perseus dropped his eyes, trembling and blushing, as the wonderful lady spoke.

"Perseus, you must do an errand for me."

10

"Who are you, lady, and how do you know my name?"

"I am Pallas Athene, and I know the thoughts of all men's hearts and discern their manhood or their baseness. And from the souls of clay I turn away; and they are blest, but not by me. They fatten at ease like sheep in 15 the pasture, and eat what they did not sow, like oxen in the stall. They grow and spread like the gourd along the ground; but, like the gourd, they give no shade to the traveler; and when they are ripe, death gathers them, and they go down unloved into hell, and their name 20 vanishes out of the land.

"But to the souls of fire I give more fire, and to those who are manful I give a might more than man's. These are the heroes, the sons of the Immortals, who are blest, but not like the souls of clay. For I drive them forth by 25 strange paths, Perseus, that they may fight the Titans and the monsters, the enemies of gods and men. Through

doubt and need, danger and battle, I drive them; and some of them are slain in the flower of youth, no man knows when or where; and some of them win noble names and a fair and green old age; but what will be  
5 their latter end I know not, and none save Zeus, the father of gods and men. Tell me now, Perseus, which of these two sorts of men seems to you more blest?"

Then Perseus answered boldly, "Better to die in the flower of youth, on the chance of winning a noble name,  
10 than to live at ease like the sheep, and die unloved and unrenowned."

Then that strange lady laughed, and held up her brazen shield, and cried, "See here, Perseus; dare you face such a monster as this and slay it, that I may place  
15 its head upon this shield?"

And in the mirror of the shield there appeared a face, and as Perseus looked on it his blood ran cold. It was the face of a beautiful woman; but her cheeks were pale as death, and her brows were knit with everlasting pain,  
20 and her lips were thin and bitter like a snake's; and instead of hair, vipers wreathed about her temples and shot out their forked tongues, while round her head were folded wings like an eagle's, and upon her bosom claws of brass.

25 And Perseus looked awhile, and then said, "If there is anything so fierce and foul on earth, it were a noble deed to kill it. Where can I find the monster?"

Then the strange lady smiled again, and said, "Not yet; you are too young and too unskilled; for this is Medusa the Gorgon, the mother of a monstrous brood. Return to your home and do the work which waits there for you. You must play the man in that before I can <sup>5</sup> think you worthy to go in search of the Gorgon."

Then Perseus would have spoken, but the strange lady vanished, and he awoke; and behold, it was a dream. But day and night Perseus saw before him the face of that dreadful woman, with the vipers writhing round her head. <sup>10</sup>

So he returned home; and when he came to Seriphus, the first thing which he heard was that his mother was a slave in the house of Polydectes.

Grinding his teeth with rage, he went out, and away to the king's palace, and through the men's rooms and the <sup>15</sup> women's rooms, and so through all the house (for no one dared to stop him, so terrible and fair was he), till he found his mother sitting on the floor turning the stone hand-mill, and weeping as she turned it. And he lifted her up, and kissed her, and bade her follow him forth. <sup>20</sup> But before they could pass out of the room, Polydectes came in raging. And when Perseus saw him, he flew upon him as the mastiff flies on the boar. "Villain and tyrant!" he cried; "is this your respect for the gods, and your mercy to strangers and widows? You shall die." And because <sup>25</sup> he had no sword he caught up the stone hand-mill, and he lifted it to dash out Polydectes's brains. . .

But his mother clung to him, shrieking, "Oh, my son, we are strangers and helpless in the land; and if you kill the king, all the people will fall on us, and we shall both die."

Then Perseus lowered his hand; and Polydectes, who had been trembling all this while like a coward, because he knew that he was in the wrong, let Perseus and his mother pass.

## II. PERSEUS IS GIVEN A WORK TO DO

Down to the cliffs he went, and looked across the broad  
10 blue sea; and he wondered if his dream were true. Then he saw afar off above the sea a small white cloud, as bright as silver. And it came on, nearer and nearer, till its brightness dazzled his eyes.

Perseus wondered at that strange cloud, for there was  
15 no other cloud all around the sky; and he trembled as it touched the cliff below. And as it touched, it broke, and parted, and within it appeared Pallas Athene, as he had seen her at Samos in his dream, and beside her a young man more light-limbed than the stag, whose eyes were  
20 like sparks of fire. By his side was a scimitar of diamond, all of one clear precious stone, and on his feet were golden sandals, from the heels of which grew living wings.

They looked upon Perseus keenly, and yet they never moved their eyes; and they came up the cliffs towards  
25 him more swiftly than the sea-gull, and yet they never

moved their feet, nor did the breeze stir the robes about their limbs; only the wings of the youth's sandals quivered, like a hawk's when he hangs above the cliff. And Perseus fell down and worshiped, for he knew that they were more than man. 11

But Athene stood before him and spoke gently and bade him have no fear. Then, —

"Perseus," she said, "he who overcomes in one trial merits thereby a sharper trial still. You have braved Polydectes, and done manfully. Dare you brave Medusa 10  
the Gorgon?"

And Perseus said, 'Try me; for since you spoke to me in Samos, a new soul has come into my breast, and I should be ashamed not to dare anything which I can do. Show me, then, how I can do this.' 15

"Perseus," said Athene, "think well before you attempt; for this deed requires a seven years' journey, in which you cannot repent or turn back or escape; but if your heart fails you, you must die in the Unshapen Land, where no man will ever find your bones." 20

"Better so than live here, useless and despised," said Perseus. "Tell me then, oh, tell me, fair and wise goddess, how I can do but this one thing, and then, if need be, die!"

Then Athene smiled, and said:

"Be patient, and listen; for if you forget my words, 25  
you will indeed die. You must go northward to the country of the Hyperboreans, who live beyond the Pole, at the

sources of the cold north wind ; till you find the Three Gray Sisters, who have but one eye and one tooth among them. You must ask them the way to the Nymphs, the daughters of the Evening Star, who dance about the  
5 golden tree, in the Atlantic island of the West. They will tell you the way to the Gorgon, that you may slay her, my enemy, the mother of monstrous beasts. Once she was a maiden as beautiful as morn, till in her pride she sinned a sin at which the sun hid his face ; and from that  
10 day her hair was turned to vipers, and her hands to eagle's claws ; and her heart was filled with shame and rage, and her lips with bitter venom ; and her eyes became so terrible that whosoever looks on them is turned to stone.

" You shall take this polished shield, and when you  
15 come near her, look not at her herself, but at her image in the brass ; so you may strike her safely. And when you have struck off her head, wrap it, with your face turned away, in the folds of the goatskin on which the shield hangs. So you will bring it safely back to me, and win to  
20 yourself renown and a place among the heroes who feast with the Immortals upon the peak where no winds blow."

Then Perseus said, " I will go, though I die in going. But how shall I cross the seas without a ship ? And who will show me my way ? And when I find her, how shall  
25 I slay her, if her scales be iron and brass ?"

Then the young man spoke : " These sandals of mine will bear you across the seas, and over hill and dale like a

bird, as they bear me all day long; for I am Hermes the far-famed Argus-slayer, the messenger of the Immortals."

Then Perseus fell down and worshiped, while the young man spoke again.

"The sandals themselves will guide you on the road, 5 for they are divine and cannot stray; and this sword itself, the Argus-slayer, will kill her, for it is divine and needs no second stroke. Arise and gird them on and go forth."

So Perseus arose, and girded on the sandals and the 10 sword.

And Athene cried, "Now leap from the cliff and be gone."

But Perseus lingered.

"May I not bid farewell to my mother and to Dictys? 15 And may I not offer burnt offerings to you and to Hermes the far-famed Argus-slayer and to Father Zeus above?"

"You shall not bid farewell to your mother, lest your heart relent at her weeping. I will comfort her and Dictys until you return in peace. Nor shall you offer burnt 20 offerings to the Olympians; for your offering shall be Medusa's head. Leap, and trust in the armor of the Immortals."

Then Perseus looked down the cliff and shuddered; but he was ashamed to show his dread. Then he thought of 25 Medusa and the renown before him, and he leaped into the empty air.

And behold, instead of falling he floated, and stood, and ran along the sky. He looked back, but Athene had vanished, and Hermes; and the sandals led him on northward ever, like a crane who follows the spring toward the Ister fens.

### III. PERSEUS SLAYS THE GORGON

5 [Perseus proceeded over land and sea until he came to the Unshapen Land, and there he found the Three Gray Sisters, and they told him the way to the Nymphs, the daughters of the Evening Star. And after a long journey he came to the garden of the Nymphs, and they showed  
10 him the way to the Gorgon; but first they went down into the regions of the dead and got for him the hat of darkness, which makes the wearer invisible to mortal eyes.]

Perseus went on boldly, past many an ugly sight, far away into the heart of the Unshapen Land, beyond the streams  
15 of Ocean, to the isles where no ship cruises, where is neither night nor day, where nothing is in its right place, and nothing has a name; till he heard the rustle of the Gorgons' wings, and saw the glitter of their brazen talons; and then he knew that it was time to halt, lest Medusa  
20 should freeze him into stone.

He thought awhile with himself and remembered Athene's words. He rose aloft into the air, and held the mirror of the shield above his head, and looked up into it that he might see all that was below him.

And he saw the three Gorgons sleeping, as huge as elephants. He knew that they could not see him, because the hat of darkness hid him; and yet he trembled as he sank down near them, so terrible were those brazen claws.

5

Two of the Gorgons were foul as swine, and lay sleeping heavily, as swine sleep, with their mighty wings outspread; but Medusa tossed to and fro restlessly, and as she tossed, Perseus pitied her, she looked so fair and sad. Her plumage was like the rainbow, and her face was 10 like the face of a nymph, only her eyebrows were knit, and her lips clenched, with everlasting care and pain; and her long neck gleamed so white in the mirror, that Perseus had not the heart to strike, and said, "Ah, that it had been either of her sisters!"

15

But as he looked, from among her tresses the vipers' heads awoke, and peeped up with their bright dry eyes, and showed their fangs, and hissed; and Medusa, as she tossed, threw back her wings, and showed her brazen claws; and Perseus saw that, for all her beauty, she 20 was as foul and venomous as the rest.

Then he came down and stepped to her boldly, and looked steadfastly on his mirror, and struck with Harpe stoutly once; and he did not need to strike again.

Then he wrapped the head in the goatskin, turning 25 away his eyes, and sprang into the air aloft, faster than he ever sprang before.

For Medusa's wings and talons rattled as she sank dead upon the rocks; and her two foul sisters woke and saw her lying dead.

Into the air they sprang yelling, and looked for him who  
5 had done the deed. Thrice they swung round and round, like hawks who beat for a partridge; and thrice they snuffed round and round, like hounds who draw upon a deer. At last they struck upon the scent of the blood, and they checked for a moment to make sure, and then on  
10 they rushed with a fearful howl, while the wind rattled hoarse in their wings.

On they rushed, sweeping and flapping, like eagles after a hare; and Perseus's blood ran cold, for all his courage, as he saw them come howling on his track; and he cried,  
15 "Bear me well, now, brave sandals, for the hounds of Death are at my heels!"

And well the brave sandals bore him, aloft through cloud and sunshine, across the shoreless sea; and fast followed the hounds of Death, as the roar of their wings  
20 came down the wind. But the roar came down fainter and fainter, and the howl of their voices died away; for the sandals were too swift, even for Gorgons, and by nightfall they were far behind, two black specks in the southern sky, till the sun sank and he saw them no more.

## QUESTIONS AND HELPS

You will want to read the whole of Mr. Kingsley's story of Perseus, and find out what he did on the way to the home of the Gorgons, and what he did after the fight; how he rescued Andromeda from a terrible dragon, and how he turned King Polydectes into stone. This is all told in "The Heroes."

1. Write or tell the story of Mr. Kingsley's life.
2. Tell how Perseus came to be on the island of Seriphus, and all you know about his mother and grandfather.
3. Who was Dictys, and what did he do?
4. Who was Polydectes? Tell about the trouble that Perseus had with him. If you have read the whole of Mr. Kingsley's story, tell what Perseus promised to bring to Polydectes, and how he kept his promise.
5. Tell about Perseus' dream; describe Pallas Athene and tell what sort of men she liked to help.
6. How did Pallas Athene appear to Perseus the second time, and what did she say to him?
7. Who was with her? Tell all that you can about this companion of hers. What did he lend to Perseus, and for what purpose?
8. What did Perseus wish to do before he went to slay the Gorgon, and how did Pallas Athene treat his wish?

9. Describe Medusa and tell how she became so terrible.
10. Tell in your own words how Perseus slew her, and why he was not himself turned into stone.
11. Tell what the other Gorgons did when they found that Medusa had been slain.

This is not a true story, but it has a true meaning. Perseus was probably a prince who felt that Pallas Athene — one of the Immortals in whom he believed — had called him to fight against some evil thing, something that was beautiful and yet frightfully wicked. He conquered it; and the old Greeks, who were all

poets at heart, and who were always making pictures in their minds, told the story in this way.

If you are interested in Mr. Kingsley, now will be a good time for you to read the other stories in "The Heroes" (sometimes called "Greek Heroes"), and also "Water Babies."

**Perseus** (Pēr'seūs): a Greek hero.

**Devonshire** (Děv'òn shīre): a county in the south of England.

**cricket** (crĭck'ĕt): a game played with bats, balls, and wickets.

**Argos** (Är'gös): a city and valley in ancient Greece.

**Danaë** (Dän'ä ē): mother of Perseus.

**Seriphus** (Sĕ rĭ'phūs): one of the Cŷc' là dĕs Islands, off the coast of Greece.

**Dictys** (Dic'tŷs): a fisherman, brother to King Polydectes.

**Polydectes** (Pöl'ŷ dĕc'tĕs): king of Seriphus.

**Samos** (Sä'mös): an island off the coast of Asia Minor.

**Pallas Athene** (Päl'lās Ä thĕ'nē): the Greek goddess of wisdom, called by the Romans, Minerva.

**discern** (dĭŷ cĕrn'): see.

**baseness** (bāse'nĕss): vileness, wickedness.

**Immortals** (Īm mōr'tālŷ): gods.

**Titans** (Tĭ'tānŷ): the earliest family of Greek gods, who were overthrown by Zeus and the gods of Olympus.

**unrenowned** (ŭn rĕ'nownĕd'): without fame.

**Medusa** (Mĕ dŭ'sā): a maiden who had been changed into a frightful monster because of her pride and wickedness.

**Gorgons** (Gōr'gōnŷ): Medusa and her two sisters — creatures so terrible that their look turned one to stone.

**scimitar** (scĭm'ĭ tĕr): a sword with a curved blade.

**unshapen** (ŭn shāp'en): without shape.

**Hyperboreans** (Hŷ pĕr bō'rĕ ānŷ): beyond the north wind; people living in the far North.

**Hermes** (Hĕr'mĕŷ): the messenger of the gods, called by the Romans, Mercury.

**Argus** (Är'gŭs): a monster who had a hundred eyes.

**Olympians** (Ō lŷm'pĭ ānŷ): those who dwell upon Olympus; the gods.

**tresses** (trĕss'ĕŷ): locks or curls of hair.

**venomous** (vĕn'óm ōŷs): poisonous.

**Harpe** (Här'pĕ): the curved sword which Hermes lent to Perseus.

## TUBAL CAIN, THE FIRST BLACKSMITH

CHARLES MACKAY

[In the Bible we are told of Tubal Cain, who was "the forger of every cutting instrument of brass and iron" (Genesis iv, 22). He was the first smith of whom we have any knowledge. In this poem Mr. Mackay supposes that Tubal Cain began his work by making swords and spears, 5 and that all men came to him to buy weapons of war; but when he saw men killing each other with the implements that he had made, he grew sad and thoughtful. He let the fire in his forge go out, and for a long time did no work, until at length the thought came to him that he might 10 make plows instead of swords and do good instead of evil.

So he made plows; and men ceased fighting and learned to till the soil, and they thanked Tubal Cain for showing them the right way. They said that only when tyrants tried to rule would they use the sword. This did not all 15 happen in the lifetime of Tubal Cain, and it hasn't all happened yet, but Mr. Mackay's thought was that war is a savage thing, and that as men become civilized and learn to do useful work they should stop fighting one another.

Mr. Mackay was an English poet and editor. He was 20 born in 1814, went to school in London and Brussels, became editor of the *Illustrated London News* and other papers, and was war correspondent for the *London Times*

in the United States during the Civil War. He is well known for his stirring songs. He died in 1889.]

- Old Tubal Cain was a man of might,  
In days when earth was young ;  
5 By the fierce red light of his furnace bright,  
The strokes of his hammer rung :  
And he lifted high his brawny hand  
On the iron glowing clear,  
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,  
10 As he fashioned the sword and the spear.  
And he sang: " Hurrah for my handiwork !  
Hurrah for the spear and the sword !  
Hurrah for the hand that shall wield them well,  
For he shall be king and lord ! "
- 15 To Tubal Cain came many a one,  
As he wrought by his roaring fire,  
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade  
As the crown of his desire,  
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,  
20 Till they shouted loud for glee,  
And gave him gifts of pearls and gold,  
And spoils of the forest free.  
And they sang: " Hurrah for Tubal Cain,  
Who hath given us strength anew !  
25 Hurrah for the smith, hurrah for the fire,  
And hurrah for the metal true ! "

But a sudden change came o'er his heart,  
Ere the setting of the sun,  
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain  
For the evil he had done ;  
He saw that men, with rage and hate, 5  
Made war upon their kind ;  
That the land was red with the blood they shed,  
In their lust for carnage blind ;  
And he said, " Alas ! that ever I made,  
Or that skill of mine should plan, 10  
The spear and the sword for men whose joy  
Is to slay their fellow man ! "

And for many a day old Tubal Cain  
Sat brooding o'er his woe ;  
And his hand forbore to smite the ore, 15  
And his furnace smoldered low.  
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,  
And a bright, courageous eye,  
And bared his strong right arm for work,  
While the quick flames mounted high. 20  
And he sang, " Hurrah for my handiwork ! "  
As the red sparks lit the air ;  
" Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made, " —  
And he fashioned the first plowshare.

And men, taught wisdom from the past, 25  
In friendship joined their hands,

Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,  
 And plowed the willing lands;  
 And sang: ' Hurrah for Tubal Cain!  
 Our stanch good friend is he;  
 5 And for the plowshare and the plow,  
 To him our praise shall be.  
 But while oppression lifts its head,  
 Or a tyrant would be lord,  
 Though we may thank him for the plow,  
 10 We'll not forget the sword."

### QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Tell what is said in the Bible about Tubal Cain. 2. What is meant in line 9, page 102, by "scarlet showers"? 3. Why was each man so anxious to have a "strong steel blade," and what does that tell you about the times in which they lived? 4. What is meant by "the crown of his desire"? by "spoils of the forest"? by "given us strength anew"?

5. Why did a change come over Tubal Cain? 6. What is meant by "lust for carnage"? by "forbore to smite the ore"? by "*willing* lands"? 7. What did men do after Tubal Cain made plowshares? Why did not their friendship for one another last? 8. What is a better way of settling disputes than fighting? How can disputes between nations now be settled without the use of arms? 9. If the making of firearms should be stopped to-day, would the nations stop fighting? 10. Do people make firearms now because they like to, or because the nations demand them? 11. Do you think that if the governments of the world would let all soldiers become farmers, or interest them in any other

honest work, there would be much danger of war? (More about the horrors of war and the blessings of peace will be found in the Advanced Literary Reader, Part I.) 12. Compare Tubal Cain with Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith" (see Literary Readers, Book Four, page 67); with Brok and Sindri and the Sons of Ivald (Literary Readers, Book Three, page 110). How were they alike, and how different? 13. Of what other famous smiths have you read?

Other good poems by Mr. Mackay are "There's a Good Time Coming, Boys," "The Miller of the Dee," and "Little and Great."

**Tubal Cain** (Tū'bāl Cāin).

**Mackay** (Măc kāy').

**handiwork** (händ'ī wōrk): work that is done by the hands.

**spoils** (spoilz): property that is taken away from one by violence.

**lust** (lūst): desire.

**carnage** (cār'nāge): destruction of life, slaughter.

**forbore to smite**: kept from striking.

**ore** (ōre): the form in which metal is found in the earth.

**fashioned** (făsh'ionēd): made.

**plowshare** (plow'shāre): the blade or cutting part of a plow.

**stanch** (stānch): firm, strong.

**oppression** (ōp prēsh'ōn): harsh and cruel treatment.

*(For memorizing)*

And they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more

ISAIAH ii, 4

Put up again thy sword into its place: for all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword.

MATTHEW xxvi, 52

DANIEL THE HEBREW, WHO OBEYED GOD  
RATHER THAN THE KING

## THE BIBLE

[In the days when Babylonia was the greatest of all nations, Nebuchadnezzar the king made war against the Jews, destroyed their city of Jerusalem, and took away many of the people captive to Babylon. He saw that the  
5 Jews were a strong, vigorous race, and that they had better judgment and could think more quickly than the people of Babylon. So, as he wished to have about him the wisest counselors, he chose a number of Jewish youths of noble birth, strong, handsome, and well learned in the  
10 wisdom of the Jews, and commanded that they should live at his court and be taught the language and all the learning of his own wise men. He believed that with this education they would become wiser than any of the wise men of Babylon ; and he was not mistaken, as you shall see.  
15 Among these Jewish youths was one Daniel, a fine, straight, noble boy, whose first thought was to do right. Now it is a part of the Jewish religion to eat only of certain kinds of food and to consider other foods unclean. The meat and the wine which were served at the king's  
20 table were unclean to the Jews, and Daniel and three of his companions refused to touch them. The steward warned the boys that if they did not eat the king's rich food they

would be neither so fat nor so fair as the other youths who ate at the king's table. Daniel knew better than that, and asked a trial of ten days during which time he and the three other youths should be allowed to eat only the simplest vegetable food. The steward agreed to the trial, and at the end of the ten days Daniel and his three friends were fairer and in better flesh than any of the other youths, so the steward gave them such simple food as they wished and allowed them to leave the king's wine and dainties alone. 5

Three years passed. At the end of that time the youths stood before the king, and he examined them and found that Daniel and his three companions had become wiser than all the magicians and wise men in his kingdom. 10

Not long after this Nebuchadnezzar dreamed a dream which troubled him greatly. Not only was he unable to tell the meaning of it, but he had even forgotten the dream itself. So he called all the magicians and the wise men, and declared that if they did not tell him both the dream and the meaning of it they should be cut to pieces. That seemed unreasonable to the wise men, but the command of a king was not to be questioned, so the order went forth that all the wise men should be cut to pieces. Daniel and his three friends seem to have been absent from the court at that time, but when the king's servants came to put them to death Daniel asked to be taken before the king, for he said he could tell the dream and the meaning of it — and he did so. At this the king gave Daniel gifts and 25

made him governor over the city and chief of all the wise men of Babylon; and Daniel asked that his three friends, whose names were Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, might be given high positions in the government, and  
5 the king did as Daniel asked.

But Nebuchadnezzar was a proud and willful king and thought himself quite as important as the God of the Jews. So he had a great golden image of himself set up in the plain of Dura and commanded all the people to bow down  
10 and worship it, saying that if they did not they should be thrown into a burning fiery furnace. Where Daniel was at the time we do not know, but we may be sure if he had been there he would have refused to obey the king's command. His three friends, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-  
15 nego refused, saying: "O Nebuchadnezzar, we have no need to answer thee. Our God whom we serve is able to deliver us. We will not serve thy gods nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up." At this the king became furious and ordered them to be bound and thrown into  
20 the midst of the furnace. The flames were so hot that the king's servants who threw the three companions into the furnace were themselves burned to death, but behold, when the king looked in to see the three men consumed, he saw not three men, but four, in the furnace, unbound and free,  
25 walking in the midst of the fire; and the fourth was like an angel. So Nebuchadnezzar called to them to come out, and the three companions came out, and the fourth

disappeared ; and upon the three who came out there was not even the smell of fire. So Nebuchadnezzar the king commanded that no man should speak evil of the God of the Jews, and promoted the three companions to still higher places in the government. 5

After this Nebuchadnezzar again became proud and did wickedly. And in his pride he lost his reason and became a madman, and was driven out from among men, and lived for a time in the fields, eating grass with the oxen. But after he had humbled himself his reason returned to him, 10 and he praised God and ruled over the kingdom wisely for the rest of his life.

Then we read of another king, or perhaps a prince, named Belshazzar, who made a great feast in Babylon and drank wine out of the holy cups which Nebuchadnezzar 15 had taken from the Temple in Jerusalem. And while he and the company drank, and sang, and praised the heathen gods of gold and of silver, of brass, of iron, of wood, and of stone, Belshazzar suddenly saw a great hand writing something on the wall of the palace in the full light of 20 the candles. At this he became greatly terrified, and in his fright he called for the magicians and the wise men. Neither he nor they could read the writing nor understand its meaning. Then Daniel was called. He seems to have been forgotten under the new king, but he had lost none 25 of his strength or wisdom. Belshazzar offered him gifts if he would only read the writing, but Daniel told him to

keep his gifts or to give them to some one else. Then Daniel said the writing meant that Belshazzar's power should come to an end, and that the kingdom should be divided among the Medes and Persians. And in that night  
5 Belshazzar was slain and Darius the Mede became king.

In the reign of Darius certain of the satraps, or governors of the provinces, grew jealous of Daniel and laid a plot against him. The story of how his courage and his faith in God defeated these enemies is told in the sixth chapter  
10 of the book of Daniel.]

It pleased Darius to set over the kingdom a hundred and twenty satraps who should be throughout the whole kingdom; and over them three presidents, of whom Daniel was one; that these satraps might give account unto them, and  
15 that the king should have no damage. Then this Daniel was distinguished above the presidents and the satraps because an excellent spirit was in him; and the king thought to set him over the whole realm.

Then the presidents and the satraps sought to find occasion against Daniel as touching the kingdom; but they  
20 could find no occasion nor fault, forasmuch as he was faithful, neither was there any error or fault found in him.

Then said these men, "We shall not find any occasion against this Daniel, except we find it against him concerning the law of his God." Then these presidents and satraps  
25 assembled together to the king and said thus unto him:

"King Darius, live forever. All the presidents of the kingdom, the deputies and the satraps, the counselors and the governors, have consulted together to establish a royal statute and to make a strong interdict, that whosoever shall ask a petition of any god or man for thirty days, save 5 of thee, O king, he shall be cast into the den of lions. Now, O king, establish the interdict and sign the writing, that it be not changed, according to the law of the Medes and Persians, which altereth not." Wherefore king Darius signed the writing and the interdict. 10

And when Daniel knew that the writing was signed, he went into his house (now his windows were open in his chamber toward Jerusalem); and he kneeled upon his knees three times a day and prayed and gave thanks before his God, as he did aforetime. Then these men assembled to- 15 gether and found Daniel making petition and supplication before his God. Then they came near and spake before the king concerning the king's interdict: "Hast thou not signed an interdict that every man that shall make petition unto any god or man within thirty days, save unto thee, 20 O king, shall be cast into the den of lions?" The king answered and said, "The thing is true, according to the law of the Medes and Persians, which altereth not." Then answered they and said before the king, "That Daniel, who is of the children of the captivity of Judah, regardeth not 25 thee, O king, nor the interdict that thou hast signed, but maketh his petition three times a day." Then the king,

when he heard these words, was sore displeased, and set his heart on Daniel to deliver him; and he labored till the going down of the sun to rescue him.

Then these men assembled together unto the king and  
5 said unto the king, "Know, O king, that it is a law of the Medes and Persians that no interdict nor statute which the king establisheth may be changed."

Then the king commanded, and they brought Daniel, and cast him into the den of lions. Now the king spake  
10 and said unto Daniel, "Thy God whom thou servest continually, he will deliver thee." And a stone was brought and laid upon the mouth of the den, and the king sealed it with his own signet and with the signet of his lords, that nothing might be changed concerning Daniel. Then  
15 the king went to his palace and passed the night fasting, neither were instruments of music brought before him; and his sleep fled from him.

Then the king arose very early in the morning and went in haste unto the den of lions. And when he came near  
20 unto the den to Daniel, he cried with a lamentable voice; the king spake and said to Daniel, "O Daniel, servant of the living God, is thy God, whom thou servest continually, able to deliver thee from the lions?" Then said Daniel unto the king, "O king, live forever. My God hath sent  
25 his angel and hath shut the lions' mouths, and they have not hurt me; forasmuch as before him innocency was found in me; and also before thee, O king, have I done



"MY GOD HATH SENT HIS ANGEL AND HATH SHUT THE LIONS'  
MOUTHS, AND THEY HAVE NOT HURT ME" .

no hurt." Then was the king exceeding glad, and commanded that they should take Daniel up out of the den. So Daniel was taken up out of the den, and no manner of hurt was found upon him, because he had trusted in his God.

- 5 And the king commanded, and they brought those men that had accused Daniel, and they cast them into the den of lions, them, their children, and their wives; and the lions had the mastery of them and brake all their bones in pieces before they came to the bottom of the den.

### QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Babylon was situated about sixty miles south of the present city of Bagdad, in eastern Turkey. Point out Bagdad on a map of Asia. Point out Jerusalem. 2. Tell what you can of the defeat and capture of the Jews (Daniel i, 1, 2; Jeremiah lii, 4-19.) 3. Why did Nebuchadnezzar choose some of the Jewish youths to be brought up and educated in his palace? 4. Who was Daniel, and why did he refuse to eat the king's food? Tell how the question of his food was settled. 5. How long were the Jewish youths taught by the king's orders, and what did the king think of them when he examined them?

6. Tell about Nebuchadnezzar's dream. 7. Tell about Daniel's three friends and how the king tried to punish them. 8. Tell how Nebuchadnezzar lost his reason. 9. Tell the story of Belshazzar's feast.

10. Who was Darius; to what office did he appoint Daniel, and why did he appoint him? What is meant by the "excellent spirit" that was in Daniel? 11. Describe the plot against Daniel. 12. Daniel's chamber was probably a room raised upon the flat

roof of the house. What is meant by his windows being "open toward Jerusalem," or why do you suppose he turned toward Jerusalem when he prayed? 13. What did Daniel's enemies do when they found him praying? 14. How did Darius feel when he was told of it, and why could he not save Daniel? 15. Tell the story of Daniel in the lions' den. 16. What difference can you see between the bravery of Perseus and that of Daniel? 17. Of what other Bible heroes have you read? Which of them do you like best, and why?

**Babylonia** (Băb ỹ lō'níá): an ancient and very powerful country in Asia.

**Babylon** (Băb ỹ lôn): a great city, the capital of Babylonia.

**Nebuchadnezzar** (Něb ũ chăd nēz-zăr): a king of Babylonia.

**Jerusalem** (Jě ru'sá lēm): the capital and holy city of the Jews.

**Shadrach** (Shă'drăch), **Meshach** (Mě-shăch), **Abed-nego** (Á bēd'ně gō).

**Belshazzar** (Běl shăz'zăr): a king or prince of Babylonia.

**Darius** (Dă rī'ūs): a king of Media. **satrap** (să'trăp): the governor of a province or part of the kingdom.

**distinguished** (dĭstĭn'guĭshed): noted, or worthy of notice.

**an excellent spirit**: a good and wise heart.

**realm** (rěalm): kingdom or nation.

**find occasion**: find an excuse.

**as touching the kingdom**: regarding duty to the king.

**live forever**: a form of greeting.

**deputies** (dĕp'ŭ tĭēz): agents of the king.

**establish** (ēs tāb'lish): make firm.

**royal statute** (roy'āl stăt'ŭte): law of the king.

**interdict** (ĭn'tĕr dĭkt): an order forbidding something.

**petition** (pĕ tĭ'shòn): prayer, asking.

**Medes** (Mēdeſ), **Persians** (Pĕr'shăſ): two ancient nations that conquered Babylonia.

**aforetime** (ă fōre'tĭme): formerly.

**supplication** (sŭp plĭ că'shòn): prayer.

**children of the captivity of Judah**: Jews who were made captive.

**continually** (cŏn tĭn'ŭ ĭl lŷ): all the time.

**signet** (sĭg'nĕt): a seal.

**fasting** (făst'ĭng): eating nothing.

**lamentable** (lăm'ĕn tă ble): mournful, sorrowful.

**innocency** (ĭn'nŏ cĕn cŷ): innocence, or being without blame.

REGULUS THE ROMAN, WHO VALUED HIS  
WORD MORE THAN HIS LIFE

CHARLOTTE M. YONGE

[This story of Regulus is taken from "A Book of Golden Deeds." The author, Miss Yonge, was an English writer who during her lifetime published more than a hundred books, chiefly histories and historical stories for young  
5 people. Perhaps the best known of them are "The Daisy Chain," "Little Lucy's Wonderful Globe," "The Dove in the Eagle's Nest," and "The Heir of Redclyffe." She died in 1901. "A Book of Golden Deeds" tells of noble acts that have been done by all sorts of people in all ages. The  
10 one which we have selected is that of Regulus, a Roman consul, who lived about 250 B.C. and who was put to death in prison by the Carthaginians.]

The first dispute between Rome and Carthage was about their possession in the island of Sicily; and the war thus  
15 begun had lasted eight years, when it was resolved to send an army to fight the Carthaginians on their own shores. The army and fleet were placed under the command of the two consuls, Lucius Manlius and Marcus Atilius Regulus. On the way there was a great sea fight with the Cartha-  
20 ginian fleet, and this was the first naval battle that the Romans ever gained.

Orders here came from Rome that Manlius should return thither, but that Regulus should remain to carry on the war. Regulus was a very poor man, with nothing of his own but a little farm of seven acres, and the person whom he had employed to cultivate it had died in his absence; a hired laborer had undertaken the care of it, but had been unfaithful and had run away with his tools and his cattle; so that he was afraid that, unless he could return quickly, his wife and children would starve. However, the senate engaged to provide for his family, and he remained, making expeditions into the country round.

The Carthaginians were driven to extremity and made horrible offerings to Moloch, giving the little children of the noblest families to be dropped into the fire between the brazen hands of his statue, and grown-up people of the noblest families rushed in of their own accord, hoping thus to propitiate their gods and obtain safety for their country.

They had sent, in their distress, to hire soldiers in Greece, and among these came a Spartan named Xanthippus, who at once took the command and led the army out to battle with a long line of elephants ranged in front of them and with clouds of horsemen hovering on the wings. The Romans had not yet learned the best mode of fighting with elephants, namely, to leave lanes in their columns where these huge beasts might advance harmlessly; instead of which, the ranks were thrust and trampled down by the creatures' bulk, and the Romans suffered a terrible defeat.

Regulus himself was seized by the horsemen and dragged into Carthage, where the victors feasted and rejoiced through half the night and testified their thanks to Moloch by offering captives in his fires.

Regulus himself was not, however, one of these victims. He was kept a close prisoner for two years, while the war continued. At last a victory so decisive was gained by the Romans that the people of Carthage were discouraged and resolved to ask terms of peace. They thought that no one would be so readily listened to at Rome as Regulus, and they therefore sent him there with their envoys, having first made him swear that he would come back to his prison if there should neither be peace nor an exchange of prisoners. They little knew how much more a true-hearted Roman cared for his city than for himself—for his word than for his life.

Worn and dejected, the captive warrior came to the outside of the gates of his own city and there paused, refusing to enter. "I am no longer a Roman citizen," he said; "I am but the barbarians' slave, and the Senate may not give audience to strangers within the walls."

The Roman Senate, as he would not come in to them, came out to hold their meeting in the Campagna.

Then he spoke. He told the senators to persevere in the war. He said he had seen the distress of Carthage, and a peace would be only to her advantage, not to that of Rome; therefore he strongly advised that the war

should continue. Then, as to the exchange of prisoners, the Carthaginian generals who were in the hands of the Romans were in full health and strength, whilst he himself was too much broken down to be fit for service again, and indeed he believed that his enemies had given him a slow poison, and that he could not live long. Thus he insisted that no exchange of prisoners should be made. 5

It was wonderful, even to Romans, to hear a man thus pleading against himself. Their chief priest came forward and declared that, as his oath had been wrested from him by force, he was not bound by it to return to his captivity. 10 But Regulus was too noble to listen to this for a moment.

"Have you resolved to dishonor me?" he said. "I am not ignorant that death and the extremest tortures are preparing for me; but what are these to the shame of an infamous action, or the wounds of a guilty mind? Slave 15 as I am to Carthage, I have still the spirit of a Roman. I have sworn to return. It is my duty to go; let the gods take care of the rest."

The Senate decided to follow the advice of Regulus, 20 though they bitterly regretted his sacrifice. His wife wept and entreated in vain that they would detain him. They could merely repeat their permission to him to remain; but nothing could prevail with him to break his word, and he turned back to the chains and death he expected, 25 as calmly as if he had been returning to his home. This was in the year B.C. 249.

What happened to Regulus at Carthage we do not know. Horrible stories were told of how he was put to death, but it is not the tortures he may have endured that make him one of the noblest characters of history. It is the resolution that would neither let him save himself at the risk of  
5 his country's prosperity, nor forfeit the word that he had pledged.

### QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Tell what you can of the author of this story. From what book is the story taken? 2. Tell what you can of the war between Rome and Carthage, in which Regulus took part. What was it about? 3. Carthage was an ancient city in northern Africa near where the modern Tunis now stands. Point out this location on a map. Point out Rome; Sicily. On what sea was the naval battle fought?

4. Tell or write briefly, in your own words, the story of Regulus. 5. In what unusual way did the Carthaginians fight, and what effect did this have upon the Romans? 6. Why did Regulus refuse to enter Rome, and what did the Senate do because of this? What does that show as to the feeling of the Romans toward Regulus?

7. If the Romans decided to follow the advice of Regulus, what effect would that have upon him? Why did he so advise them? 8. Why did he not stay in Rome when the Senate told him he was not bound to return to Carthage? 9. You will notice in all our hero stories that there are two kinds of courage — one we might call a "fighting courage" and the other a "quiet courage." What kind was that of Perseus? of Daniel? of Regulus?

Other famous Roman heroes are Marcus Curtius (Literary Readers, Book Four, page 42), Horatius, and Cincinnatus (Baldwin's "Fifty Famous Stories"). The most famous of Roman warriors are perhaps Julius Cæsar, Pompey, and Caius Marius, whom you may read about in "Our Young Folks' Plutarch." The greatest of Carthaginian warriors was Hannibal (Baldwin's "Thirty More Famous Stories").

You may be interested in having some one read to you the speech "Regulus to the Carthaginians," by Elijah Kellogg. It is in "The Speaker's Garland, Number Eleven" and in several of the older school readers.

Suggestions for play work: dramatize and act the scene in which Regulus returns to Rome.

**Yonge** (Yóngē).

**consul** (cǒn'sŭl): one of the two chief officers of the Roman republic.

**Carthaginians** (Cǎr thá ġŭn'ŷ ăng): inhabitants of Carthage, in Africa.

**Lucius Manlius** (Lŭ' shŭs Mǎn'ŷ ŭs).

**Marcus Atilius Regulus** (Mǎr' cŭs Āt'ŷ ŭs Rĕġ'ŷ lŭs).

**extremity** (ĕx trĕm'ŷ tŷ): great need.

**Moloch** (Mō'lŏch): an ancient god of fire.

**brazen** (brā'zen): made of brass.

**propitiate** (prŏ pŷ'shŷ āte): to pacify, appease, or win the favor of.

**Xanthippus** (Zǎn thŷp'pŭs): a Greek general.

**wings**: the two divisions of an army that stretch out on each side of the center.

**testified** (tĕs'tĭ fĭed): proved.

**envoys** (ĕn'voyz): messengers sent to represent a government or ruler.

**dejected** (dĕ jĕct'ĕd): sad, discouraged.

**barbarians** (bǎr bǎ'rĭ ăng): savage or half-civilized foreign nations.

**give audience** (au'dĭ ĕnĕ): give a hearing, or a chance to be heard.

**Campagna** (Cǎm pǎn'yǎ): the plain surrounding the city of Rome.

**persevere** (pĕr sĕ vēre): to persist or pursue steadily in spite of discouragement.

**infamous** (ĭn'fá moŭs): very bad, vile, detestable.

**forfeit** (fŏr'fĕt): to give up.

BEOWULF THE NORSEMAN, WHO CONQUERED  
THE MARSH DRAGON

H. E. MARSHALL

[In the British Museum in London is a little book written on parchment — stained and worn and marked by fire and water. This book is a thousand years old and is written in the Anglo-Saxon language, the language used in England in early times, after the Angles and Saxons had conquered the land. It contains the oldest Anglo-Saxon poem which we know anything about — a poem called "Beowulf," telling of a hero of that name who slew dragons and did many wonderful deeds.

10 Beowulf is said to have been the nephew of a king who ruled about 500 A.D. in the land of the Geatas, which is southern Sweden. He was a youth of giant strength. No one could stand against him. The legend tells us that at this time, in the neighboring country of the Danes, dwelt a frightful monster called Grendel, half man, half

15 beast. This Grendel came each night to the great hall Heort, or Hart, where slept the warriors of Hrothgar, the Danish king, and there he snatched away the warriors as they slept, and carried them off to his lair in the lake

20 of the water dragons. All the mightiest of the Danish warriors had been thus carried away by Grendel, and King Hrothgar was in despair.

But Beowulf, in the land of the Geatas, heard the story of Grendel and set out with a band of trusty warriors to aid King Hrothgar and to put an end to the monster. The selection which we are to read tells how he did it.]

The beds were spread around the walls, and Beowulf 5 prepared himself strangely for battle. His coat of mail, firmly wrought with shining rings of steel, he cast aside. He took his helmet from his head, and with his sword and shield and all his glittering war-harness gave it to the keeping of a servant. 10

And thus all unarmed, clad only in his silken coat, he proudly spake: "In warcraft I deem I am no worse than Grendel. Therefore not with the sword shall I put him to sleep, though that were easy. Not thus shall I take his life, for he is not learned in the use of war weapons. So 15 without them we twain this night shall fight. And God the all-wise shall give victory even as it shall seem best to him."

Having so spoken, Beowulf laid his head upon his pillow, and all around him his warriors lay down to take 20 their rest. None among them thought ever again to see his own land. For they had heard of the terrible death that had carried off so many of the Dane folk from Hart Hall. Little they thought to escape that death. Yet so reckless were they of life that soon they slept. They who 25 were there to guard that high hall slept — all save one.

Beowulf alone, watching and waiting for the foe, impatiently longed for the coming battle. Then, out of the creeping mists that covered the moorland, forth strode the Evil Thing. Right onward to the hall he came, goaded  
■ with fearful wrath. The bolts and bars he burst asunder with but a touch, and stood within the hall.

Out of the dark Grendel's eyes blazed like fire. Loud he laughed, wild demon laughter, as he gazed around upon the sleeping warriors.

10 Here truly was a giant feast spread out before him. And ere morning light should come he meant to leave no man of them alive. So loud he laughed.

Beowulf, watchful and angry, yet curbed his wrath. He waited to see how the monster would attack. Nor  
15 had he long to wait. Quickly stretching forth a fang, Grendel seized a sleeping warrior. Ere the unhappy one  
could wake he was torn asunder.

Again the ogre stretched forth his claws, hungry for his feast. But Beowulf raising himself upon his elbow  
20 reached out his hand and caught the monster. Then had the fell giant fierce wrath and pain. Never before had he made trial of such a hand-grip. In it he writhed and struggled vainly. Hotter and hotter grew his anger, deeper and deeper his fear. He longed to flee, to seek his  
25 demon lair and there make merry with his fellows. But though his strength was great he could not win free from that mighty grasp.

Then Beowulf, remembering his boast that he would conquer this ruthless beast, stood upright, gripping the ogre yet more firmly. Awful was the fight in the darkness. This way and that the ogre swayed, but he could not free himself from the clutch of those mighty fingers. 5

The noise of the contest was as of thunder. The fair hall-echoed and shook with demon cries of rage, until it seemed that the walls must fall. The benches, overlaid with gold, were torn from their places. Fear and wonder fell upon the Dane folk. For far and wide the din was 10 heard, until the king trembled in his castle, the slave in his hut.

The knights of Beowulf awoke, arose, drew their sharp swords, and plunged into the battle. They fought right manfully for their master, their great leader. But though 15 they dealt swift and mighty blows, it was in vain. Grendel's hide was such that not the keenest blade ever wrought of steel could pierce it through. No war axe could wound him, for by enchantments he had made him safe. Nay, by no such honorable means might death come to the 20 foul ogre.

Louder and louder grew the din, fiercer and wilder the strife, hotter the wrath of those who strove. But at length the fight came to an end. The sinews in Grendel's shoulder burst, the bones cracked. Then the ogre tore himself 25 free and fled, wounded to death, leaving his arm in Beowulf's mighty grip.

Sobbing forth his death-song, Grendel fled over the misty moorland, until he reached his dwelling in the lake of the water dragons, and there plunged in. The dark waves closed over him and he sank to his home.

- 5 Loud were the songs of triumph in Hart Hall, great the rejoicing. For Beowulf had made good his boast. He had cleansed the hall from the ogre. Henceforth might the Dane folk sleep peacefully therein. And so the Geatas rejoiced. And over the doorway of the hall, in token of his  
10 triumph, Beowulf nailed the hand and arm and shoulder of Grendel.

- When morning came, and the news was spread over all the land, there was much joy among the Dane folk. From far and near many a warrior came riding to the hall to  
15 see the marvel. Over the moor they rode, too, tracking Grendel's gory footsteps, until they came to the lake of the water dragons. There they gazed upon the water as it boiled and seethed, colored dark with the poison blood of the ogre.

- 20 Then back with light hearts they sped, praising the hero. "From north to south," they cried, "between the seas all the world over, there is none so valiant as he, none so worthy of honor."

- With loosened rein they galloped in the gay sunshine.  
25 And by the way, minstrels made songs, and sang of the mighty deeds of Beowulf, praising him above the heroes of old. In all the land there was song and gladness.

[The night after Beowulf had disposed of Grendel, there came a fierce water witch, the mother of Grendel, to avenge her son's death. Beowulf tracked her to her home and fought with her under the waters of the lake, and conquered her too. He then went back to his own country, 5 where he became king and ruled for fifty years. His last fight took place in his own country when he was an old man. It was waged against a fire dragon who was consuming the land, and though with the help of a faithful warrior he killed the monster, he received a poisonous 10 wound which brought about his own death.]

These stories are retold from the old poem, in simple prose, by H. E. Marshall, an English writer, in his book, "Stories of Beowulf," from which our selection is taken. I do not need to tell you that these monsters which Beowulf 15 slew were not beasts with scales and claws. The poet wishes simply to tell us that Beowulf cleared the land of evil and dangerous things. Perhaps Grendel, who came out of the fens and took the lives of many warriors, was some deadly fever which Beowulf conquered by draining 20 the marshes; perhaps Grendel's mother, who avenged the death of the monster, was the sea, which rushed in through the ditches that Beowulf had made and flooded the country so that Beowulf had to go down under water and build dikes to shut it out. Perhaps the fire dragon was a great 25 fire which Beowulf put out and which burned him so that he died.]

## QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Tell what you can of the old poem from which this story is taken. 2. Who was Beowulf, and where did he live? What country now occupies this land? Point it out on a map. Point out the land of the Danes. 3. Who was Grendel?

4. Tell how Beowulf prepared himself for his fight with Grendel. Why did he take off his armor? 5. Describe the battle with Grendel. 6. Describe the rejoicing of the Danes after the battle. 7. Who was Grendel's mother, and what is she said to have done after Grendel's death? 8. What is said of the fire dragon and of Beowulf's later life? 9. What do you think these three dragons really were? 10. Can you think of any dragons that are now to be conquered?

You will be interested in reading the rest of the story of Beowulf in Mr. Marshall's book. Other Norse hero stories are those of Rollo the Viking, in "Famous Men of the Middle Ages," and Haakon the Good, in Lang's "Red True Story Book."

**Beowulf** (Be' ō wulf).

**British Museum** (Brīt'ish Mū sē'ŷm): a collection of curious, beautiful, and interesting things kept by the English government.

**parchment** (pārch'mēnt): the skin of a young animal with the hair removed; used for writing upon before paper became common.

**Anglo-Saxon** (Ān glō Săx'ŏn): the people or language formed by the mingling of Angles and Saxons.

**Geatas** (Yē'ă tăş): an ancient Swedish tribe.

**Danes** (Dāneş): people of Denmark.

**Grendel** (Grēn'dēl).

**Heort** (Hūrt): Anglo Saxon for hart or stag.

**Hrothgar** (Hrōth'gār): an ancient king of Denmark.

**coat of mail**: a kind of armor made of metal scales or rings.

**twain** (twāin): two.

**moorland** (mōōr'lānd): waste or barren land, often marshy.

**goaded** (gōad'ēd): urged, excited.

**curbed** (cūrbed): held in, restrained.

**fang** (făng): a long, sharp tooth.

**asunder** (ă sūn'dēr): in two pieces.

**gory** (gōr'ŷ): bloody.

SIEGFRIED OF THE NETHERLANDS, WHO DID  
NOT KNOW WHAT FEAR MEANT

WALTER TAYLOR FIELD

## I. SIEGFRIED SLAYS THE DRAGON

It is said that many years ago, in the country of the Netherlands, lived a king named Siegmund. He had ruled his people long and well and had done many a noble deed, so that the earth was full of his fame; but at length strong enemies rose up against him and he died fighting for his life.

When his last battle was over, the queen came to him. He could still speak, and he gave her his broken sword, telling her to keep it for the young prince who should soon be born to her. It was a magic sword, which had come from Odin, the All-father, and no one but Odin himself could break it; but Odin had decreed that Siegmund's days on earth should end, and had appeared to him in the battle and had shattered the sword in his hand. And the name of the sword was Gram, which means "the Wrath," though some called it the "Sword of Need." Siegmund said that it should one day be forged anew and that the young prince should win great victories with it. So Siegmund blessed his queen and the child, and died.

The young prince was born and grew to be a noble boy. He was called Siegfried, or, as the Northmen say, Sigurd.

No other youth could run or wrestle or handle the sword so well as he.

When he was but a lad his mother took him to a cunning smith whom some call Mimi and others Regin. There  
5 she left him that he might learn how to forge, because she remembered his father's words. And with him she left the broken sword, telling Mimi to guard it well. Then Mimi, or Regin,—it matters little which we call him,—taught Siegfried to forge and to make swords that cut like a  
10 razor and yet never turned their edge. While these two were resting from their work Mimi told strange stories of the dwarfs who lived down under the earth and of the golden treasure of the Nibelungs, which was guarded by the dragon Fafnir. And when Siegfried questioned him  
15 more closely about this treasure, he said it was the Rhine-gold, which had lain for ages at the bottom of the river Rhine, guarded by the nymphs, the Rhine maidens. But the Rhine maidens were not faithful to their trust, for they spent their time in play, and Alberich the dwarf,  
• 20 whom some call Andvari, stole it from them and hid it under a waterfall.

Alberich the dwarf was one of the Nibelungs and a cunning worker in metals. Out of a part of the gold he fashioned a magic ring which gave to the one who wore  
25 it power over all the world. And out of another part he fashioned a helmet which made the wearer invisible to mortal eyes. But Loki, the mischief-maker of the gods,

took the treasure away from Alberich, and afterwards Fafnir the dragon got it. ✓

"I care not so much about the gold," said Siegfried, when he had heard the tale, "but the helmet might be a useful thing, and the ring of power would be well worth having." 5

"Ah," said Mimi, "but a curse follows all who hold it. Alberich the dwarf was angry when Loki took the treasure from him, and he swore that from that time trouble and misfortune should go with it. And trouble has come to Fafnir the dragon, for he killed one of his 10 own kin because he wanted all the gold himself, and now that he has it, it gives him no pleasure, for he fears day and night that some one will steal it from him."

"Where is this dragon?" asked Siegfried. "I will not steal the treasure from him, but since he has done so foul 15 a deed to gain it, I will take it from him openly."

"But do you know what Fafnir is like?" asked Mimi. "He is a frightful thing. His eyes shoot flames of fire. Smoke pours from his nostrils. His breath is so poisonous that it withers and kills everything it touches. His tail, 20 when he lashes it, breaks down the forest trees; his tongue is like a sword, and his claws like iron. Have you no fear of such a creature?"

"Fear?" asked Siegfried. "What is fear?"

Then Mimi started to his feet, for he remembered how 25 it had been said that the dragon Fafnir should some time be slain by one who knew no fear.

"You shall meet the dragon," cried Mimi, "and I will forge for you the pieces of your father's broken sword."

So Mimi started the fire in his forge and worked long at the sword. Some say that he forged it himself, and  
5 some say that he could not forge it, but that Siegfried forged it. However that may be, the sword was forged, and Siegfried took it in his hands and swung it about his head, and it flashed like a ring of fire around him. Then he brought it down full upon the anvil and it split the  
10 anvil through to the floor.

"Is the edge dulled?" asked Mimi.

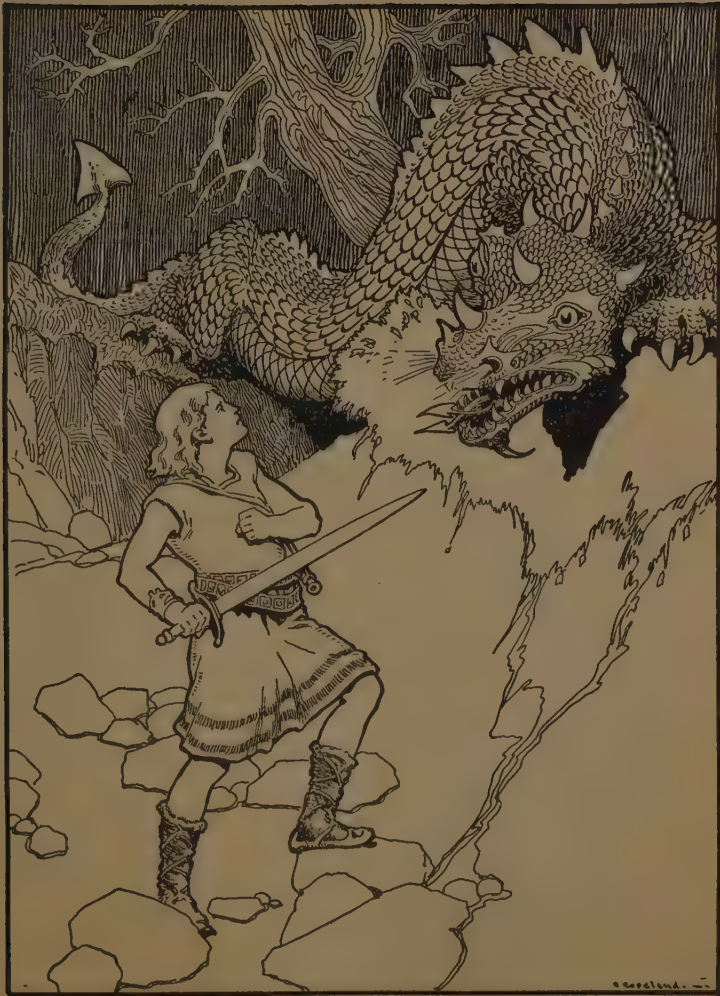
"Let us see," said Siegfried.

So he took the sword down to the river and threw a lock of wool upon the water, and as it floated down he  
15 held the sword before it, and the wool was cut cleanly in two as it touched the blade.

"That will answer," said Siegfried. "Now show me the dragon."

They strode forth through the forest and as they went,  
20 Mimi kept thinking of the Rhine-gold. The more he thought of it, the more he wanted it himself. "Siegfried may slay the dragon," he thought, "and when he has slain him, I can make an end of Siegfried. Then the treasure of the Nibelungs shall be mine." The smith chuckled to  
25 himself as he thought what power he should have.

At length the two came to a great hollow in the earth like the bed of a mountain torrent. Mimi shuddered and



"WHEN HE SAW THE LAD, HE SNORTED FIERCELY, 'I CAME FOR  
DRINK, BUT I FIND FOOD'"

said it was the path made by the dragon as he came down to drink. But Siegfried seized his horn and blew a blast so loud and clear that it woke the echoes all along the glen. The dragon was on his way to the river. He  
5 heard the sound, stopped, and turned back, and when he saw the lad, snorted fiercely, "I came for drink, but I find food."

Siegfried leaped into a great pit, and as the dragon leaned over the edge of it to look down at him, the lad  
10 thrust the sword up into the monster's heart. A low, fierce growl burst from the throat of the dragon as he died, and Siegfried heard the words: "Beware of the gold. It shall be your curse and the curse of all who touch it!"

A drop of the dragon's blood had fallen upon Siegfried's  
15 finger and it burned like fire. He put it to his lips to stop the pain, and suddenly a change came over him. He could now see and hear more clearly. The voice of a wood bird, which before had seemed like only a twittering, now took the form of words and said, "To the cave. There  
20 you will find the gold."

Siegfried soon found the cave and the treasure. He took the ring, which he placed upon his finger, and the helmet, which he carried at his belt in case of need. The rest he left untouched.

25 As he came out of the cave, Mimi, who had been hiding, like the coward that he was, advanced from behind a tree, bearing a cup in his hands.

"Drink, Siegfried," he said. "You are thirsty. It will do you good."

"Beware of Mimi, the false friend," sang the wood bird.

Siegfried turned on Mimi and his eyes flashed fire. "It is poison!" he cried. "Thanks to the dragon's blood, I know your thoughts!"

Gram, the Wrath, then leaped from its scabbard and in another instant the wicked Mimi lay stretched upon the ground beside the dragon.

✓  
II. SIEGFRIED RESCUES BRUNHILD, THE  
WAR MAIDEN

Siegfried now had the treasure of the Nibelungs, and 10  
on his finger was the ring which gave him power over all  
the world. Yet it did not make him happy. The sun-  
shine seemed to have faded out of the sky. His only friend  
had proved to be an enemy and was now dead. Siegfried  
was lonely. He sat down on the ground and covered his 15  
face with his hands, lost in thought. But as he sat there  
the wood bird suddenly began to sing again, and it sang:

"High up on a mountain

A maiden is sleeping;

The flames flash around her;

20

Her guard they are keeping.

Whoever would save her,

No fear must he bear.

Brunhild! Brunhild!

She waits for you there!"

25

Siegfried listened. "This is a deed worth doing!" he cried. Then, looking up at the bird, he said, "Show me the way."

The bird flew through the forest. Siegfried followed.  
5 Over the rocks he climbed, and through thickets where the sharp thorns tore his flesh, and along the ridges of great broken mountains, always upward, always onward, while the bird flew, twittering, just ahead.

At last they reached a height where the mountain seemed  
10 to pierce the sky. The bird had vanished. Siegfried saw before him a wall of fire, leaping and crackling and sending out showers of red sparks. With a laugh he leaped into it and through it and came out on the other side into an open space, and there, upon a mossy rock, lay  
15 a figure like that of a young warrior, clad in shining armor. Siegfried approached and spoke, but got no answer. Then he carefully took off the helmet of the youth, and behold, it was not a youth at all, but a beautiful maiden with her face half hidden in a wealth of golden hair!  
20 Her eyes were closed, and she gave no sign of life.

Siegfried called again. He took her hand. He shook her gently. Still there was no answer. At last he stooped and kissed her. At that she opened her eyes, smiled, and said, "So you are the hero who has come to waken me."

25 Siegfried asked her name. She told him that she was called Brunhild, and that she was a daughter of the gods — one of the Valkyries, or war maidens who take the souls

of warriors up to Odin's home — but that she had been made mortal and cast into a sleep because she had displeased Odin, the All-father. Yet Odin had pitied her and had said that she might choose how and where the sleep should fall upon her. And she had asked that it might 5 be upon a high mountain and that she might be fenced in by fire, so that only a hero who knew no fear should ever reach her.

So Siegfried and Brunhild talked long together, and he promised to be true to her and placed upon her hand the 10 magic ring which he thought the most precious thing that he possessed. Far better would it have been for both of them if he had left it with the dragon or had thrown it back into the river, to the Rhine-maidens — for the curse was still upon it. 15

She then gave him her horse, Grane, a wonderful steed, bred from one of Odin's horses, and told him to go out into the world and do yet other noble deeds and then come back to her.

I wish that we might end the story here, for the rest is 20 too sad to tell. But the curse of the gold was upon them both, and Siegfried went out into the world and forgot Brunhild. Some say it was because he was given a magic drink that took away his memory. Perhaps it was that, but the love of gold is enough, sometimes, without any magic 25 drink, to make one forget all other things. However that may be, Siegfried forgot all that had happened, and when

he came to the court of King Gunther, or Gunnar, as some say, and saw the king's beautiful sister Gudrun, sometimes called Kriemhild, he loved and soon after married her. Then King Gunther in some way, though not through  
5 Siegfried, heard of Brunhild and wished himself to marry the beautiful war maiden; and Siegfried even helped him to win her, putting on the helmet of darkness and going with him on his quest, for he still remembered nothing of her nor of his former visit to the mountain of fire.

10 When Brunhild was told that Siegfried had married the king's sister, she was so hurt and angry that she said she did not care what happened to him so long as she never saw him again. Then Hagen, a cunning knight of King Gunther's court, plotted against Siegfried and treach-  
15 erously slew him, thinking to please Brunhild and also to get the ring and the treasure for himself.

But when Siegfried's body, according to the custom of that land, was placed upon the funeral pyre, with the helmet at his side and the good sword on his breast, and  
20 when fire had been set to it and the flames were leaping upward to the sky, then Brunhild repented of her foolish words and leaped upon her good horse Grane, and dashed into the flames, with the magic ring upon her hand.

When the pyre was almost burned away, the river sud-  
25 denly rolled up out of its bed and covered all. The Rhine-maidens, who had been watching, seized eagerly the ring and the helmet. Hagen, the treacherous knight who had

slain Siegfried, leaped in to get them, but the Rhine-maidens dragged him to the bottom of the stream and held him there till he was dead.

Another famous old song, known as the "Song of the Nibelungs," says that Hagen was not drowned by the Rhine-maidens, but that he lived and stole the treasure which Siegfried left in the cave, and that Gudrun, or Kriemhild, as they call her, at last took terrible vengeance upon him. All agree that he was punished in the end. So the gold which had brought power brought also unhappiness and death to all who touched it.

### QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. What was the name of Siegfried's father? Tell the story about him, and point out on a map the country of which he was said to be the king.
2. What is another name for Siegfried and by whom was it given to him? Tell how Siegfried came to live with Mimi.
3. Tell the story of the Rhine-gold as Mimi told it to Siegfried.
4. Tell about the forging and the testing of the sword.
5. Tell how Siegfried slew the dragon.
6. Tell what Mimi tried to do to Siegfried, and how he was punished for it.
7. Who was Brunhild? Tell how Siegfried rescued her.
8. Tell what happened after Siegfried left Brunhild.
9. What was the curse that rested upon the Rhine-gold, and what did the gold do to each of the people in this story who handled it?
10. Is great wealth nowadays always a blessing to the one who has it?
11. This story is a legend, with perhaps some truth in it and much that is fanciful; tell what parts of it you think may be true and what parts you feel sure are not true, giving reasons.

You will be interested in reading "The Story of Siegfried," by James Baldwin, which gives a fuller account of the doings of this hero. The story of the ring was used as the basis for a series of four famous operas called "The Ring of the Nibelungs."

**Siegfried** (Siëg'friëd): a prince of the Netherlands, called in the ancient Norse legends Sigurd (Si'gurd).

**Netherlands** (Nëth'ër länds): another name for Holland.

**Siegmund** (Siëg'münd): an ancient king of the Netherlands.

**Gram** (Gräm): the sword of Siegfried.

**Mimi** (MÍ'mí): the cunning smith called in the Norse legends Regin (Re'yín).

**Nibelungs** (NÍ'bē lungz): the children of the mist; a race of dwarfs.

**Fafnir** (Fäv'nír): a giant who took the form of a dragon and guarded the Rhine-gold. Some stories say that he was Regin's brother.

**Aiberich** (Äl'bër ík): the dwarf whose Norse name is Andvari (Än'dwäri).

**Brunhild** (Brün'hílt): one of the Valkyries (Välkÿr'ies) who was made mortal.

**Grane** (Grän'ë): the horse of Brunhild.

**Gunther** (Gün'thër): a king of Burgundy, brother of Kriemhild, or Gudrun. In the Norse story he is called Gunnar (Gün'när).

**Kriemhild** (Kriëm'hílt): Gunther's sister, whom Siegfried marries. In the Norse story she is called Gudrun (Gud'rún).

**Hagen** (Hä'gën): a knight of Burgundy, called Hagin in the Norse story. Some stories say he was a half brother of Gunther; some say an uncle.

**pyre** (pÿre): a pile of wood on which the dead were solemnly burned.

**treacherous** (trëach'ër ous): deceitful, or like a traitor.

KING ARTHUR OF BRITAIN AND HIS  
KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE

SIR THOMAS MALORY

[During the sixth century the island of Britain was divided into a number of petty kingdoms, each ruled by a separate chief. The Romans, who had conquered the Britons several centuries before, had been called home to protect themselves from other enemies. So the Saxons, the Angles, and other fierce tribes from the mainland of Europe came in their ships and seized upon the richest parts of the island, driving the Britons back toward the mountains of Wales.

At this time, so the legends tell us, a king arose among the British tribes, who united under him the neighboring kings or chiefs, and went forth against the Saxons and conquered them. He was said to be not only a great warrior but a true knight, who hated wrong and injustice, who protected the weak and fought against the strong. Around him he gathered all the bravest knights, and in the hall of the castle at Caerleon, where he held his court, these knights were accustomed to meet about a great round table and receive his orders. The chieftain's name was Arthur, and the knights were called the Knights of the Round Table.

How much of this tale is true we do not know, but we know that some of the finest stories that have come down

to us from those days have to do with Arthur and his knights. In the fifteenth century, nearly a thousand years after Arthur's time, an English nobleman, Sir Thomas Malory, gathered together the legends of those times and  
5 put them into a book. It is from this book that our selection is taken. It was written in quaint old English, and you will find it here very nearly as Sir Thomas wrote it, with only the change of a few words which have now gone out of use, and the straightening out of a few sentences  
10 which would be hard for you to understand. Some portions have also been omitted.]

### I. OF THE BIRTH AND BOYHOOD OF ARTHUR AND OF THE SWORD IN THE STONE

It befell in the days of Uther Pendragon, when he was king of all England, that Merlin the enchanter came to him and said that the king should have a son. And Merlin  
15 warned the king that he should tell no one, but that when the child was born it should be given to Merlin to care for.

Said Merlin, "I know a lord of yours in this land that is a passing true man and a faithful, and he shall have the bringing up of your child, and his name is Sir Ector.  
20 And when the child is born let it be delivered to me at yonder postern."

So it was done. And the king commanded two knights and two ladies to take the child, bound in a cloth of gold, and to deliver him to what poor man they should meet at

the postern gate of the castle. So the child was delivered unto Merlin, and so he bare him forth unto Sir Ector, and made an holy man to christen him, and named him Arthur.

Then within two years King Uther fell sick of a great sickness and he died. Then stood the realm in great danger a long while, for every lord made himself strong and many thought to have been king. So Merlin went to the Archbishop of Canterbury and counseled him to send for all the lords of the realm and all the gentlemen of arms, that they should come to London by Christmas, that some miracle might come to pass to show who should rightwise be king of the realm.

So they gathered in the greatest church in London, long before day. And there was seen in the churchyard a great stone, four square, like unto a marble stone, and in the midst thereof was an anvil of steel a foot high, and therein stuck a fair sword naked by the point, and letters there were written in gold about the sword that said thus: "Whoso pulleth out this sword from this stone and anvil is rightwise king born of all England."

Then the people marveled, and when they saw the writing, some, who wished to be king, tried, but none might stir the sword nor move it.

"He is not here that shall achieve the sword," said the archbishop, "but doubt not God will make him known. This is my counsel, that we appoint ten knights, men of good fame, to keep this sword." So it was done.

And upon New Year's day the barons had a tournament, and when the service was done, the barons rode unto the field, some to joust and some to tourney, and so it happened that Sir Ector rode unto the jousts, and with him rode  
5 Sir Kay his son, and young Arthur also.

Sir Kay had left his sword at his father's lodging, so he prayed young Arthur to ride and get it.

"I will well," said Arthur, and rode fast after the sword ; and when he came home the lady and all were out to see  
10 the jousting.

Then was Arthur wroth and said to himself, "I will ride to the churchyard and take the sword that sticketh in the stone, for my brother Sir Kay shall not be without a sword this day."

15 So when he came to the churchyard Sir Arthur alighted and tied his horse to the stile, and so he went to the tent and found no knights there, for they were jousting. So he handled the sword by the handles and lightly and fiercely pulled it out of the stone, and took his horse and rode his  
20 way until he came to his brother Sir Kay, and delivered him the sword.

As soon as Sir Kay saw the sword he knew well that it was the sword of the stone, and so he rode to his father Sir Ector and said, "Sir, lo, here is the sword of the stone ;  
25 wherefore I must be king of this land."

When Sir Ector beheld the sword he returned and came to the church, and there they alighted all three and went

into the church. And anon he made Sir Kay to swear upon a book how he came by that sword.

"Sir," said Sir Kay, "by my brother Arthur, for he brought it to me."

"How got ye this sword?" said Sir Ector to Arthur. 5

"Sir, I will tell you," said Arthur. "When I went home for my brother's sword, I found nobody at home to deliver me his sword, and I thought my brother Sir Kay should not be swordless, so I came hither eagerly and pulled it out of the stone without any pain." 10

"Found ye any knights about this sword?" said Sir Ector.

"Nay," said Arthur.

"Now," said Sir Ector to Arthur, "I understand ye must be king of this land." 15

"Wherefore I," said Arthur, "and for what cause?"

"Sir," said Ector, "because God will have it so, for there should never man have drawn out this sword but he that shall be rightwise king of this land. Now let me see whether ye can put the sword there as it was and pull it out again." 20

"That is no feat," said Arthur, and so he put it in the stone. Therewithal Sir Ector tried to pull out the sword and failed.

"Now, try ye," said Sir Ector unto Sir Kay. 25

And anon Sir Kay pulled at the sword with all his might, but it would not be.

"Now shall ye try," said Sir Ector to Arthur.

"I will well," said Arthur, and pulled it out easily.

And therewithal Sir Ector and Sir Kay knelt down to the earth.

5 "Alas!" said Arthur, "my own dear father and brother, why kneel ye to me?"

"Nay, nay, my lord Arthur," said Sir Ector, "it is not so. I was never your father nor of your blood, but I know well ye are of higher blood than I thought ye were."

10 Then Sir Ector told him all, how he had been given to him to nourish, and by whose commandment, and by Merlin's deliverance. Then Arthur made great grief when he understood that Sir Ector was not his father.

"Sir," said Ector unto Arthur, "will ye be my good  
15 and gracious lord when ye are king?"

"Else were I to blame," said Arthur, "for ye are the man in the world that I am most beholden to, and my good lady and mother, your wife, that hath fostered and kept me as well as her own. And if ever it be God's will  
20 that I be king as ye say, ye shall desire of me what I may do, and I shall not fail you."

"Sir," said Sir Ector, "I will ask no more of you but that ye will make my son, your foster brother Sir Kay, seneschal of all your lands."

25 "That shall be done," said Arthur, "and more, by the faith of my body, that never man but he shall have that office while he and I live."

II. HOW ARTHUR WAS MADE KING AND HOW HE  
GOT HIS SWORD EXCALIBUR

Therewithal they went unto the archbishop and told him how the sword was achieved, and by whom; and on Twelfth Day all the barons who would try came thither to try to take the sword. But there afore them all there might none take it out but Arthur; wherefore there were 5 many lords wroth and said it was great shame unto them all, and the realm, to be governed by a boy of no high blood born.

So it was put off till Candlemas, and at Candlemas many more great lords came thither to win the sword, but there 10 might none prevail. And right as Arthur did at Christmas, he did at Candlemas, and pulled out the sword easily, whereof the barons were sore aggrieved and put it off till the high feast of Easter. And as Arthur fared before, so did he at Easter, yet there were some of the great lords 15 had indignation that Arthur should be king, and put it off till the feast of Pentecost.

And at the feast of Pentecost all manner of men tried to pull at the sword, but none might prevail but Arthur, who pulled it out afore all the lords and commons that were 20 there. Wherefore all the commons cried at once, "We will have Arthur for our king! We will make no more delay, for we all see that it is God's will that he shall be our king, and whoever holdeth out against it we will slay."

Therewith they all kneeled at once, both rich and poor, and cried Arthur mercy because they had delayed him so long. And Arthur forgave them and took the sword between both his hands and offered it upon the altar  
5 where the archbishop was, and so was he made knight by the best man that was there. And there was he sworn unto his lords and the commons to be a true king, to stand with true justice from thenceforth the days of his life.

Also then he made all lords that held land of the crown  
10 to come in and to do service as they ought to do. And many complaints were made unto Sir Arthur of great wrongs that had been done since the death of King Uther, of many lands that had been taken away. Wherefore King Arthur made the lands to be given again unto them  
15 that owned them.

After this, within a little space, King Arthur and Merlin the enchanter rode forth together. And as they rode Arthur said, "I have no sword."

"No matter," said Merlin; "close by is a sword that  
20 shall be yours."

So they rode till they came to a lake, the which was a fair water, and broad, and in the midst of the lake Arthur saw an arm clothed in white samite that held a fair sword in the hand. "Lo!" said Merlin, 'yonder is that sword  
25 that I spake of."

With that they saw a damsel going upon the lake. "What damsel is that?" said Arthur.



"AND THERE WAS HE SWORN UNTO HIS LORDS AND THE COMMONS  
TO BE A TRUE KING"

"That is the Lady of the Lake," said Merlin, "and within that lake is a rock, and therein is as fair a place as any on earth, and richly adorned. This damsel will come to you anon; then speak ye fair to her that she will give  
5 you that sword."

Anon withal came the damsel unto Arthur and saluted him, and he her again. "Damsel," said Arthur, "what sword is that that yonder arm holdeth above the water? I would it were mine, for I have no sword."

10 "Sir Arthur, King," said the damsel, "that sword is mine, and if ye will give me a gift when I ask it you, ye shall have the sword."

"By my faith," said Arthur, "I will give you what gift ye will ask!"

15 "Well," said the damsel, "go ye into yonder barge, and row yourself to the sword, and take it and the scabbard with you. I will ask my gift when I see my time."

So Sir Arthur and Merlin alighted and tied their horses to two trees, and so they went into the barge; and when  
20 they came to the sword that the hand held, Sir Arthur took it up by the handles and took it with him; and the arm and the hand went under the water.

Then Sir Arthur looked on the sword and liked it passing well. And the name of the sword was Excalibur.

III. HOW BEAUMAINS CAME TO KING  
ARTHUR'S COURT

[King Arthur's sister, the Queen of Orkney, had four sons. The three elder ones were already knights of the Round Table. Gareth, the fourth and youngest, also longed to be a knight, but wished to earn his right to be one. So when he became of age, instead of going to his uncle King 5 Arthur with the splendid horse and armor which his mother had given him, he disguised himself and went as you shall hear. Even his brothers did not know him. One of them was the Sir Gawaine mentioned in the story.]

When Arthur held his Round Table most fully, it hap- 10 pened that he commanded that the high feast of Pentecost should be holden at a castle near the borders of Wales. And as he sat at meat there came into the hall two men well and richly dressed, and upon their shoulders there leaned the goodliest young man, and the fairest, that ever 15 they saw; and he was large and long and broad in the shoulders and well visaged, and the fairest and the largest handed that ever man saw.

Anon, as Arthur saw him, there was made silence and room, and right so they went unto the high table without 20 saying of any words. Then this large young man easily stretched up straight, saying, "King Arthur, God bless you and all your fair fellowship. For this cause I am

come hither to pray you to give me three gifts, and they shall not be unreasonably asked. And the first I will ask now, and the other two I will ask this day twelvemonth, wheresoever ye hold your high feast."

5 "Now ask," said Arthur, "and ye shall have your asking."

"Now, sir," said the young man, "this is my petition, that ye will give me meat and drink sufficient for this twelvemonth, and at that day I will ask mine other two  
10 gifts."

"My fair son," said Arthur, "ask better, I counsel thee, for this is but a simple asking."

"Sir," he said, "be that as it may, I have asked all that I will ask."

15 "Well," said the king, "ye shall have meat and drink enough. I never refused that to any, either friend or foe. But what is thy name?"

"I cannot tell you," said the other.

"That is marvel," said the king, "that thou knowest  
20 not thy name, and thou art the goodliest young man that ever I saw."

Then the king betook him to Sir Kay the steward, and charged him that the young man should have all manner of provision, as though he were a lord's son.

25 "That shall be little," said Sir Kay, "for I dare say he will never make a man, for if he had come of gentlemen he would have asked of you horse and armor, but such as

he is, so he asketh. And since he hath no name, I shall give him a name that shall be Beaumains, that is Fairhands, and into the kitchen I shall bring him, and there he shall have fat broth every day, that he shall be as fat by the twelvemonth's end as a pork hog." 5

So the two men departed and left him to Sir Kay, who scorned him and mocked him. At that was Sir Gawaine wroth; and Sir Launcelot bade Sir Kay leave his mocking, "for I dare say," said Sir Launcelot, "he shall prove a man of great worship." 10

And so Sir Kay bade get him a place and sit down to meat; so Beaumains went to the hall door and sat him down among boys and lads, and there he ate sadly. And then Sir Launcelot, after meat, bade him come to his chamber and there he should have meat and drink enough, 15 and so did Sir Gawaine, but he refused them all; he would do none other but as Sir Kay commanded him. So thus he was put into the kitchen, and lay nightly as the boys of the kitchen did. And so he endured all that twelvemonth and never displeased man nor child. But ever when there was 20 any jousting of knights, that would he see, if he might.

So it passed on till the feast of Pentecost, and at that time the king held the feast at Caerleon. And there came a damsel into the hall and saluted the king and asked help.

"For whom?" said the king. "What is the adventure?"

"Sir," she said, "I have a lady of great worship and renown, and she is besieged by a tyrant so that she may

not come out of her castle; and because here are called the noblest knights of the world, I come to you to pray you for help."

"What is the name of your lady, and where dwelleth she, and what is his name who hath besieged her?"

"Sir King," she said, "as for my lady's name, that shall ye not know at this time, but she is a lady of great worship and of great lands; and as for the tyrant that besiegeth her and destroyeth her lands, he is called the Red Knight of the Red Laundes."

"I know him not," said the king.

"Sir," said Sir Gawaine, "I know him well, for he is one of the most dangerous knights of the world. Men say that he hath seven men's strength, and from him I escaped once full hard with my life."

At these words came Beaumains and said, "Sir King, I have been this twelvemonth in your kitchen and have had my full sustenance, and now I will ask my two gifts that be behind."

"Ask, upon my peril," said the king.

"Sir, these shall be my two gifts: first, that ye will grant me to have this adventure of the damsel, for it belongeth unto me."

"Thou shalt have it," said the king. "I grant it thee."

"Then, sir, this is the other gift: that ye shall bid Sir Launcelot of the Lake to make me knight, for of him I will be made knight, or else of none. And when I have

gone, I pray you let him ride after me and make me knight when I require him."

"All this shall be done," said the king.

"Fie on thee!" said the damsel. "Shall I have none but one that is your kitchen page?" Then was she 5 wroth, and took her horse and departed.

And with that came one to Beaumains and told him his horse and armor were come for him, and there was a dwarf come with all things that were needed, in the richest manner. Thereat all the court had much marvel 10 whence came all that gear.

When he was armed there were but few so goodly as he was; and right so he came into the hall and took his leave of King Arthur and Sir Gawaine and Sir Launcelot, and so departed and rode after the damsel. 15

#### IV. HOW BEAUMAINS BECAME SIR GARETH

Then Sir Kay said openly in the hall, "I will ride after my boy of the kitchen, to know whether he will know me for his better."

Said Sir Launcelot and Sir Gawaine, "Abide at home." But Sir Kay made him ready and took his horse and 20 his spear, and rode after. And as Beaumains overtook the damsel right so came Sir Kay and said, "Beaumains, what, sir, know ye not me?"

Then Beaumains turned his horse and knew it was Sir Kay, that had done him all the despite as ye have heard. 25

"Yea," said Beaumains, "I know you for an ungentle knight of the court, and therefore beware of me."

Therewith Sir Kay put his spear in the rest and ran straight upon him, and Beaumains came as fast upon him with his sword in his hand; and so he put away the spear with his sword and thrust him, that Sir Kay fell down as he had been dead. Then Beaumains alighted, and took Sir Kay's shield and spear, and mounted upon his own horse, and bade his dwarf mount upon Sir Kay's horse, and so he did.

10 By that time Sir Launcelot was come, and Beaumains offered Sir Launcelot to joust, and either made them ready, and they came together so fiercely that either bare down the other to the earth, and sore were they bruised.

Then Sir Launcelot arose and helped Beaumains from 15 his horse. And Beaumains threw his shield from him and offered to fight with Sir Launcelot on foot, and so they rushed together like boars, striking and fencing for the space of an hour, and Sir Launcelot felt the youth so big that he marveled at his strength, for he fought more like 20 a giant than a knight. And he said, "Beaumains, fight not so sore. Your quarrel and mine is not so great but we may leave off."

"Truly, that is truth," said Beaumains, "but it doth me good to feel your might."

25 "I promise you by the faith of my body," said Sir Launcelot, "I had as much to do as I might to save myself from you unshamed."

"Then, I pray you," said Beaumains, "give me the order of knighthood."

"Then must ye tell me your name," said Launcelot, "and of what kin ye be born."

"Sir, so that ye will not discover me, I shall," said Beaumains.

"Nay," said Sir Launcelot, "and that I promise you by the faith of my body, until it be openly known."

"Then, sir," he said, "my name is Gareth, and brother unto Sir Gawaine." 10

"Ah, sir!" said Launcelot, "I ever thought that ye were of high blood, and that ye came not to the court for meat nor for drink."

And then Sir Launcelot gave him the order of knighthood. And then Sir Gareth prayed him to depart and let him go. So Sir Launcelot departed from him and came to Sir Kay and made Sir Kay to be borne home, and he was healed, but all men scorned Sir Kay. 15

When Beaumains had overtaken the damsel anon she said, "What dost thou here? Thou smellest of the kitchen. Thy clothes are foul with the grease and tallow that thou gainest in King Arthur's kitchen. Turn again, foul kitchen page; I know thee well, for Sir Kay named thee Beaumains. What art thou but a turner of spits and a ladle-washer?" 20

"Damsel," said Beaumains, "say to me what ye will, I will not go from you whatsoever ye say, for I have promised 25

King Arthur to achieve your adventure, and so shall I finish it to the end, or I shall die for it."

"Fie on thee, kitchen knave! Wilt thou finish my adventure? Thou shalt anon be met by one whom thou  
5 wouldst not look in the face for all the broth that ever thou hast supped."

"I shall try," said Beaumains.

So thus as they rode in the wood there came a man flying as hard as ever he might.

10 "Whither wilt thou?" said Beaumains.

"O lord," he said, "help me, for hereby in a glade are six thieves that have taken my lord and bound him, so I am afraid lest they will slay him."

"Bring me thither," said Beaumains.

15 And so they rode together until they came where the knight was bound; and Beaumains rode unto the thieves and struck down three of them, and the other three fled. And he rode after them and overtook them, and then those three thieves turned again and assailed Beaumains, but at  
20 the last he overcame them and returned and unbound the knight. And the knight thanked him and prayed him to ride with him to his castle, and he would reward him for his good deeds."

"Sir," said Beaumains, "I will have no reward; I was  
25 this day made knight by the noble Sir Launcelot, and therefore I will have no reward, except God reward me. And also I must follow this damsel."

And when he came nigh her, she bade him ride away. "For," said she, "thou smellest of the kitchen. Thinkest thou that I have joy of thee? All this deed that thou hast done has only happened."

V. HOW SIR GARETH RESCUED DAME LIONES  
FROM THE CASTLE PERILOUS

[As they went on, two knights met them at a river and 5  
tried to stop them, but Beaumains overcame them. And  
after that, he overcame the Knight of the Black Laundes;  
and after that, the Green Knight; and after that, a knight  
in red armor; and after that, a knight in blue, called Sir  
Persant; but always the damsel Linet scorned him for a 10  
kitchen knave.]

"Damsel," said Beaumains, "ye are uncourteous to rebuke me as ye do, for meseemeth I have done you good service, and ever ye threaten I shall be beaten by knights that we meet, but ever, for all your boast, they lie in the 15  
dust or in the mire; and therefore I pray you rebuke me no more, for I would rather do five battles than be so rebuked."

"Marvel have I," said the damsel, "what manner of man ye be. Ye must be come of noble blood, for so foully 20  
and shamefully did never woman rule a knight as I have done you, and ever courteously ye have suffered me, and that came never but of gentle blood."

"Whether I be a gentleman born or none," said Beaumains, "I let you know, fair damsel, I have done you a gentleman's service, and peradventure better service yet will I do before I depart from you."

5 "Alas," she said, "Beaumains, forgive me all that I have missaid or done against thee!"

"With all my heart," said he, "I forgive it you."

Then they took their horses and rode throughout a fair forest, and they came to a plain and saw where were  
10 many pavilions and tents and a fair castle, and there was much smoke and great noise.

And when they came near, Sir Beaumains espied upon great trees, as he rode, how there hung full goodly armed knights by the neck, and their shields about their necks  
15 with their swords, and gilt spurs upon their heels, and so there hung nigh forty knights.

Then Sir Beaumains said, "What meaneth this?"

"Fair sir," said the damsel, "abate not your cheer for all this sight, for all these knights came hither unto this  
20 place to rescue my sister, Dame Liones, and when the Knight of the Red Laundes had overcome them he put them to this shameful death, and in the same wise he will serve you, unless ye overcome him."

And there was near by a sycamore tree, and thereon hung  
25 a horn, the greatest that ever they saw, of elephant's bone. And this Knight of the Red Laundes had hanged it up there, that if there should come any errant knight, he must

blow that horn, and then would the Knight of the Red Laundes make him ready and come to him to do battle.

"But sir, I pray you," said the damsel Linet, "blow ye not the horn till it be high noon, for now it is about prime, and now increaseth his might, so that, as men say, he hath seven men's strength."

"Ah, fie, for shame, fair damsel! Say ye never so more to me," said Beaumains, "for if he were as good a knight as ever was, I shall never fail him in his greatest might, for either I will win worshipfully, or die knightly in the field." 10

And therewith he spurred his horse straight to the sycamore tree and blew the horn so eagerly that all the place and the castle rang with the sound of it. And then there leaped out knights from their tents and pavilions, and they within the castle looked over the walls and out at windows. Then the Red Knight of the Red Laundes armed him hastily, and two barons set his spurs upon his heels, and all was blood red — his armor, spear, and shield. And an earl buckled his helm upon his head, and then they brought him a red spear and a red steed, and so he rode 15 into a little vale in front of the castle, that all who were in the castle might behold the battle.

"Sir," said the damsel Linet unto Sir Beaumains, "look ye be glad and light, for yonder is your deadly enemy, and at yonder window is my lady, my sister Dame Liones." 25

"Where?" said Beaumains.

"Yonder," said the damsel, and pointed with her finger.

"That is truth," said Beaumains. "She seemeth afar the fairest lady that ever I looked upon, and truly," he said, "for her I will fight."

With that the Red Knight of the Red Laundes called to  
5 Sir Beaumains. "Make thee ready," said the Red Knight of the Red Laundes.

Then the two knights put their spears in their rests and came together with all their might, and either smote the other in the midst of their shields, so that the breast-  
10 plates and the harness burst, and they fell both to the earth with the reins of their bridles in their hands. Then they lightly avoided their horses and put their shields afore them and drew their swords and ran together like two fierce lions, and either gave the other such buffets upon their  
15 helms that they reeled backward both two strides; and then they recovered both and gave battle again.

Thus they fought until even-song time, and none that beheld them might know which was like to win the battle. But Sir Beaumains then doubled his strokes and smote  
20 so thick that he smote the sword out of the Red Knight's hand, and then he smote him upon the helm so that he fell to the earth. Then the Red Knight of the Red Laundes yielded and asked mercy, and said with a loud voice, "O noble knight, I yield me to thy mercy."

25 Then came there many earls and barons and noble knights, and prayed Beaumains to save the Red Knight's life and take him prisoner.

"I will release him," said Beaumains, "upon this promise, that he go within the castle and yield him there to the lady, and if she will forgive, I will well. Besides this he shall make good all the wrong he hath done against her and her lands."

5

"Sir," said the Red Knight of the Red Laundes, "all this will I do as ye command."

Then the Red Knight made his homage and all those earls and barons with him. And there they sojourned ten days, and the Red Knight made his lords and servants to 10 give all the pleasure that they might unto Sir Beaumains.

### QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Write a story, telling who King Arthur was, when and where he is supposed to have lived, and what he did. 2. Who was Sir Thomas Malory and what did he do? 3. In the story of the sword and the stone, what does Arthur show us of himself by his willingness to get the sword for Sir Kay? What does Sir Kay show of himself? What does Arthur do that shows his feeling toward Sir Ector?

4. Tell the story of how Arthur got the sword Excalibur. What does this story and the story of the sword and the stone make you think in regard to the truth of these legends? Who was Merlin, and how do you suppose he happened to get into the legends? 5. Show on a map of England how the Angles and Saxons came over from the mainland of Europe and drove the Britons back from the coast to the borders of Wales. Caerleon, which is said to have been Arthur's capital, is on the river Usk near Newport. Point this out.

6. Write or tell in as few words as possible the story of Beaumains. Why did he not come with his horse and armor and make himself known? Should you have admired him more or less if he had done so? What does Beaumains's obedience to Sir Kay show us about him? Was obedience one of the virtues of a true knight?

7. How did Linet treat Beaumains, and how did he behave toward her? What does that show us about him? Was courtesy one of the virtues of a true knight? 8. What effect did his courtesy have upon Linet at last? Would such courtesy be likely to have the same effect now? 9. Why would Gareth not take a reward from the knight whose life he saved? What does that show us about him? Was generosity one of the virtues of a true knight? 10. Write down as many of the virtues as you can think of that should belong to a true knight.

Dramatize and act the scenes of Arthur drawing the sword from the stone, and Arthur made king. Make helmets from paper or from the crowns of old hats (see pictures in the dictionary or encyclopedia); armor and shields from cardboard, covered with silver paper or painted with aluminum paint; swords and lances from wood.

You will find the best of the stories of King Arthur and his knights, from Sir Thomas Malory's book, in Lanier's "The Boy's King Arthur." Read especially the stories of Sir Launcelot, Sir Percival, Sir Galahad and the Quest of the Holy Grail, and The Death of King Arthur.

Other early English heroes are St. George (see the Literary Readers, Book Four, page 43), King Alfred and Richard the Lion-Hearted (see Blaisdell's "Stories from English History"), and Robin Hood (see Pyle's or Tappan's "Robin Hood" or Lansing's "Life in the Greenwood").

Famous Scotch heroes are William Wallace and Robert Bruce. Their stories will be found in Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather."

Heroes of Ireland are Cuchulain (see Eleanor Hull's "The Boys' Cuchulain"), Finn mac Cumhal (see Lady Gregory's "Gods and Fighting Men" or Rolleston's "The High Deeds of Finn"), and St. Patrick (see Chenoweth's "Stories of the Saints").

Heroes of France are Charlemagne, Roland, Godfrey of Bouillon, St. Louis, and Bayard (see Lansing's "Page, Esquire, and Knight," "Barbarian and Noble," and "Patriots and Tyrants"), and Joan of Arc (see Andrew Lang's "The Story of Joan of Arc" or Boutet de Monvel's "Joan of Arc").

Scandinavian heroes are Gustav Adolph, Christian the Fourth, and Tordenskjold, "A Knight Errant of the Sea" (see Riis's "Hero Tales of the Far North").

The great national hero of Spain is the Cid (see Mabie's "Heroes Every Child Should Know").

Swiss heroes are William Tell and Arnold von Winkelried (see Lansing's "Patriots and Tyrants," Baldwin's "Fifty Famous Stories," or Haaren and Poland's "Famous Men of the Middle Ages"; also Montgomery's poem on Arnold von Winkelried, "Make Way for Liberty").

**Malory** (Mäl'ô rÿ).

**Caerleon** (Cäer'lē ōn): an ancient town in Wales, supposed to have been King Arthur's capital.

**Uther Pendragon** (Ū'thēr Pēndrăg'ōn).

**Merlin** (Mēr'lĭn).

**postern** (pōs'tĕrn): a back door or private door.

**archbishop** (ärch'bĭsh ōp): chief bishop, a high officer of the church.

**miracle** (mĭr'ă cle): a wonderful thing; something beyond nature.

**rightwise** (rĭght'wĭse): rightly.

**achieve** (ă chĭēve'): to win; to succeed in gaining.

**tournament** (toŭr'nă mĕnt): a sport in which parties of knights fought on horseback, generally with blunted weapons.

**joust** (joŭst): a combat between two knights on horseback.

**tourney** (toŭr'neŷ) : a tournament.

**anon** (á nŏn') : presently.

**ye** : In the days of Malory *ye* and *you* were used alike in speaking of either one person or more than one.

**pain** : trouble.

**beholden** (bê hŏld'en) : obliged, indebted.

**fostered** (fŏs'tĕred) : nursed, cared for.

**foster brother** (fŏs'tĕr brŏth'ĕr) : one brought up as a brother, or in the same family, but not related by blood.

**seneschal** (sĕn'ĕs çhăl) : the steward of a great lord or king.

**Twelfth Day** (Twĕlfth Dĕy) : the twelfth day after Christmas, celebrated as a festival in some churches.

**afore** : before.

**Candlemas** (Căn'dle măs) : a festival of the Church occurring on February the second.

**Pentecost** (Pĕn'tĕ cŏst) : a festival of the Church occurring in May or June; also called Whitsunday.

**commons** (cŏm'mŏng) : the common people.

**samite** (sā'mĭte) : a kind of heavy silk cloth, sometimes inwoven with gold.

**barge** (bārge) : a boat.

**Excalibur** (Ēx cāl'ĭ bŭr) : Arthur's sword.

**Beaumains** (Bŏ măn) : French for "fair-hands."

**Gawaine** (Ga'wāine) : a knight of King Arthur's court.

**well visaged** (vĭŷ'āged) : good-looking, handsome.

**Launcelot** (Lāun'çĕ lŏt) : the mightiest of King Arthur's knights.

**worship** (wŏr'shĭp) : in olden times meant worth or honor.

**laundes** (laundes) : an old word for open spaces or plains among trees.

**sustenance** (sŭs'tĕ nănçe) : support, or the means of living.

**despite** (dĕ spĭte) : spiteful injury.

**fencing** (fĕnç'ĭng) : defending one's self with a sword.

**discover me** : tell who I am.

**Gareth** (Gār'ĕth) : one of Arthur's knights; son of King Lot of Orkney.

**meseemeth** (mĕ sĕem'ĕth) : it seems to me.

**peradventure** (pĕr ād vĕn'tŭre) : perhaps.

**errant knight** (ĕr'rānt knĭght) : wandering knight; that is, one who journeyed in search of adventure.

**prime** (prĭme) : the first hour of the day; sunrise.

**Linnet** (Lĭ nĕt) : sometimes spelled Lynette; sister of Lady Liones.

**Liones** (Lĭ ō nĕs') : sometimes called Lyonors, the lady of the Castle Perilous.

**avoided** (ā void'ĕd) : got away from.

**homage** (hŏm'āge) : respect or honor; here, the act of promising to be faithful to one's lord.

## COLUMBUS, THE ITALIAN SAILOR, AND WHAT HE FOUND

THOMAS BONAVENTURE LAWLER

[This story of Columbus is taken from "The Story of Columbus and Magellan." The author, Dr. Lawler, is an American writer and traveler who has written several books on American history. His home is in New York.]

### I. HOW COLUMBUS SOUGHT FOR HELP

Columbus was born about 1446. His father was a worker on cloth, and in this humble labor the young Columbus spent his early youth. At the age of fourteen he went on his first voyage, sailing to all parts of the Mediterranean. He was a faithful student and quickly learned how to sail a vessel. In his leisure moments he studied geography and history and learned to draw maps. 10

At this time the states of Italy frequently warred against one another and seized each other's ships wherever they met them. The Moors sailed back and forth, capturing vessels and generally killing the crews or selling them into slavery. From some of the provinces of Spain fleets went out to capture merchant vessels. There was no right on the seas but might, and a vessel was obliged to be always on the watch, ready to fight its way from one harbor to another. 15

For fourteen years Columbus lived this life of danger on the sea, except when he went to Genoa to help his father in making cloth. No doubt at this time he began to dream of the great project which in later years ruled  
5 his life. This was the discovery of new lands to the westward and a new route to the Indies.

Seeing little hope of obtaining any aid for his scheme in Italy, he set out to offer his services to other countries. He went first to the capital of Portugal, the beautiful city  
10 of Lisbon. Here lived many sailors who had made long voyages. Ships were ever going and coming to and from distant lands. There were many map-makers here who knew of all the recent discoveries in geography. He believed his project would be more favorably looked upon in  
15 a city where men studied geography and whence vessels were being sent out on voyages of discovery.

Here he made charts and maps. He took cruises along the coast of Africa and to the Madeira Islands. He even went on a long journey to England and Iceland. At last  
20 he sought the king of Portugal and laid his plans before him. The king listened with great interest. Columbus showed him that the idea of the world's being round was not a new one. For two thousand years thinking men among all nations had believed it.

25 After hearing the words of Columbus and examining the charts, the king of Portugal appointed a council to consider the matter. This council after some study decided

against the scheme. The king accepted the decision of the council, and told Columbus the project was not one that could be carried out with hope of success. With a sad heart Columbus took his charts and left the court. But he was not ready to give up. If Portugal did not wish to take part in the voyage of discovery, he would go to Spain, where he hoped for better success. As his wife had died while he was pleading with the king, there was now no tie to bind him to Portugal. With his little son Diego he set forth on foot upon the long and tiresome journey.

It was in January, 1485, that he reached the river Tinto. On the banks of this stream is the little town of Palos. On all sides of the valley stretched beautiful vineyards and gardens. A short distance from the town, on a high bluff overlooking the sea, the Franciscans had built a monastery called La Rábida. Up this hill one could have seen on that January day the tired traveler Columbus leading his little son. The road was sandy; dark pines at times hid the travelers from view. At last the gate was reached. Footsore and weary, Columbus sat down to rest. In the monastery was a young monk named Marchena. He saw the tired travelers and gladly gave them food.

There was something in the face of Columbus that told the good Franciscan that the stranger at the gate was no ordinary traveler. He asked Columbus where he was going. The wanderer told him the story of his life and what

he hoped to do in Spain. He showed Marchena his plans and the charts for a voyage to the westward. The Franciscan studied the charts and became at once a believer in the ideas of his visitor. He promised to aid Columbus in every way possible, and asked that Diego be left with him to be educated while Columbus hurried on to Seville to see the king and queen of Spain.

At Seville Columbus had the good fortune to see the queen, who was at this time thirty-seven years of age. Historians have told of her beautiful face, her clear blue eyes, and queenly bearing. Her kindly smile cheered Columbus as he unfolded his plans. He would add, he said, another empire to her crown—an empire beyond the seas. Isabella listened eagerly to his story and asked a body of geographers, astronomers, and other learned men to give their opinion. After a review of the arguments of Columbus and an examination of the charts, they decided that it was not possible to find new lands to the westward nor to reach India by that route.

Columbus must have felt his heart sink when he heard the decision of the council. Were all his years of toil and study to end in failure? Was the way to the great rich empire to be discovered by others? It was indeed a dark hour for the great sailor.

There was little hope in presenting further plans for westward voyages until Spain's wars with the Moors were ended. So, after several years of waiting, Columbus made

up his mind to go to France. Desiring to see once more his faithful friend at La Rábida, he left Seville and went to the monastery where he had been so kindly received. Marchena hastened to welcome him. By good fortune Columbus now met the prior of the monastery, Juan <sup>5</sup> Perez, who had been the confessor of Queen Isabella. Columbus told him of his failure to interest the Spanish court in his plans. Perez at once offered to assist him by calling on the queen. That very night he set out on his mule.

10

It was a long journey of two hundred miles to Granada, where the queen was staying with the army. The roads were rough, and the aged man suffered severely as he rode, at times through the open country, at times through the wild mountains. At last he reached Granada and <sup>15</sup> urged the queen to favor the plan of Columbus.

The great navigator was at once sent for. He arrived in time to see the Moors defeated and Granada fall into the hands of the Spaniards. It was now a favorable time to bring forward again the plan for a westward journey to <sup>20</sup> new lands. With the war successfully ended, the happy queen once more listened to Columbus, and favored the project.

For a second time a council met, but the demands of Columbus were declared to be beyond reason. Columbus <sup>25</sup> refused to yield, and set out for France once more. He had scarcely gone six miles when he heard the noise of

hoofs behind him. He looked around and saw a messenger from Queen Isabella, who asked him to return to the court.

At last he was successful. The queen agreed to his terms and promised to sell her jewels, if necessary, to fit out his  
5 vessels. Columbus was made Admiral of the Ocean for life and governor of all lands he might discover. One tenth of all the gold found would belong to him. His little son Diego was made a page at the court of the queen. This was a great honor, which had been granted  
10 only to those of royal blood or to sons of men who held high offices in the country.

Columbus now kissed the hand of the queen and left Granada. He soon arrived once more at the little town of Palos and saw his friends at La Rábida. For some offense  
15 against the crown of Spain the people of Palos were ordered by a royal letter to furnish Columbus with two vessels and sufficient sailors to man them. This letter of the king and queen was read to the people in the little church of Palos. The horror of the simple folk, when they  
20 heard the royal order, knew no bounds. They believed the vessels were doomed to certain destruction and the sailors to certain death.

For a time it looked as if the expedition would never be fitted out. Sailors refused to go, and the vessels could not  
25 be secured. In fact, it was not until a wealthy shipowner and pilot, Martin Alonzo Pinzón, agreed to take part in the voyage, that the vessels were obtained.

It was the beginning of August when the vessels were ready for the great journey. The *Santa Maria* was only one hundred tons. She was sixty-three feet in length and had a deck. From her masthead flew the flag of Columbus. The *Pinta* was only fifty tons. Her captain was Martin Pinzón. The third vessel was forty tons and was called the *Niña*. There were, it is believed, ninety persons in the expedition.

## II. THE GREAT VOYAGE

On the second of August, when everything was ready, Columbus and his men went to the little church at Palos, where solemn prayers were offered for the success of the great voyage. The following morning, just as the sun was rising over the hills, Columbus flung aloft the flag of Castile and raised his anchor. The crowd on the banks of the river waved their farewells with tears in their eyes. Slowly the three vessels drifted down the river and into the great Atlantic. The sails were filled with the strong breezes, and the little fleet was soon lost on the distant horizon. The most eventful journey in the world's history had begun.

The vessels were headed toward the southwest. In a few days Columbus saw the Canary Islands, with the great volcano of Tenerife towering to the clouds. The volcano was in violent eruption, and some of the sailors were filled with fear at the sight of the clouds of smoke and steam

that poured forth from the crater. Columbus remained for some days at these islands to repair the vessels, which had already begun to leak.

On the sixth of September they left the Canaries. Their  
5 course now lay to the westward, but they made little or no headway for three days, as the vessels remained almost motionless in the calm which settled around them. These were days of great anxiety for Columbus, as he had been told that three Portuguese vessels were lying in wait to  
10 capture him and his fleet. On the ninth of September, however, a strong breeze blew up and the little ships soon lost sight of the islands. They were now fairly out on the broad Atlantic.

As the last trace of land faded from view on the horizon,  
15 many of the sailors wept aloud. Behind them were home, family, and friends; before them a boundless ocean and unknown dangers. Probably most of the sailors truly believed that they should never again see their native land. Columbus, however, with the greatest kindness calmed  
20 them. He said they would soon reach land and cities of untold wealth and they would all return in safety with great riches and honors.

While the northeast trade winds aided the vessels, they were a cause of great fear to the sailors. If the wind always  
25 blew steadily from the east, how would it be possible, they asked, for them to sail homeward again against such constant winds? It was in fact not until the twenty-second

of September that a wind arose from the west. Although it did not last long, it at least gave for a time new courage to the seamen.

During the voyage they had run into a vast stretch of floating seaweed in the mid-Atlantic. The sailors now 5 feared that the ocean was becoming shallow and that their vessels were in danger of shipwreck. Some believed that they would become so entangled in the seaweed that they could never escape. Scarcely had they passed this place without disaster when the *Pinta* signaled that land was in 10 sight. All looked anxiously, and hymns of praise were sung, but alas! it was only a bank of clouds that quickly dissolved.

As the little fleet sailed on day after day before the genial trade wind, discontent arose with greater force every 15 hour, but the admiral ever kept his westward course. On the seventh of October a flock of birds was noticed flying toward the southwest. As the Portuguese were reported to have made many of their discoveries by following the flight of birds, Pinzón suggested to Columbus that they 20 follow the birds. Columbus consented, and the little fleet turned to the southwest.

Signs of the near approach of land now became more and more evident. Logs began to float past them, as well as green rushes, sticks that had been recently carved, and bits 25 of sugar cane. Land birds became more and more numerous, while jays, ducks, and pelicans were frequently seen.

On the night of the eleventh of October, about ten o'clock, Columbus, intently watching for land, as was his custom, suddenly saw a light moving up and down in the distance. At two o'clock the next morning, Friday, October 5 12, 1492, the lookout on the *Pinta* saw by the bright moonlight the long-looked-for coast line. The welcome cry of "Land!" was heard, while the warning gun rang out on the quiet night.

At the break of day Columbus saw a low and beautiful 10 island stretching before him. He clad himself in his most gorgeous scarlet clothes and with the captains of the other vessels was rowed ashore. In his hand he bore the flag of Spain. All knelt and returned thanks to God as they took possession of the land in the name of the Spanish crown.

15 The natives came near to view the strange scene — the white men with their wonderful clothing, their arms, and their beautiful boats which, with white sails, seemed like monstrous birds. They believed the visitors to have come from another world. To keep their good will Columbus 20 gave them presents. He named the island San Salvador. It is probably one of the Bahamas.

After remaining here two days, Columbus resumed his journey, touching at the principal islands and taking possession. A high cross was erected upon each headland. On 25 the twenty-eighth of October he saw for the first time the outlines of Cuba. He believed this was the coast of Asia, near the great and rich cities of the Great Khan. From



"THEY TOOK POSSESSION OF THE LAND IN THE NAME OF THE  
SPANISH CROWN"

signs made by the Indians he was led to believe that the Khan lived a short distance inland. He therefore sent two messengers to give him letters from the king of Spain. One of the messengers was selected because of his knowledge of Arabic and other Oriental tongues, which, it was thought, would be of great use in talking with the Khan.

With Indians as guides, the two Spaniards started forth. They bore with them many presents for the Great Khan. After traveling toward the interior of the island for a distance of thirty-six miles, they reached a village of fifty houses. The natives crowded around the strangers, kissing their hands and feet. They believed that visitors from heaven had come to see them. The Spaniards, however, were disappointed when they found no great cities.

Columbus carefully explored the coast of Cuba. It was while doing this that he saw the *Pinta* sail away to the eastward. He flew signals to her to return. She did not obey the signals, however, but kept on her way, and the white sails of the vessel were soon lost below the horizon. Martin Pinzón had deserted Columbus. He had heard from the Indians of gold mines which he desired to secure for himself. He then hoped to sail for Spain with the news of the great discovery.

With his two vessels Columbus sailed eastward, and soon saw on the horizon mountains that seemed to rise from the sea. The land was the island now called Haiti. The natives of the island were afraid of the strange visitors,

and fled whenever the Spaniards drew near them. Columbus tried to win their good will by giving them presents of beads and pieces of bright-colored cloth. He then cruised along the north coast, until on Christmas Day the *Santa Maria* ran on a sandbank and became a total wreck. As 5 the *Pinta* had already deserted, only one vessel, the little *Niña*, remained. This vessel was too small to take her own crew and that of the *Santa Maria* back to Spain. It was decided, therefore, to build a fort with the timbers of the *Santa Maria*. They armed it with her guns, and 10 left as many men as wished to stay, to form a settlement. Ten Indians were taken on the *Niña* as presents for the Spanish sovereigns, and as examples of the new type of man in this unknown world.

The sails were now set for the homeward journey, and 15 as the little boat sped along, a sail was seen in the distance. It was the ship of Pinzón, who had repented of his action, and was now anxious to place the *Pinta* once more under the command of Columbus. Terrible storms threatened to swamp the little boats. Lest all knowledge of his great 20 voyage should be lost if his vessels sank in the raging seas, Columbus wrote out a statement, which he wrapped in oiled cloth and sealed in a cask. The cask was thrown overboard.

On the eighteenth of February, 1493, the two vessels 25 sighted the islands that had been named by the Portuguese the Azores. Here the Portuguese tried to seize the vessels,

but Columbus set sail and escaped. The seas were again torn with gales of wind, and the little vessels were once more in such great danger that the admiral decided to seek the shelter of the port of Lisbon. From here he sent a  
5 letter to the Spanish sovereigns and another to the king of Portugal, in whose waters the little vessels were now riding. The king of Portugal invited Columbus to court and treated him with great kindness.

It was on the fifteenth of March, 1493, that Columbus  
10 reached once more with his vessels the little town of Palos. Gladly the bells of St. George and La Rábida welcomed the mariners. Upon reaching shore Columbus with his men went to the church of St. George to offer up thanks for their safe return.

15 The Spanish sovereigns were at Barcelona and at once invited Columbus to come there. Without delay the admiral started for the court. Every city through which he passed welcomed him with open arms. The streets were filled with people, anxious to see the great discoverer and  
20 the Indians that he had brought with him from the New World. These Indians, painted in brilliant colors, with bracelets and earrings of gold, seemed to the simple people to have come from another planet.

As Columbus approached the court the Spanish nobles  
25 came out to meet him. At last he reached the great city of Barcelona. The king and queen had had a vast tent erected in the open air. Here on a golden throne the

sovereigns of Spain were surrounded by the nobility of the land. As Columbus drew near, all arose. The admiral, on bended knee, kissed the hands of the king and queen. He told them of his wonderful journey, of the beauty and riches of the lands which he had found. Then the court 5 went to the royal chapel, where prayers of thanksgiving were offered for the safe return of the voyagers.

[Columbus made three other voyages to the New World. He discovered more islands, landed on the coast of Central America and the Isthmus of Panama, and 10 sailed into the mouth of the Orinoco River in South America. His last days were not happy. On his third voyage he was arrested on a false charge by a jealous Spanish official and sent back to Spain in chains. Queen Isabella was indignant and at once released him, but it 15 hurt him deeply. Soon afterwards the queen died. Columbus was then an old man, broken in health and spirit. His fourth voyage was almost a failure. Soon after his return from it he died in Spain, some say of a broken heart. He never knew that he had discovered a new world, but 20 supposed that the lands which he had seen were along the coast of Asia.]

#### QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Write or tell what you can about the boyhood and youth of Columbus. 2. Tell what Columbus did in Portugal. Why did he go there first? 3. What was his idea in sailing west, and

what did he expect to find? Show this by means of a ball or orange or by drawing a circle. 4. From Lisbon where did he go, and what happened on the way? 5. Tell about the first visit of Columbus to Queen Isabella. Why did she not help him at that time? 6. What did Columbus plan to do after leaving Seville, and what changed his plans? 7. Tell about the second visit of Columbus to Queen Isabella. Why was this a favorable time for Columbus to repeat his request?

8. Describe the first voyage of Columbus from the time that he left Spain until he landed at San Salvador. Remember the date of the discovery of America. 9. The length of the *Aquitania*, one of our modern ocean steamers, is 901 feet. How many times longer is it than Columbus's largest vessel? Show this by marking off the lengths on a piece of paper or on the blackboard. 10. What is meant by the tons or tonnage of a vessel? The *Imperator* is a modern ocean steamer of 52,000 tons. What was the tonnage of Columbus's smallest vessel? How many times as great is the tonnage of the *Imperator*?

11. Trace the route of Columbus on the map of the Atlantic Ocean or make a map showing it. 12. What other islands did Columbus discover on his first voyage? Tell how he sent messengers into the interior of one of them and for what purpose. 13. Tell about the ship that sailed away. 14. Tell about the ship that met with an accident. 15. Describe the homeward voyage, and tell how Columbus was received.

16. Trace on a map the return voyage of Columbus. 17. Tell something about the other voyages of Columbus, what he discovered on them, and how he died.

Draw or make a model of one of the vessels of Columbus. Get a picture of a large modern ocean steamship and draw beside it, in the right proportions, the *Santa Maria*.

Other early discoverers and explorers who followed Columbus were John and Sebastian Cabot, Ponce de Leon, Balboa, De Soto, Cortes, Pizarro, and Magellan. You will be interested in Dr. Lawler's story of Magellan in the book "Columbus and Magellan," from which this story of Columbus is taken. Other good accounts of Columbus are Moores's "The Story of Christopher Columbus" and E. S. Brooks's "The True Story of Christopher Columbus." Shorter accounts are in R. S. Holland's "Historic Boyhoods," Eva March Tappan's "American Hero Stories," and Guerber's "Story of the Thirteen Colonies."

Parts of the journal of Columbus are in Dr. E. E. Hale's "Stories of Discovery" and "Stories of the Sea," together with accounts of other famous voyages. Joaquin Miller's famous poem "Columbus" will be found in the Advanced Literary Reader, Part I. Trowbridge's poem "Columbus at the Convent" is in B. E. Stevenson's "Poems of American History."

**Moors** (Mōors): Mohammedan tribes from Africa that overran a part of Spain during the Middle Ages.

**project** (prō'jēct): a plan.

**Indies** (Īn'dīeg): the East Indies.

**Madeira** (Mā dē'rā): a Portuguese island in the Atlantic.

**scheme** (schēme): a plan or project.

**Diego** (Dī'ēgō): a Spanish proper name; in English, James.

**Tinto** (Tīn'tō): a river in Spain.

**Palos** (Pālōs): a seaport of Spain.

**Franciscans** (Frān çīs'cāns): the monks of St. Francis.

**La Rábida** (Lā Rā'bī dā): a monastery at Palos.

**Marchena** (Mār che'nā): a monk of La Rábida.

**Seville** (Sēv'ille): a city in the south of Spain.

**geographers** (gē ōg'rā fērs): those who understand geography.

**review** (rēvū): a careful examination.

**prior** (prī'ōr): the chief of a monastery.

**Juan Perez** (Hwān Pā'rēth): prior of La Rábida.

**confessor** (cōn fēs'sōr): a priest who hears confessions.

**Granada** (Grā nā'dā): a city in southern Spain.

**navigator** (nāv'īgātōr): one who plans and directs the course of a ship.

**admiral** (ăd'mī rāl): commander in chief of a navy.

**crown**: used here as government.

**Martin Alonzo Pinzón** (Pīn thōn').

**Santa Maria** (Săn'tà Mà rī'à): the flagship of Columbus.

**tons** (tōns): the number of tons a ship can carry. This is estimated by measure, allowing 100 cubic feet for each ton that can be carried, and is called the tonnage of the vessel.

**Pinta** (Pīn'tà); **Niña** (Nīn'yā): ships of Columbus.

**Castile** (Cās tīle'): a former kingdom in Spain.

**Tenerife** (Tēn ěr ĩfē'): the largest of the Canary Islands.

**eruption** (ě rūp'shōn): a breaking or bursting forth.

**crater** (cră'tēr): the opening of a volcano.

**Portuguese** (Pōr' tū guēse): belong ing to Portugal.

**trade winds**: winds in and near the tropics, that blow almost constantly from the northeast and southeast toward the equator.

**genial** (gē'nī āl): cheering, enjoyable.

**Great Khan** (Khān): the title of the ancient rulers of Mongolia.

**Oriental** (Ō rī ěn'tāl): eastern, belonging to Asia, or the countries east of Europe.

**Haiti** (Hăi'tī): an island of the West Indies.

**repented** (rě pēnt'ěd): felt sorry for.

**Azores** (Ā zōreş'): a group of islands in the Atlantic.

**Barcelona** (Băr ģē lō'nā): a city of Spain.

**erected** (ě rēc't'ěd): raised and set upright.

*(For memorizing)*

Bright flag at yonder tapering mast,  
 Fling out your field of azure blue;  
 Let star and stripe be westward cast,  
 And point as Freedom's eagle flew!  
 Strain home! O lithe and quivering spars!  
 Point home, my country's flag of stars!

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS

## HIAWATHA'S SAILING

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

[Many years ago, at about the time when the white man first came to the shores of America, there lived a brave young chief of the Iroquois Indians whose name was Hiawatha. He united five of the Iroquois tribes and made them the strongest of all the Indian nations. He 5 was wise as well as strong, and he taught the tribes the arts of peace. He taught them to make canoes of birch bark, and to raise corn, and to write by means of pictures, and to do many other useful things. After the death of Hiawatha the stories of his deeds were told 10 again and again until they grew to be quite marvelous, and at last Hiawatha was spoken of as one who had taught the Indians all that they ever knew and who had saved them from sickness and destruction. It was said that he had been sent by the Great Spirit, to show them 15 how to live.

In the year 1855 Longfellow gathered together the legends about Hiawatha and made them into a poem, mingling with them many legends of the Ojibways, a tribe of Algonquin Indians living in the region around 20 Lake Superior. As these Algonquin legends were about a hero who was much like Hiawatha, Longfellow spoke of Hiawatha as an Ojibway, and not as an Iroquois.

Many of you know parts of the poem of Hiawatha, and some of you perhaps know all of it, but as you may have forgotten, I am going to tell over some of the principal points in it. Hiawatha's grandmother, Nokomis, it seems,  
5 was the daughter of the moon. Years before, she had fallen to earth and among the flowers of the prairie had given birth to a fair daughter, Wenonah, who grew up with the prairie lilies and was herself much like a lily. Then Wenonah gave birth to Hiawatha, and soon  
10 after died.

Hiawatha grew up under the care of Nokomis. He made friends with all the birds and beasts of the forest and knew all their ways. When he had become a man he made a journey to the West and had a contest of strength  
15 with his father Mudjekeewis, the West Wind. In this he proved himself so fearless that his father bade him go back to his people, cleanse the earth from all evil things, clear the rivers and fishing grounds, slay the monsters that threatened mankind, and at last, when his life should  
20 be finished, come again and share his father's kingdom.

So Hiawatha went back to his people. First of all, he fasted, as an Indian chief must do, to prove his strength. And as he fasted he thought how the people depended for their very lives upon the beasts of the forest and the fish  
25 of the streams and the berries of the prairie. And as he thought, a vision came to him. He saw a youth in green and yellow garments, who wished to wrestle with him ; and

they wrestled until the going down of the sun. On the next day the young man came again; and again they wrestled. Four days did they wrestle, until the sun set and all was dark. And on the fourth day the youth asked Hiawatha to bury him in the soft earth and wait and watch until he came again. So Hiawatha buried him and watched and waited; and soon out of the ground the Indian corn sprang up and furnished food for all the tribes of men.

Then Hiawatha built a birch canoe and, with the help of his friend the strong man Kwasind, cleared the rivers, so that men might travel from place to place.

After this he fished for Nahma, the great sturgeon, the king of fishes, and Nahma swallowed him in his canoe, but at last he slew Nahma, and made oil from his flesh, and gave it to the people to help them through the winter.

Then he conquered Pearl Feather, the magician, who sent the fever from the marshes; and after that he loved and married Minnehaha, daughter of the Indian arrow-maker, and at their wedding feast there was singing and dancing and wonderful story-telling. And afterward the women planted corn, and Minnehaha blessed the corn-fields, and they reaped a bountiful harvest.

Then Hiawatha taught the people picture writing, and how to heal the sick, and he fought with Pau-Puk-Keewis, the Storm Fool, and conquered him and changed him into an eagle. But in the midst of his success a great grief

came to him. One winter there was a famine and the people died by hundreds, and among them died Minnehaha.

Then the white men came, and the white men's priest told the Indians about God. Hiawatha welcomed the strangers, but he was broken by the death of Minnehaha, and he knew that his work was done. So he arose and bade farewell to Nokomis and the warriors, and told them to listen to the white man's words, for the Master of Life had sent the white man to tell the red man how to live. With that he waved his hand and stepped into his canoe and sailed away into the sunset and into the dusk of the evening, and they saw him no more.

For the story of Longfellow's life see Book Four of the Literary Readers, page 63.]

15           " Give me of your bark, O Birch Tree !  
              Of your yellow bark, O Birch Tree !  
              Growing by the rushing river,  
              Tall and stately in the valley !  
              I a light canoe will build me,  
20           Build a swift Cheemaun for sailing,  
              That shall float upon the river,  
              Like a yellow leaf in autumn,  
              Like a yellow water-lily !  
              " Lay aside your cloak, O Birch Tree !  
25           Lay aside your white-skin wrapper,  
              For the summer-time is coming,

And the sun is warm in heaven,  
And you need no white-skin wrapper!"

Thus aloud cried Hiawatha  
In the solitary forest,  
By the rushing Taquamenaw, 5  
When the birds were singing gayly,  
In the Moon of Leaves were singing,  
And the sun, from sleep awaking,  
Started up and said, "Behold me!  
Gheezis, the great Sun, behold me!" 10

And the tree with all its branches  
Rustled in the breeze of morning,  
Saying, with a sigh of patience,  
"Take my cloak, O Hiawatha!"

With his knife the tree he girdled; 15  
Just beneath its lowest branches,  
Just above the roots, he cut it,  
Till the sap came oozing outward;  
Down the trunk, from top to bottom,  
Sheer he cleft the bark asunder, 20  
With a wooden wedge he raised it,  
Stripped it from the trunk unbroken.

"Give me of your boughs, O Cedar!  
Of your strong and pliant branches,  
My canoe to make more steady, 25  
Make more strong and firm beneath me!"

Through the summit of the Cedar  
Went a sound, a cry of horror,  
Went a murmur of resistance ;  
But it whispered, bending downward,  
5 " Take my boughs, O Hiawatha ! "

Down he hewed the boughs of cedar,  
Shaped them straightway to a framework,  
Like two bows he formed and shaped them,  
Like two bended bows together.

10 " Give me of your roots, O Tamarack !  
Of your fibrous roots, O Larch Tree !  
My canoe to bind together,  
So to bind the ends together  
That the water may not enter,  
15 That the river may not wet me ! "

And the Larch, with all its fibers,  
Shivered in the air of morning,  
Touched his forehead with its tassels,  
Said, with one long sigh of sorrow,  
20 " Take them all, O Hiawatha ! "

From the earth he tore the fibers,  
Tore the tough roots of the Larch Tree,  
Closely sewed the bark together,  
Bound it closely to the framework.

25 " Give me of your balm, O Fir Tree !  
Of your balsam and your resin,

So to close the seams together  
That the water may not enter,  
That the river may not wet me ! ”

And the Fir Tree, tall and somber,  
Sobbed through all its robes of darkness,  
Rattled like a shore with pebbles,  
Answered wailing, answered weeping,  
“ Take my balm, O Hiawatha ! ”

5

And he took the tears of balsam,  
Took the resin of the Fir Tree,  
Smeared therewith each seam and fissure,  
Made each crevice safe from water.

10

“ Give me of your quills, O Hedgehog !  
All your quills, O Kagh, the Hedgehog !  
I will make a necklace of them,  
Make a girdle for my beauty,  
And two stars to deck her bosom ! ”

15

From a hollow tree the Hedgehog  
With his sleepy eyes looked at him,  
Shot his shining quills, like arrows,  
Saying, with a drowsy murmur,  
Through the tangle of his whiskers,

20

“ Take my quills, O Hiawatha ! ”

From the ground the quills he gathered,  
All the little shining arrows,  
Stained them red and blue and yellow,

25

With the juice of roots and berries ;  
Into his canoe he wrought them,  
Round its waist a shining girdle,  
Round its bows a gleaming necklace,  
5 On its breast two stars resplendent.

Thus the Birch Canoe was builded  
In the valley, by the river,  
In the bosom of the forest ;  
And the forest's life was in it,  
10 All its mystery and its magic,  
All the lightness of the birch tree,  
All the toughness of the cedar,  
All the larch's supple sinews ;  
And it floated on the river  
15 Like a yellow leaf in autumn,  
Like a yellow water-lily.

Paddles none had Hiawatha,  
Paddles none he had or needed,  
For his thoughts as paddles served him,  
20 And his wishes served to guide him ;  
Swift or slow at will he glided,  
Veered to right or left at pleasure.

Then he called aloud to Kwasind,  
To his friend, the strong man, Kwasind,  
25 Saying, " Help me clear this river  
Of its sunken logs and sand-bars."



"PADDLES NONE HE HAD OR NEEDED,  
FOR HIS THOUGHTS AS PADDLES SERVED HIM"

Straight into the river Kwasind  
Plunged as if he were an otter,  
Dived as if he were a beaver,  
Stood up to his waist in water,  
5 To his arm pits in the river,  
Swam and shouted in the river,  
Tugged at sunken logs and branches,  
With his hands he scooped the sand-bars,  
With his feet the ooze and tangle.

10 And thus sailed my Hiawatha  
Down the rushing Taquamenaw,  
Sailed through all its bends and windings,  
Sailed through all its deeps and shallows,  
While his friend, the strong man, Kwasind,  
15 Swam the deeps, the shallows waded.

20 Up and down the river went they,  
In and out among its islands,  
Cleared its bed of root and sand-bar,  
Dragged the dead trees from its channel,  
Made its passage safe and certain,  
Made a pathway for the people,  
From its springs among the mountains  
To the water of Pauwating,  
To the bay of Taquamenaw.

## QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Tell or write what you know of the *real* Hiawatha; who he was, when he lived, and what he did; also of the legends that grew up around him. 2. Who wrote the poem "Hiawatha," and how did the author happen to call Hiawatha an Ojibway? 3. Write a story of the author's life (Literary Readers, Book Four, page 63). 4. Tell in your own words the chief events in the poem. Who was Nokomis? Wenonah? Mudjekeewis? Kwasind? Minnehaha? Pau-puk-keewis? If you have read the whole poem, tell what part of it you like best.

5. How many helpers did Hiawatha have in making his canoe? Tell what each gave and for what each thing was used. 6. What is meant by the "cloak," or "wrapper," of the birch, and why was it so called? 7. What is meant by "the Moon of Leaves"? 8. Why is the sun said to have been awaking from sleep? 9. Find four words that sound like the wind in the leaves of the birch (page 189, lines 12, 13). 10. Put into simpler words the line, "Sheer he cleft the bark asunder." 11. Why do you suppose the Indians used birch bark for their canoes?

12. Why did Hiawatha choose cedar for the frame of the canoe? 13. What made the sound that Longfellow imagined to be the whispering of the trees? 14. What is the tamarack, and why did Hiawatha take its roots? What other substances than roots did the Indians use for thread or cord? 15. What is meant by the fir tree's "robes of darkness," and why are they so called? Why is the balsam called "tears"? 16. Why do you think the poet supposes all these trees to be so sad at making their gifts, and yet willing to give them? 17. Do you think the poem is better or worse for making the trees and other objects act and speak like persons?

18. What is meant by the "necklace" in line 15, page 191, and the "girdle" in the next line? (See also page 192, lines 3 and 4.) Who was the "beauty" for whom these were intended? Where were the two stars to be placed? 19. What is another name for the hedgehog? Is it true that he can shoot his spines. (See dictionary under "porcupine.") 20. What did Hiawatha use for paddles? Explain what is meant, and tell what this shows us about Hiawatha.

21. What good did Hiawatha do for his people by making the canoe? 22. Select the passages you like best in this selection and memorize them.

Suggestions for play work: Make a model of Hiawatha's canoe. If you cannot get birch bark and fibers, use paper and thread. Decorate it as Hiawatha did. Dramatize and act the building of the canoe.

You will want to read more of "Hiawatha." If you do not wish to read it all, you will perhaps be most interested in Hiawatha's Childhood, Hiawatha's Fasting, Hiawatha's Fishing, Hiawatha and the Pearl-Feather, The Hunting of Pau-Puk-Keewis, and The White Man's Foot. A part of Hiawatha's Childhood, dramatized, is in the Literary Readers, Book Three, page 80.

Other good books of Indian legends, which you can read, are Zitkala Ša's "Old Indian Legends," Judd's "Wigwam Stories," and Chandler's "In the Reign of Coyote." Good books of Indian life are Jenks's "The Childhood of Ji-Shib, the Ojibway," Snedden's "Docas, the Indian Boy of Santa Clara," and Starr's "American Indians."

Other famous Indian heroes are Massasoit (see Johnston's "Famous Indian Chiefs"), King Philip (see "Famous Indian Chiefs" and Tappan's "American Hero Stories"), Pocahontas

(see E. B. Smith's "The Story of Pocahontas" and Thackeray's poem "Pocahontas"), Pontiac, Black Hawk, Geronimo, Red Cloud, and Sitting Bull (see "Famous Indian Chiefs").

**Hiawatha** (Hī à wā'thā).

**Iroquois** (Īr'ō quoi): a powerful group of five Indian tribes formerly living in central New York. There are still some in New York, Wisconsin, and Canada.

**Ojibway** (Ō jīb'wāy): one of a tribe of Algonquin Indians living about Lake Superior.

**Algonquin** (Āl gōn'quin): a group of Indian tribes living chiefly in Canada.

**Wenonah** (Wē nō'nāh): the mother of Hiawatha.

**Mudjekeewis** (Mūd jě kēe'wis): the West Wind; the father of Hiawatha.

**Kwasind** (Kwā'sind): the strong man.

**Nahma** (Nāh'mā): the sturgeon.

**Pau-Puk-Keewis** (Pau-Pūk-Kēe'wis): a magician, representing storm and wind.

**Cheemaun** (Chēe maun): a canoe of birch bark.

**solitary** (sōl'y tā r'y): alone.

**Taquamenaw** (Tā qua mē'naw): a small river emptying into St. Mary's River.

**Moon of Leaves**: the Indians measured time by the moon. A moon was the time required for a new moon to become full and fade

away — a little less than a month.

The Moon of Leaves was the latter part of March and the early part of April — the time when most of the leaves come out.

**Gheezis** (Ghēe' zīs): the sun.

**girdled** (gīr'dled): made a cut entirely around, as of a tree.

**sheer** (shēer): straight up and down.

**cleft** (clēft): separated by cutting.

**pliant** (plī'ānt): bending easily.

**summit** (sūm'mīt): top.

**tamarack** (tām'ā räck): the larch.

**fibrous** (fī'broūs): made up of fibers.

**fibers** (fī'bērs): any kind of thread-like substance.

**balsam** (bal'sām): a sap which becomes thick and gummy.

**somber** (sōm'bēr): dark, gloomy.

**fissure** (fīsh'ūre): a narrow opening like a crack.

**crevice** (crēv'ice): same as fissure.

**Kagh** (Kāgh): the hedgehog or porcupine.

**resplendent** (rē splēnd'ēnt): shining.

**supple** (sūp'ple): easily bent, pliant.

**veered** (vēered): turned or changed direction, shifted.

**ooze** (ōoze): soft mud or slime.

**Pauwating** (Pau wā'ting): Saint Mary's River, connecting Lakes Superior and Huron.

## PART IV. OUT OF DOORS WITH THE POETS

### HUNTING SONG

SIR WALTER SCOTT

[You have read of many heroes in this book. I am now going to tell you of one whom men do not usually think of as a hero, but as an author, yet when you have read his life I think you will agree that he too deserves a place among  
5 the brave men of the world. He did not use a sword or do a deed that made a show, but he had great troubles and much sorrow, which he overcame as only a hero can.

Sir Walter Scott was born in the fine old city of Edinburgh in the summer of 1771, about four years before the  
10 American Revolution broke out. When he was not quite two years old he had a serious illness, and after it he was found to have lost the use of one of his legs. This was his first trouble.

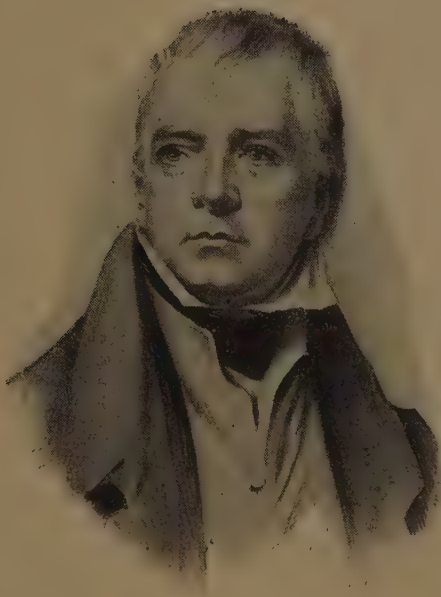
His father and mother thought that if he could live in  
15 the country, out of doors, among the green fields and hills, his leg would grow stronger. So they sent him to his grandparents on a farm in the valley of the Tweed, not far from Melrose Abbey. This out-of-door life helped him, but he was always a little lame.

In the country he used to lie on the grass, watching the sheep and listening to the stories which an old shepherd told him about the battles that had been fought in that border country between Scotland and England in the old days. On a great rock near by stood the ruins of a castle 5 which had once held many a gallant company of lords and ladies and seen many a hunt and tournament and many a fight. Then, at bedtime, his grandmother would tell him of the deeds of his forefathers, who were all of them brave men. Every rock and every ruin in that country had some 10 story of the border wars. When the boy went back to his father and mother in Edinburgh he was eight years old and knew more of Scottish history and Scottish legends than most men ever know. He went to school in Edinburgh until he was twelve and then spent three years in 15 the University of Edinburgh. But he cared for little except history, and his classmates remembered him chiefly for his stories of the border wars, which he used to tell them in the evenings as they gathered about and listened breathlessly, asking him, whenever he stopped, to tell 20 them more.

At fifteen he left the University and went to work in his father's law office — for I should have told you that his father was a lawyer. Young Walter did not like that sort of life, but he followed it because his father wanted 25 him to do so. While he was working there, he began to put into verse the old stories of knights and warriors

which he knew so well. First he translated some German legends; then he published several books of old Scottish songs which he had picked up here and there; and at last he began to write poetry of his own, which told of the  
5 Scottish chiefs and the border wars. "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," "Marmion," and "The Lady of the Lake" came out, one after another, and soon made him famous. He bought a large piece of land on the Tweed near Melrose Abbey, in the country that he loved so well, built a castle  
10 of his own which he called Abbotsford, and lived there with his wife and his four children and his dogs. He greatly loved his dogs and always felt that they were a part of his family. There he wrote his great stories, "Ivanhoe," "Guy Mannering," and "Rob Roy"; his Scot-  
15 tish history stories, "Tales of a Grandfather"; and many more. The king honored him by giving him the title of *Sir Walter* — just like the knights of whom he liked to think.

Then his second great trouble came upon him. He put  
20 his money into a business which did not pay, and woke up one morning to find not only that he had lost everything but that he owed more than half a million dollars besides. The men to whom he owed the money were kind to him and would have given him a part of it, but he said No, it  
25 was right that he should pay it; and if they would only give him time, he would find a way. So he set to work cheerfully to write harder and faster. For a long time he



*Sir Walter Scott*

wrote two books every year. They sold well and he had almost paid the debt when the hard work and strain broke him down and he became very ill. Then his wife died, and then his little grandson, Johnny Hugh, whom he loved  
5 more than his own life, and at last on a September day in 1832 he himself died also, saying to Lockhart, his son-in-law, as his last words, "My dear, be a good man." Scott had been famous, greatly loved, and at one time rich, but after a life of more than sixty years he felt that the  
10 most important thing of all was just to be *good*. That is something that is worth thinking about.

Sir Walter was a real hero. He is one of a great many men and women who give their lives in a quiet way, through hard work and sacrifice, to make their families  
15 more comfortable and to pay what they owe. Alice and Phoebe Cary, whose story you have read, and Felicia Hemans, and Sidney Lanier, and Paul Hamilton Hayne, whose stories follow this, belong to the same great company, but you will also find such heroes in your own  
20 neighborhood and on your own street. Perhaps you never thought how heroic it really is to live a life of sacrifice for others. It is the highest kind of heroism, and the beautiful thing about it is that any one may thus become a hero if he will.

25 The poem which follows shows the gayety and brightness of Scott's heart. He liked to be in the woods. He liked to hunt. And especially he liked the gay hunting parties

that used to start out from the Scottish castles in the early morning with horses, dogs, and hawks. When a nobleman in Scotland wished to give a hunting party, he would invite the lords and ladies from all the neighboring castles for miles around. They would come the day before the hunt, or sometimes several days before, and there would be feasting and games of every sort. 5

On the morning of the hunt, as soon as it was light enough to see, foresters would be out tracking the game, so that they could direct the party where to ride. In this poem the men who are singing have been out with the foresters and have tracked a large buck into a thicket by following the fresh marks of his antlers upon the trees. They have had a glimpse of him in the thicket, and leaving the foresters to watch, they have hurried back to the castle. The dogs in the courtyard, tied together in couples, are already baying, impatient to be off. The hawks—taken on the chase to pursue the game in the air while the dogs chase it on foot—are whistling, horns are blowing; all is gayety and excitement. If any of the guests are in distant corners of the castle and are not yet awake it is time for them to be up. So this hunting song is sung through the long corridors, and the last sleeper is soon up and dressed and on horseback ready for the signal to start. 10 15 20

In the last stanza Scott shows a touch of sadness. He says that youth and happiness also have a course to run, and that Time is a huntsman, strong as a hound and swift

as a hawk, who will at last overtake them. So, he says, let the lords and ladies rise early and make the most of the day, for the time will come when they will be too old to enjoy such pleasures.]

5           Waken, lords and ladies gay!  
On the mountain dawns the day,  
All the jolly chase is here,  
With hawk, and horse, and hunting spear;  
Hounds are in their couples yelling,  
10       Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,  
Merrily, merrily, mingle they,  
‘Waken, lords and ladies gay!’

          Waken, lords and ladies gay!  
The mist has left the mountain gray,  
15       Springlets in the dawn are steaming,  
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming,  
And foresters have busy been,  
To track the buck in thicket green;  
Now we come to chant our lay,  
20       “Waken, lords and ladies gay!”

Waken, lords and ladies gay!  
To the greenwood haste away;  
We can show you where he lies,  
Fleet of foot, and tall of size;

We can show the marks he made,  
When 'gainst the oak his antlers frayed;  
You shall see him brought to bay,  
"Waken, lords and ladies gay!"

Louder, louder chant the lay, 5  
Waken, lords and ladies gay!  
Tell them youth, and mirth, and glee,  
Run a course as well as we;  
Time, stern huntsman! who can balk,  
Stanch as hound, and fleet as hawk? 10  
Think of this, and rise with day,  
Gentle lords and ladies gay.

### QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Write or tell what you can about the author of this poem. Do you think he should be named with the other heroes in this book? Give reasons for your answer.
2. Who are supposed to be singing this hunting song, and what have they been doing?
3. Describe in your own words the picture in the first stanza.
4. What is meant by hounds "in their couples"? by "horns are *knelling*"? In line 11 what mingles merrily?
5. Describe the picture in the second stanza.
6. What is meant by springlets "steaming"? by "diamonds on the brake"? by "chant our lay"? 7. What did the foresters do?
8. Describe the picture in the third stanza.
9. How was the buck tracked to the thicket? Explain, "When 'gainst the oak his antlers frayed."
10. What is meant by seeing him "brought to bay"? 11. What is meant by the last stanza?

12. Which of the three pictures do you like best, and why?  
 13. Is the feeling in this poem, as a whole, happy or sad?  
 14. Recite or read another hunting song of Scott's, "Hie Away"  
 (see Literary Readers, Book Four, page 220). 15. Tell which  
 of the two you like the better, and why? 16. Memorize the  
 hunting song of this lesson.

See also Scott's "Lullaby of an Infant Chief" (Literary Readers, Book Four, page 218).

**Edinburgh** (Ėd'in būr ō).

**Melrose** (Mēl'rōse).

**abbey** (ăb'beĭ): a church or house  
 where monks or nuns live.

**border wars** (bōr'dēr wārs): wars  
 which took place on the border-  
 land between England and Scot-  
 land.

**university** (ū nī vē'sī tĭ): several  
 colleges together under one head.

**lay** (lāy): song.

**minstrel** (mĭn'strēl): a wandering  
 singer or musician.

**Marmion** (Mār'mĭ ōn).

**Abbotsford** (Ăb'bōts fōrd).

**Hugh** (Hūgh).

**knelling** (knēl'ĭng): ringing, or re-  
 sounding.

**springlets** (sprĭng'lēts): little springs.

**brake** (brāke): a thicket of brush-  
 wood.

**foresters** (fōr'ēst ērs): those who  
 have charge of the forests.

**chant** (chānt): to sing.

**antlers** (ănt'lērs): the horns of a  
 deer. These are shed each year.

The new horns, when growing, are  
 covered with a soft, downy skin,  
 which soon wears off, or "frays."

**frayed** (frāyed): rubbed, or worn  
 by rubbing.

**brought to bay**: surrounded by dogs  
 or hunters, or brought to a place  
 where there is no escape.

**balk** (balk): to check, disappoint, or  
 defeat.

## THE SONG OF THE BROOK

ALFRED TENNYSON

[Among the lovely hills of Lincolnshire, in England, lies the little village of Somersby, and near it on a green, grassy slope is the house in which Tennyson was born. It is an old white house with a tile roof and many queer chimneys, a sunny bay window, and a fine old garden full of flowers. Around it are elms and poplars, and at the foot of the hill a brook ripples over the stones on its way to the river.

Alfred Tennyson, the third of a family of twelve children, first opened his eyes in this old white house on an August day in 1809, two years after Longfellow was born. His father, who was a minister and a scholar, taught his children to love books and told them many a story of King Arthur and the old days of knighthood. Alfred Tennyson, even when a small child, was a true poet — for a poet, you know, is not only one who can write verses, but one who sees beauty in everything and who feels more than other people feel. So the boy Alfred, when he was only five years old, playing one windy day in the old garden, tossing his arms and running with the storm, cried out, "I hear a voice that's speaking in the wind." That was real poetry and showed that the boy, even then, heard what many never hear.

When he became a little older he used to spend glorious afternoons with his brothers "playing knight." A long stick was a lance; a heap of stones was a castle. They fought bravely for their king, who was a piece of a willow  
5 branch stuck into the ground and surrounded by his courtiers, a circle of common sticks. Then they wrote stories, long stories, a chapter every day, and at dinner time each put his chapter under the potato bowl upon the table for their father to read. Those were fine old days, and  
10 Tennyson, when he became a man, often spoke of them.

His oldest brother, Frederick, and his second brother, Charles, when they grew up, also wrote poetry. Charles and Alfred were close friends. When Alfred was eighteen they together sold a number of their poems to a publisher  
15 for twenty pounds, or about a hundred dollars, and these poems were made into a book which was called "Poems by Two Brothers."

At college Alfred met Arthur Hallam, another noble young poet, who became his dearest friend. Together they  
20 went to Spain to carry important messages to a party of Spanish patriots who were fighting for liberty. The war was not successful, but the two friends tramped through the Pyrenees and saw that wonderful mountain scenery — snow peaks and deep gorges and low sunny valleys beyond,  
25 — and still more it made them want to write.

Tennyson had published two volumes of poems since the "Poems by Two Brothers" appeared, and had taken a

prize for a poem which he wrote at college. He was just beginning to be known as a poet when his friend Hallam died. Tennyson was so heartbroken that he did not care himself to live, and for ten years he published no more. But he began to write a noble poem in memory of his 5 friend and called it "In Memoriam." He spent much of his time for seventeen years upon this work, and also began his "Idylls of the King," which tells of the deeds of King Arthur and his knights. These knights had been his greatest heroes ever since the time that he had played 10 with the long stick for a lance and the stone heap for a castle.

When he was forty-one, three important things happened to him. He published his great poem "In Memoriam"; he was honored by the queen with the title of 15 poet laureate of England; and he married Emily Sellwood, a young woman whom he had loved for many years but whom he had been too poor to marry until then.

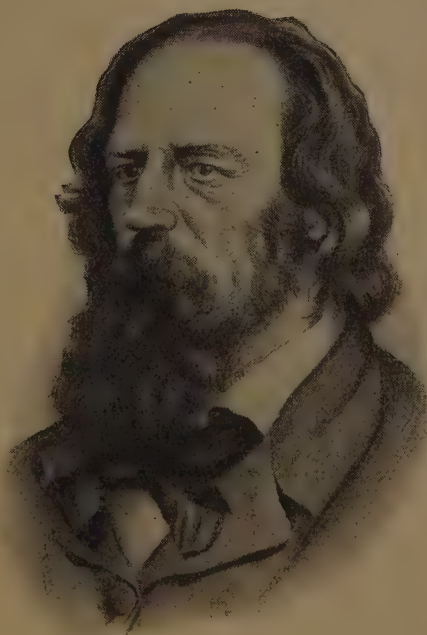
He was now both rich and famous. He went to live in a beautiful home called Farringford, on the Isle of 20 Wight, surrounded with parks and groves and pastures and gardens, all overlooking the sea. There he remained for many years with his wife and two sons, one of whom he called Hallam, after his early friend. People from all over the world came to see him. Among his friends were 25 Carlyle and Thackeray and Dickens and Kingsley and Longfellow and many others whose names are famous.

But many also came simply to look at him and to say that they had seen the great poet, and this he did not like. So he built another home in Surrey, which he called Aldworth, and there he spent his summers. He used to  
5 do his writing in the early morning, and usually took a walk before luncheon, with his two dogs, of which he was very fond. Sometimes his tall figure, with its strong, noble face, its broad felt hat, its cloak thrown back in the wind, might also be seen alone on a moonlit night, strid-  
10 ing across the moor. He especially loved to be out on nights when the wind was blowing wildly and the clouds were scudding across the sky.

He died one evening at the ripe old age of eighty-three, at his home at Aldworth, in the moonlight, with his  
15 family around him and a volume of Shakespeare lying open at his side.

Among his best-known poems are "In Memoriam," "Idylls of the King," "Maud," "Enoch Arden," "Dora," "Locksley Hall," and "The Lady of Shalott." Among  
20 his shorter poems are "The Bugle Song," "Sir Galahad," "The Charge of the Light Brigade," and the one which is given here. You will notice the music that is always in his verse. It runs along almost as if it were singing itself. And he could make beautiful word pictures.

25 "The Song of the Brook" is taken from a longer poem of Tennyson's called "The Brook." A man who has been away for twenty years in foreign lands comes back to the



*Alfred, Lord Tennyson*

old farm in England where he lived when he was a boy. He is thinking of all the familiar scenes and friends that he had known there; of old Philip, who owned the next farm, and Philip's daughter Katie, and especially he thinks  
5 of his own brother, now dead, who had loved to lie with him beside the brook and wonder where it came from. And as he looks down again into the dear old stream, the water, rippling and babbling over the stones seems to be singing to him, and this is what it says:]

10 I come from haunts of coot and hern,  
I make a sudden sally,  
And sparkle out among the fern,  
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,  
15 Or slip between the ridges,  
By twenty thorps, a little town,  
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow  
To join the brimming river,  
20 For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on for ever.

I chatter over stony ways,  
In little sharps and trebles,  
I bubble into eddying bays,  
25 I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret  
By many a field and fallow,  
And many a fairy foreland set  
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out,  
With here a blossom sailing,  
And here and there a lusty trout,  
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake  
Upon me, as I travel  
With many a silvery water-break  
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on for ever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,  
I slide by hazel covers;  
I move the sweet forget-me-nots  
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,  
Among my skimming swallows;  
I make the netted sunbeams dance  
Against my sandy shallows.

5 I murmur under moon and stars  
In brambly wildernesses;  
I linger by my shingly bars;  
I loiter round my cresses;  
And out again I curve and flow  
10 To join the brimming river;  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on for ever.

## QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Write or tell in your own words the story of Tennyson's life. 2. Name as many of Tennyson's poems as you know, and tell what you know about them. 3. Tell how this "Song of the Brook" fits into the longer poem of which it is a part.

4. Tell in your own words where the brook had its source. 5. Express in other words "sally," "bicker," "thorps," "brimming." 6. What do you suppose this man who has come back to the old farm is thinking of in line 20, page 212? 7. Notice and point out the words in lines 22-25, page 212, that seem to repeat the sound made by the brook. Point out other words in the poem that have the same effect.

8. Explain the meaning of chattering "in little sharps and trebles." 9. What is a "fairy foreland"? 10. What made the

"foamy flakes"? 11. Why is the water break called "silvery"? 12. What are "hazel covers"? 13. What is meant by moving the forget-me-nots "that grow for happy lovers"? 14. Explain the line "Among my skimming swallows." 15. Explain "I make the netted sunbeams dance." 16. What are "brambly wildernesses"? 17. What are "shingly bars"? 18. Make a list of all the things that the brook passes on its way to the river. 19. Select the expressions that you like best in the poem and tell why you like them.

Notice particularly the way in which the poem seems to chatter and dance along, just like the brook, without a stop. The whole thought seems to be that whatever men may do the brook goes on forever. How many times is that thought or refrain repeated? Notice how much stronger it seems each time.

You will be interested in comparing this poem with Lanier's "Song of the Chattahoochee" (in Literary Readers, Book Six) and with Riley's "Brook Song."

**coot**: a bird somewhat like a duck.

**heron**: a heron.

**sally**: a rushing or bursting forth.

**bicker**: to run swiftly with a babbling sound.

**thorps**: groups of houses in the country, or very small villages.

**shrills**: shrill sounds.

**trebles** (*tréb'les*): the highest notes in music.

**eddy**: whirling.

**fret**: to wear away.

**fallow**: farm land which is allowed to lie idle or untilled.

**foreland**: a headland.

**willow-weed**: a narrow-leaved weed, also called loosestrife.

**mallow**: a plant with gummy juice; one species is the marshmallow.

**grayling**: a fish somewhat like a trout or a small salmon, but having on its back a long, high fin.

**water-break**: a ripple in the water.

**covers**: shelters; underbrush.

**gloom**: to look dark or gloomy.

**netted**: like network (here, of sunshine and shadow).

**brambly**: full of brambles or thorns.

**shingly bars**: banks of coarse gravel or stones in or across a stream.

## TO A KATYDID

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

[A slender, active little man with a cheery face, a twinkle in his eye, a smile about the corners of his mouth, fond of a joke, ready for a laugh, ever quick to do a kind deed — that was Oliver Wendell Holmes.

5 He was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, the town of Lowell and Longfellow, in an old-fashioned house near Harvard University. The house has since been torn down, and the place is now part of the University grounds. Holmes's father, who was the minister of one of the village  
10 churches, kept in his desk each year a little almanac in which he made notes of various happenings; and in his for 1809, which has been preserved through all the years, may still be seen, opposite August twenty-ninth, words, written in ink in the margin, "Son b." He  
15 that that a son was born on that date, and the son was Oliver Wendell Holmes.

It was a quaint old yellow hip-roofed house that young Oliver was born in — almost a hundred years old at that time. It had been used after the battle of Lexington as a  
20 rallying place for the patriot soldiers and as headquarters for the American General Ward. Washington too and his staff had been entertained there, and at another time it was used by the British troops. Oliver, when a boy, was

greatly interested in certain dents in the floor of his father's library which were said to have been made by the muskets of the British soldiers.

This library was a most attractive place to both Oliver and his brother John. It was a great heavy-beamed room 5 with books reaching from the floor to the ceiling, and the boys were allowed to play among the books long before they could read them. Then there was in the old house a garret where they liked to go, full of old chairs, tables, churns, andirons, traveling bags — almost everything that 10 ever gets into a garret. Holmes said that the chairs and tables looked as if they had been frightened and had climbed upon each other's backs to be out of danger.

Then there was the closet where apples and peaches used to be stored away to ripen, with bundles of sweet-smelling 15 herbs; and there was the garden with its old lilac bushes and its pear and peach trees and sweet white grapes and its hyacinths and tulips and roses and hollyhocks. How Oliver loved that garden!

It was about a mile from the Holmes mansion to the 20 school which Oliver attended, and "the way led through a thinly inhabited, woody, marshy, huckleberryish tract" where the boys had many adventures and sports. When Oliver was fifteen he went to Phillips Academy at Andover. His parents took him in the old family carriage and left 25 him at the house of one of the professors. He was dreadfully homesick. "There was an ancient, faded old lady in

the house," he says, "very kindly but very deaf. She comforted me, I well remember, but not with apples. She went, and taking a blue and white soda powder, mingled the same in water and encouraged me to drink the result.

- It might be a specific for seasickness, but it was not for homesickness. The fizz was a mockery and it struck a colder chill to my heart. I did not disgrace myself, however, and a few days cured me."

Oliver remained at Andover a year and made many  
10 friends. He is described at this time as "a lively youngster, full of fun and mischief." From Andover he went back to Cambridge and entered Harvard. One of his classmates at Harvard was Dr. Smith, who wrote the hymn "America."

In a letter written at this time to one of his Andover  
15 schoolmates he says: "I, Oliver Wendell Holmes, junior in Harvard University, am a plumeless biped of exactly five feet three inches when standing in a pair of substantial boots made by Mr. Russell of this town — having eyes which I call blue and hair which I do not know what to call."

20 After leaving college young Holmes studied law for a year; then decided that he would rather be a physician than a lawyer, and so began the study of medicine. During these years of study he wrote "The Height of the Ridiculous," "The Specter Pig," "The Ballad of the Oyster-  
25 man," and other poems, which were printed in a college paper. During his first year as a medical student he wrote "Old Ironsides" (see Literary Readers, Book Seven.)

After he had finished his medical course he went abroad and spent two or three years working in the hospitals of Europe. He then became a physician in Boston and perhaps cured as many patients by his cheery visits and good humor as by his medicine. He was a professor in the Harvard Medical School for thirty-five years, and the students loved him greatly. Often when he came into the recitation room they would greet him with a clapping of hands.

In the autumn of 1857 the *Atlantic Monthly* was started in Boston. Lowell was its editor. Longfellow and Emerson and Holmes and several others agreed to write for it, but the most interesting thing about it was a series of talks or stories by Holmes, published each month and called "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." It was supposed to give the conversation at the breakfast table of a Boston boarding house. This series was followed by two more, called "The Professor at the Breakfast Table" and "The Poet at the Breakfast Table." Years afterward a fourth series appeared, called "Over the Tea Cups." All four were published as books after having appeared in the magazine.

Holmes's best poems are perhaps "The Last Leaf," "The Chambered Nautilus," and "The Deacon's Masterpiece, or The Wonderful One-Hoss Shay."

The poem to the Katydid appeared in the first volume which Holmes published. The poet hears the little insect

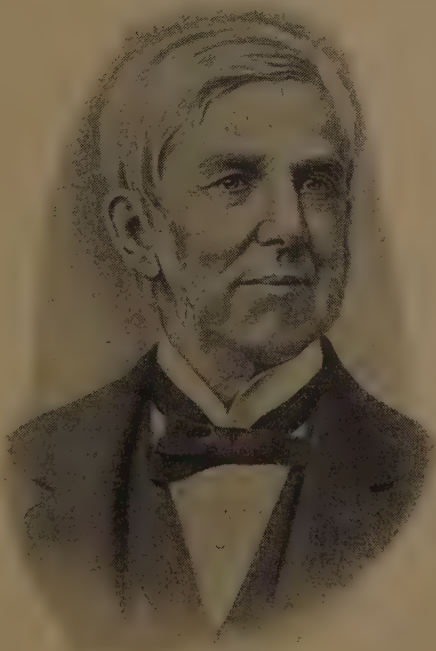
on a summer evening saying "Katy-did! Katy-did! Katy-did!" and he replies, "Well, what if she did? Nobody said she did n't." He says it makes him think of some old-fashioned people who are fond of insisting very positively and seriously upon certain things that nobody thinks of disputing.

He thinks that there must be a group of Katydids in the hollow tree, and from the sound of their voices he thinks that they are unmarried maiden Katydids, gossip-  
10 ing together and telling shocking stories about poor Katy and what she did. He wonders if they drink tea while they gossip.

Then he asks: "What did Katy do, anyway? Was she very wicked? Did she love some horrid man — or perhaps  
15 more than one?"

"If you will tell me all about Katy," he continues, "I'll tell you some gossip too. I'll tell you about my fuss with Jane, and what made her tear her hair with rage; or about my trouble with Ann, and how her blue eyes were  
20 filled with tears."

The Katydid makes no reply. Then the poet says: "Ah, no! It's of no use! The great oak tree shall crash to the earth, the rock shall break away from its bed and roll downhill, before this little insect shall give up her secret.  
25 But perhaps when the last Katydid on earth is about to die, she will be willing to tell, and children will then know just what Katy did."]



*Oliver Wendell Holmes*

I love to hear thine earnest voice,  
Wherever thou art hid,  
Thou testy little dogmatist,  
Thou pretty Katydid !  
5 Thou mindest me of gentlefolks —  
Old gentlefolks are they —  
Thou say'st an undisputed thing  
In such a solemn way.

Thou art a female, Katydid !  
10 I know it by the trill  
That quivers through thy piercing notes,  
So petulant and shrill ;  
I think there is a knot of you  
Beneath the hollow tree —  
15 A knot of spinster Katydids —  
Do Katydids drink tea ?

Oh tell me where did Katy live,  
And what did Katy do ?  
And was she very fair and young,  
20 And yet so wicked, too ?  
Did Katy love a naughty man,  
Or kiss more cheeks than one ?  
I warrant Katy did no more  
Than many a Kate has done.

Dear me! I'll tell you all about  
My fuss with little Jane,  
And Ann, with whom I used to walk  
So often down the lane,  
And all that tore their locks of black,  
Or wet their eyes of blue —  
Pray tell me, sweetest Katydid,  
What did poor Katy do?

5

Ah no! the living oak shall crash,  
That stood for ages still,  
The rock shall rend its mossy base  
And thunder down the hill,  
Before the little Katydid  
Shall add one word, to tell  
The mystic story of the maid  
Whose name she knows so well.

10

15

Peace to the ever-murmuring race!  
And when the latest one  
Shall fold in death her feeble wings  
Beneath the autumn sun,  
Then shall she raise her fainting voice,  
And lift her drooping lid,  
And then the child of future years  
Shall hear what Katy did.

20

## QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Write or tell the story of the author of this poem. 2. Why is the sound of the Katydid called an "earnest" voice? Express in simpler words "testy little dogmatist." 3. What are "old gentlefolks," and why does the Katydid remind the poet of them? 4. Why does he think it is a female Katydid that he hears? Look in a large dictionary and find out whether the sound of the Katydid is made by the female, and how the sound is made. 5. What makes him think there is "a knot of spinster Katydids" under the tree? Why does he ask whether Katydids drink tea?

6. Why does he offer to tell the Katydid about his troubles with Jane and Ann? What is meant by "all that tore their locks of black, or wet their eyes of blue"? 7. What do lines 9-12, page 223, show in regard to the time that will pass before the Katydid tells its secret? 8. What does "living" tell us about the strength of the oak? What does "mossy" tell about the time the rock has stood in one place?

9. What is the "ever-murmuring race," and why is it so called? 10. Does the poet really think that the last Katydid will tell the story of Katy? Is anything in the poem to be taken seriously?

You can read Holmes's "The Mysterious Visitor," "The Toadstool," "The Ballad of the Oysterman," and "Spring has Come."

Stories about the Katydid can be found in Morley's "Insect Folk," Volume I, and "Grasshopper Land."

**specific** (spĕ çíf'ic): a remedy.

**plumeless** (plūmē'lĕss): featherless.

**biped** (bī'pĕd): a two-legged creature.

**testy** (tĕs'ty): fretful, complaining.

**dogmatist** (dŏg'mā tĭst): one who says a thing very positively.

**mindest** (mĭnd'ĕst): remindest.

**gentlefolks**: persons of good family.

**petulant** (pĕt'ū lănt): fretful, cross.

**spinster**: an unmarried woman.

**rend** (rĕnd): break apart; tear away.

**mystic** (mÿs'tic): mysterious.

## A SONG

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

[This is one of the most beautiful of Mr. Riley's poems. The thought is that the earth is full of gladness and music, and that we may always hear some creature singing if we will only listen. Another very musical poem of Mr. Riley's is "The Pixy People" on page 376 of this book. It may be interesting to read them together and compare them.

The story of Mr. Riley's life will be found in the Literary Readers, Book Four.]

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear ;

There is ever a something sings always :

10

There's the song of the lark when the skies are clear,

And the song of the thrush when the skies are gray.

The sunshine showers across the grain,

And the bluebird trills in the orchard tree ;

And in and out, when the eaves drip rain,

15

The swallows are twittering ceaselessly.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,

Be the skies above or dark or fair,

There is ever a song that our hearts may hear —

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear —

20

There is ever a song somewhere !

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,  
 In the midnight black, or the mid-day blue :  
 The robin pipes when the sun is here,  
 And the cricket chirrups the whole night through.  
 5 The buds may blow, and the fruit may grow,  
 And the autumn leaves drop crisp and sear ;  
 But whether the sun, or the rain, or the snow,  
 There is ever a song somewhere, my dear.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,  
 10 Be the skies above or dark or fair,  
 There is ever a song that our hearts may hear —  
 There is ever a song somewhere, my dear —  
 There is ever a song somewhere !

### QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Write or tell the story of Mr. Riley's life (see Literary Readers, Book Four, page 79.)
2. What is meant by "The sunshine *showers* across the grain"?
3. Put into prose the line, "Be the skies above or dark or fair."
4. Use another word for "blow" in the sentence "The buds may blow."
5. *Memorize the poem.*

Another good poem which expresses this same feeling is Bryant's "The Gladness of Nature" (see page 374).

**trills** (trĭlls) : warbles.

**blow** (blōw) : blossom.

**ceaselessly** (çēase'lēss lĭ) : all the time.

**sear** (sēar) : dry, withered.

## PART V. HEROES OF LATER TIMES

### THE PILGRIM FATHERS

FELICIA HEMANS

[Among the American heroes whom we like most to honor are the Pilgrims. You will remember reading in Book Four the story of how they crossed the ocean in the little *Mayflower* and landed in midwinter on the shores of New England, trying to find a home where they could worship God in the way they thought right. 5

Before reading this poem you will want to read the story again and have the picture clearly in mind. The scene is at Plymouth. The *Mayflower*, you will remember, sailed to the entrance of the bay, but the wind was contrary and the ship was obliged to wait outside until the next day. 10

Mrs. Hemans was an English poet, born in Liverpool in 1794. While she was still a child, her father, a wealthy Irish gentleman, failed in business, gave up his home, and took his family up among the mountains of North Wales. Mrs. Hemans's name was then Felicia Browne. *Felicia* means "happy," and she was just as happy as her name. She spent her childhood largely out of doors, and she had

a favorite seat up among the branches of an old apple tree, where she used to read Shakespeare. At nine she wrote good verse, at fourteen she had a book of poems published, and at eighteen a second book, which was read all over  
■ England and America. She could read and talk in five or six languages, sang beautifully, played with much feeling upon both the harp and the piano, and had a wonderful memory. It is said that she once memorized in an hour and twenty minutes a poem of more than four hundred  
10 lines, which she had never before seen. Wordsworth and Sir Walter Scott were among her friends.

She married an army officer, Captain Hemans, and was the mother of five boys. When the children began to be old enough to go to school she bought a home near Liver-  
15 pool and took them there, so that they might have a better education than they could get in Wales. A few years later she moved to Dublin, in Ireland. She had to write far beyond her strength, in order to support the family and pay for the education of the children, for I am  
20 sorry to say Captain Hemans was not a very good husband or father and left his family to take care of themselves. At length, worn out by hard work, she died near Dublin when but little more than forty years old. She herself might well be named among those who have done heroic  
25 deeds, for her struggle to support and educate her boys in the face of such difficulties shows the finest kind of heroism. She sacrificed her life for her children.]

The breaking waves dashed high  
On a stern and rock-bound coast,  
And the woods against a stormy sky  
Their giant branches tossed ;

And the heavy night hung dark  
The hills and waters o'er,  
When a band of exiles moored their bark  
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,  
They, the true-hearted, came ;  
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,  
And the trumpet that sings of fame ;

Not as the flying come,  
In silence and in fear —  
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom  
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,  
And the stars heard, and the sea ;  
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang  
To the anthem of the free !

The ocean eagle soared  
From his nest by the white wave's foam,  
And the rocking pines of the forest roared —  
This was their welcome home !

There were men with hoary hair  
Amidst that pilgrim band ;  
Why had they come to wither there  
Away from their childhood's land ?

5        There was woman's fearless eye,  
          Lit by her deep love's truth ;  
There was manhood's brow, serenely high,  
          And the fiery heart of youth.

          What sought they thus afar ?  
10        Bright jewels of the mine ?  
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war ?  
          They sought a faith's pure shrine !

          Ay, call it holy ground,  
          The soil where first they trod !  
15        They have left unstained what there they found—  
          Freedom to worship God.

#### QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Tell or write what you can about the author of this poem.
2. Tell or write as briefly as possible the story of the Pilgrims (see Literary Readers, Book Four, page 256).
3. Describe in your own words the picture in the first two stanzas of the poem: (*a*) the waves, (*b*) the woods, (*c*) the night, (*d*) the ship.
4. What is meant by "breaking" waves? If you have ever seen waves breaking on the rocks or on the shore, describe how they looked.
5. Tell what made the woods toss their branches, and

why the night is called "heavy." 6. Who were the "band of exiles"? What is an exile? 7. Tell in your own words how a conqueror comes. 8. What is meant by the "flying," and how do the "flying" come? 9. How did the Pilgrims come? What is meant by the "depths of the desert's gloom"? 10. Who heard the Pilgrim's song? How were the Pilgrims welcomed?

11. What is "hoary hair," and what is meant by the old men "withering"? 12. Name the different kinds of people mentioned in the seventh and eighth stanzas as being in this Pilgrim band. 13. Tell in your own words what they sought in the new country; what they did *not* seek. 14. Why does the poet call Plymouth "holy ground"? 15. What have the Pilgrims done for us?

Other poems by Mrs. Hemans that you will like to read are "Casabianca," "The Voice of Spring," and "The Better Land."

Another well-known poem on the Landing of the Pilgrims is "The Pilgrim Fathers," by John Pierpont. One stanza of it is quoted in Book Four of the Literary Readers, page 274. The whole poem may be found in Lane and Hill's "American History in Literature," with an account of the struggles of the Pilgrims during that first winter and of their first Thanksgiving. See also Nina Moore Tiffany's "Pilgrims and Puritans."

**Felicia Hemans** (Fĕ l'y'shĭ à Hĕm'-  
ăns).

**exiles** (ĕx'ĭlĕs): those who are forced  
to leave their country.

**bark** (bărk): a kind of ship.

**desert's gloom**: the deep shadow of  
the woods.

**sounding**: here means echoing.

**aisles** (aĭslĕs): passages between  
rows of columns; here it means  
between the trees.

**anthem** (ăn'thĕm): a hymn.

**hoary** (hōar'y): white or grayish.

**serenely** (sĕ rĕnĕ'ly): calmly.

**faith** (fāĭth): here means religion.

**shrine** (shrĭnĕ): a holy place.

GEORGE WASHINGTON <sup>1</sup>

JOHN ESTEN COOKE

[This story of Washington's early life is taken from Cooke's "Stories of the Old Dominion." Mr. Cooke was a Virginian, born at Winchester in 1830. He studied law, but soon began to write stories, and before he was  
5 twenty-five had published several books. He served as an officer with the Southern army during the Civil War, and from that time until his death, in 1886, he devoted himself to literary work. He is known chiefly through his novels and biographies, most of which have to do with war. He  
10 also wrote an excellent history of Virginia.]

## I. THE YOUNG SURVEYOR

George Washington was the son of a farmer who lived in Westmoreland County, Virginia, and who had large landed possessions on the banks of the Potomac. George was born on the twenty-second of February, 1732. While  
15 he was still a child his father moved to Stafford County, on the Rappahannock River, and George was sent to what was called a "field-school" — a sort of log house, generally with only one room, where children were taught to read and write and cipher.

<sup>1</sup> From "Stories of the Old Dominion" by John Esten Cooke. By permission of the American Book Company, publishers.

When his father died, George was left to the care of his mother. But he could not have had a better person to look after him. She determined to make her boy a good man, and taught him to love God and to kneel beside her and say his prayers night and morning. She also taught 5 him always to tell the truth and do his duty in everything.

He was very fond of riding and hunting and of games that require skill and bodily strength. These made him grow tall and strong. It is said that he once threw a stone across the Rappahannock River, at the city of Fredericks- 10 burg; and there are few men who could do as much. He kept a book in which he wrote down wise maxims; he also taught himself how to keep accounts and to survey land, which, as you will see, soon became of the greatest use to him.

15

When George was fourteen years of age he was a tall, robust boy, and longed to lead the life of a soldier or sailor. He thought that he should like being a sailor the better of the two; and as his brother Lawrence was rich and influential, there was not much trouble in having 20 George appointed a midshipman in the English navy. But his poor mother grieved at the thought that she was going to be separated from her boy and might never see him again. He had persuaded her to let him go, and she had consented, but when George came, in his fine new 24 uniform, to say good-by, she covered her face with her hands and cried; and at this the boy gave way. He could

not bear to distress his mother, and at once gave up the idea of leaving her.

He often went to see his brother Lawrence at his brother's house, called Mount Vernon, on the Potomac  
5 River, and he was a great favorite with everybody there. Lawrence had married a daughter of Mr. William Fairfax, a rich Englishman who lived not far from Mount Vernon; and here the boy met Lord Thomas Fairfax, an English cousin of William Fairfax.

10 Lord Fairfax wished very much to have his lands in the valley of Virginia surveyed, and he proposed that young George Washington should undertake the work. The boy at once consented. Nothing could have pleased him better. He loved the open air and horseback riding;  
15 he would have an opportunity to explore a picturesque and beautiful country, full of Indians and wild animals; and he at once began making preparations for his expedition.

It was a fine day in early spring of the year 1748 when George with a companion, George William Fairfax, a son  
20 of William Fairfax, set out in high spirits. They crossed the Blue Ridge at Ashby's Gap and forded the bright waters of the river Shenandoah. They then turned a little to the left and made their way toward Greenway Court, a sort of lodge built by Lord Fairfax in the woods. On it  
25 were two bells, which were meant, it is said, to give alarm to all the settlers in the neighborhood when the Indians were coming.

George and his friend, after a short rest, began to survey the lands along the banks of the Shenandoah River. The spring was just opening and the leaves were beginning to bud in the woods. The sun was shining brightly, the birds were chirping, and on every side as far as the eye could reach were long blue ranges of mountains, like high walls placed there to guard the beautiful valley of the Shenandoah.

The boys worked faithfully all day, and at night stopped at the rude house of some settler in the woods; or, if no house was seen, they built a fire, wrapped themselves in their cloaks, and slept in the open air. They went on in this manner until they reached the Potomac River. They then rode up the stream and over the mountains until they reached what is now called Berkeley Springs, or Bath, where they camped out as usual under the stars.

One day they were surprised by the sudden appearance of a band of Indians, about thirty in number, with half-naked bodies covered with paint, which signified that they had been at war with their enemies. One of them had a scalp hanging at his belt. One stretched a deerskin over an iron pot and drummed upon it, while another rattled some shot in a gourd with a horse's tail tied to it. While this was going on, one of the savages leaped up and began to dance, turning and tumbling about in the most ridiculous manner, while the rest yelled and whooped around a large fire which they had built.

Several weeks were spent by the young surveyors in this wild country. They cooked their meat by holding it to the fire on forked sticks; chips served for dishes. Sometimes it rained heavily, and they were drenched. At one time some straw on which they were sleeping caught fire, and they woke just in time to save themselves from being burned.

In the month of April the two young men recrossed the mountains and returned home. Lord Fairfax was highly pleased with what they had done, and George was well paid for his work.

## II. IN THE WILDERNESS

The English, you know, had settled at Jamestown in 1607, but the French had possession of Canada long before, and it was now a question to whom the western country belonged. This country was full of English and French hunters who traded with the Indians, and it became a great point with both sides to secure the friendship of the savages, whose aid they wished in case fighting should break out.

Governor Dinwiddie of Virginia and the governor of Canada were watching each other; and at last Dinwiddie resolved to send the French a message. This message was to the effect that the western country belonged to England, and that as the French had no right to it, they were not to build their forts on it. The person to be sent

was also to make friends of the Indians; and for this important expedition Governor Dinwiddie selected young George Washington.

Washington was then twenty-one years old. He set out on the very day he received his commission from the 5 governor at Williamsburg. At Winchester his party was waiting. It consisted of three white hunters, two friendly Indians, and a Mr. Gist, who was an experienced woodsman. As the weather was very cold, small tents were packed on horses, which were intrusted to the white 10 men; and thus equipped the party set forward and at last reached the Monongahela.

The point Washington aimed for was an Indian village called Logstown, a little below where the city of Pittsburgh at present stands. Here he had a long talk with the 15 "Half King" of the Indians, whose name was Tanacharisson. The object of this talk was to persuade him to promise to have nothing to do with the French; but Tanacharisson, although he was friendly to the English, was afraid. He was full of polite speeches, after the Indian 20 fashion, but the French commander, he said, was at a fort near Lake Erie, and if Washington wished he would go there with him.

Washington accepted his offer and set out with Tanacharisson and other Indians. After a long and freezing 25 ride he reached the fort and was courteously received. The commander was the Chevalier de St. Pierre, an old

French officer with a silvery head and a fine uniform, who made the young Virginian a low bow and invited him into the fort. Washington then handed him a letter which he had brought from Governor Dinwiddie. This the chevalier  
5 received with another polite bow and then retired to read it.

Two days passed, and on one pretense or another the old chevalier delayed giving an answer to the letter. Washington soon saw what this meant. The chevalier was extremely polite but he was quite as cunning, and during  
10 all this time was endeavoring secretly to persuade Tanacharisson to remain friendly to the French. Washington found this out and was very angry, but the smiling old Frenchman informed him that he was mistaken in supposing any such thing and at last gave him a reply to  
15 Governor Dinwiddie's letter. The Chevalier de St. Pierre informed his Excellency Governor Dinwiddie that he would send his letter to the Marquis Duquesne, in Canada; but as to giving up the country, he could not and would not do so; he was ordered to hold it, and he meant to obey  
20 his orders.

As this was all Washington could obtain, he now prepared to set out on his return. The old Chevalier de St. Pierre was both polite and cunning to the last. He furnished Washington with plenty of canoes to carry his  
25 baggage, and a quantity of provisions, but secretly tried to persuade Tanacharisson not to return with him. In this he failed. Tanacharisson went back with Washington in

the canoes, which were rowed down French Creek. The horses followed by land.

The boating expedition down French Creek was a difficult affair. The creek was full of floating ice, and several times the canoes were nearly staved to pieces. Now and 5 then the men were obliged to jump into the water and drag them over shallows; and once they found that a bend in the river was so full of broken ice that they were compelled to take the canoes on their backs and carry them a quarter of a mile before they could find open water again. 10 At last they parted with Tanacharisson and the rest of the Indians, and Washington determined to push on to Virginia on foot. ✓

He was induced to do this by the terrible condition of the roads. They were now almost impassable. The water 15 and snow in them had frozen, and at every step the horses broke through, stumbled, and more than once fell beneath their riders. It was plain therefore to Washington that he would never reach Virginia if he depended upon the horses to carry him there; so he and his friend Gist strapped 20 knapsacks on their backs to carry their provisions and papers, took their rifles, buttoned up their overcoats, and pushed into the woods, leaving the rest of the men, with the horses, to come on at their leisure.

The obstacles before them were disheartening. It was 25 the depth of winter, they were in the heart of the wilderness, covered with snow, and they could only guess at their

way. What was worse than all, they were surrounded by hostile Indians, the friends of the French. Perhaps in all Washington's long life he was exposed to no peril greater than on this occasion. It seemed very doubtful indeed  
5 whether he and Gist would ever return alive to Virginia.

But they pushed forward fearlessly, and Providence watched over them. When they were hungry, they ate some of the provisions carried in their knapsacks. At night they slept by a fire in the woods. All day long the steady  
10 tramp continued, and at last they reached a place bearing the gloomy name of Murdering Town, where they came upon a band of Indians. Gist, as soon as he saw these Indians, began to suspect them. He advised Washington not to stop, but to push on. One of the Indians offered  
15 himself as a guide, and his offer was accepted.

It soon became evident that Gist was right in his suspicions. The first thing the Indian guide did was to offer to carry Washington's gun. Washington was far too wise to consent to this, and his refusal made the Indian sulky.  
20 Night was coming, and they looked about for a place to build a camp-fire; but the Indian advised them against this. There were some Ottawa Indians in the woods, he said, who would certainly come upon them and murder them; but his own cabin was near, and if they would go  
25 with him, they would be safe.

They refused the Indian's offer and went on looking for water, near which they meant to encamp. The Indian

guide was walking ten or twenty yards in front of them, when just as they came to an open space, where the glare of the snow lit up the darkness, the Indian turned, leveled his gun at Washington, and fired. The bullet missed its mark, and the Indian darted behind a tree, but Washington 5 rushed upon him and seized him before he could escape.

Gist came up at once and was eager to put the guide to death, but Washington would not consent. He took the Indian's gun away, and soon afterwards they reached a small stream where they made the guide build them a fire. 10 Gist was now very uneasy. He knew the Indians much better than Washington did, and he said that if Washington would not put the guide to death, they must get away from him. This was agreed to, and the Indian was told he could go to his cabin, if he chose, for the night. 15

The guide was glad to get away and was soon out of sight. Gist followed him cautiously, listening to his footsteps as they broke the dry twigs in the woods. As soon as he was sure that the Indian was gone, he came back to Washington, and they again set forward. 20

When they had gone about half a mile they kindled another fire but did not lie down to sleep. The fire was only to deceive the Indians. They traveled all that night and the next day without stopping. They knew that their lives depended on getting away quickly from that 25 dangerous country. At last they reached the banks of the Allegheny, a little above the present city of Pittsburgh.

They had expected to cross to the eastern bank of the Allegheny on the ice, but this they now found was impossible. Instead of presenting a level floor of ice from bank to bank, the river was only frozen about fifty yards from each shore. The channel in the middle was open and full of drifting ice, which came down in large masses.

There seemed no hope of crossing except by means of a raft. This they resolved to attempt, and as soon as daylight came they began the work. Trees were cut down and tied together with grape-vines; the raft was dragged to the edge of the ice; and the two men, getting upon it, pushed it out into the water by means of long poles which they had cut for the purpose.

Their situation soon became dangerous. The current was strong, and in spite of all they could do to force the raft across, the ice swept it down the stream. Washington was trying to steady the raft with his long pole, when the ice crashed against it, and he was thrown into the water. It was freezing cold, and he no doubt had on his heavy overcoat, which clogged his movements and threatened to sink him with its weight.

Fortunately he succeeded in getting back upon the raft, but the two travelers were swept onward, and for a time gave up all attempts to land. At last they saw a chance for safety. The ice drove them near a small island, where they managed to leap ashore, while the raft was carried on and disappeared.

Their situation now seemed worse than ever. There was no fuel upon the island. The shore was still at some distance, and they had no means of reaching it. The cold was so intense that Gist's hands and feet were frozen. It was a miserable night. They lay down in their overcoats and 5 shivered through the dark hours until at last day came.

Providence had befriended them. The floating blocks of ice had frozen together during the night, and there was a solid pathway to the shore. They crossed now without trouble, though Gist's frozen feet must have given him 10 intense pain in walking; then they set forward again with brave hearts toward the south. Soon their troubles were over. They reached without further accident the house of a trader on the Monongahela River, who received them cordially and supplied all their wants. 15

Washington then bought a horse, and sixteen days afterwards was in Williamsburg, informing Governor Dinwiddie of the result of his expedition.

[This journey into the wilderness won high praise for Washington in Virginia. He was sent on several other 20 expeditions into the Western country during the French and Indian War, which followed.

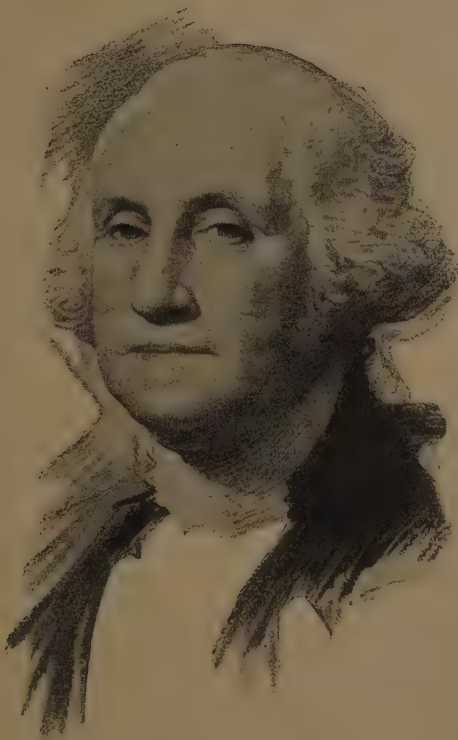
You will remember that at this time Virginia, as well as all the other colonies from New Hampshire to Georgia, belonged to England. When the French became more 25 troublesome in the West, the English king sent over an

army to drive them back, and with the help of the colonists they *did* drive them back at last, so that after some eight years' fighting the French gave up all their possessions in America, and the Colonies were extended as far west as ■ the Mississippi River. This was the French and Indian War. Most of the Indian tribes fought on the side of the French, and they too were conquered.

Then came the Revolutionary War, when the Colonies declared that they were no longer colonies of England, but  
15 were from that time forth the United States of America. Washington was the commander in chief of the American army, and to him more than to any other one man we owe our country's freedom. When the war was over he was made the first president of the new nation, and  
15 proved to be even greater as a president than as a soldier. After he had served two terms as president he retired to the home at Mount Vernon which his brother Lawrence had left to him, and spent the rest of his life quietly looking after his farm. We honor him as the greatest of Americans  
20 and speak of him as the "Father of his Country."]

### QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Tell what you can about the author of this story. 2. Tell about the boyhood of Washington to the time when he made his first surveying trip, telling (a) when and where he was born, (b) what you know of his mother, (c) what sacrifice he made for her, (d) any other stories that you may have heard or read about him



George Washington

as a boy. 3. Imagine that you are young Fairfax and write a letter home, telling about the surveying trip and what you thought of Washington. 4. Why was Washington sent into the West a second time, and who sent him? 5. Imagine you are Mr. Gist and write a letter telling about some of the things that interested you most in the journey into the wilderness with Washington. 6. What things on this journey showed Washington's bravery? What showed his good judgment? What showed his kind heart?

7. Draw a map and locate upon it the following: Washington's birthplace; his early home; the home of his brother Lawrence, which afterward became his own home; the home of William Fairfax; some of the land which he surveyed for Lord Fairfax; the route which he took on his first journey to the French forts.

8. Tell what you can about the French and Indian War and Washington's part in it. 9. Tell something of the Revolutionary War and of Washington's part in it. 10. Tell what you know about the winter at Valley Forge (see Literary Readers, Book Four, page 283). 11. What did Washington do after the Revolutionary War? 12. What do you like most in his character?

In Cooke's "Stories of the Old Dominion" you will find more about Washington. You will also find good stories about him, easy to read, in Montgomery's "Beginner's American History," Guerber's "Story of the Thirteen Colonies," Hamilton W. Mabie's "Heroes Every Child Should Know," and Elbridge S. Brooks's "The True Story of George Washington." Easy poems about Washington are Margaret E. Sangster's "Washington's Birthday," Hezekiah Butterworth's "Crown our Washington," and Mary Wingate's "Washington." (These poems, as well as a number of exercises for Washington's birthday, are in R. H. Schauffler's book, "Washington's Birthday.")

**Cooke** (Cōōke):

**Old Dominion** (Dỗ mĩn'yón): a name given to Virginia. The English called it a "colony and dominion."

**landed possessions**: land owned.

**Rappahannock** (Ráp pà hăn'nōck): a river emptying into Chesapeake Bay.

**cipher** (cĩ'fēr): to figure, or work problems in arithmetic.

**maxims** (măx'ĩms): proverbs or wise sayings.

**surveying** (sũr vey'ĩng): measuring land and marking its boundaries.

**robust** (rỗ bũst'): strong, vigorous.

**influential** (ĩn flũ ẽn'shũl): having influence, weight, or authority.

**midshipman** (mĩd'shĩp măn): a young naval officer being trained on shipboard for a more important position.

**picturesque** (pĩc tũr ẽsk'): like a picture; that is, beautiful in some striking way.

**Shenandoah** (Shẽn ẫn dõ'ah): a river in Virginia emptying into the Potomac.

**Berkeley Springs** (Bẽrke'leỹ): a town in the eastern part of West Virginia.

**signified** (sĩg'nĩ fiẽd): meant.

**Dinwiddie** (Dĩn wĩd'dĩe): a colonial governor of Virginia.

**Gist** (Gĩst).

**Monongahela** (Mỗ nồn'gà hẽ'là): a river emptying into the Ohio at Pittsburgh.

**Tanacharisson** (Tẫn à chà rĩs'són): an Indian chief.

**courteously** (cũr'tẽ ous'ly): politely.

**Chevalier de St. Pierre** (Shẽv à liẽr' dẽ Sẫn Pyâr').

**pretense** (prẽ tẽnsẽ'): that which is pretended or false.

**Duquesne** (Dũ kẫnẽ'): a French commander.

**disheartening** (dĩs hẽart'ẽn'ĩng): discouraging.

**Providence** (Prỗv'ĩ dẽnçẽ): God's care; here used as God himself.

**leveled** (lẽv'ẽled): took aim.

**Allegheny** (Ãl lẽ ghẽ'nỹ): a river emptying into the Ohio at Pittsburgh.

### *(For memorizing)*

To the memory of the Man, first in war, first in peace,  
and first in the hearts of his countrymen.

HENRY LEE. Funeral Oration on Washington  
December 26, 1799

MADAME ROLAND, A HEROINE OF THE  
FRENCH REVOLUTION

ELVIRA DANIEL CABELL

[We have seen how Washington and other American patriots worked and fought to make our country free and to give the people a good government. We shall now have a story about a great woman of France who gave her life ■ that *her* country might also have freedom.

Miss Cabell, who tells the story, is a teacher of literature. She was born in Virginia, and is a granddaughter of the famous engineer, Charles Ellet, who built the first suspension bridge across the Niagara River. Her home is in Chicago.]

## I. MANON

10 The heroine of this story is a woman who lived in France more than a hundred years ago. Most people know of her only as Madame Roland, but in her girlhood she was Marie-Jeanne Phlipon. Her parents and friends called her Manon. She was born in Paris, the great capital city  
15 of France, in 1754, and lived many years in a house on the banks of the river Seine, just opposite a great bridge called the Pont Neuf.

Little Manon was the only child in the house. She was a pretty little girl, with dark hair and large, dark eyes.  
20 Nobody knew how she learned to read; she had taught

herself before she was four years old. Her parents were very proud of her. When she was seven, she began to go to school; that is, teachers came to her house to give her lessons in writing, geography, history, music, and dancing; and her father, who was an artist, taught her drawing. 5 Very early in the morning, before any one else in the house was awake, Manon would get up, slip on her little dressing gown, and taking her place at a small table in her mother's room would study her lessons for the day.

All this sounds rather strange, but though she loved 10 to study and read, and though she talked very much as grown people do, she was really a very happy and sometimes a mischievous child. She had a tiny room of her own, just big enough to hold her bed, a table, and a chair. When she was through her lessons she would seize a book 15 from her father's shelves, fly to her little room, climb over the foot of the bed, and read and read until called by her mother to help make bread or to skim the soup. Some stories of which she was fond were of the great heroes in the Bible and in the "Lives of the Saints"; also the story 20 of Odysseus. But her favorite book was Plutarch's "Lives of Famous Men," which she read and reread many times.

When Manon was eleven years old she went for a year into a convent, where she made two dear friends, Sophie and Henriette Cannel. In the lovely old convent garden 25 she and Sophie walked and talked and read together. There is a picture of Manon about this time which shows

how pretty she was and how oddly girls of that time dressed. When she went out to church, or to her grandmother's, or to an art gallery with her father, she wore a silk dress, very tight over her body and very full at the bottom, reaching to the ground in front, with a train behind. Her hair was tightly curled in ringlets over her head.

For a good many years after this, Manon lived quietly at home. She wrote many letters to Sophie, telling all her thoughts and all the interesting things that happened to her. She took care of her mother, whose health was failing and who died when Manon was twenty-two years old.

She began to learn something about the wretchedness of the poor in the great city where she lived, and the wicked injustice of the government. Once she saw a crowd running to see two men who had committed murder and who were to be tortured and executed in the public street. The sight sickened her and made her resolve more than ever to try to make the world better. "I love all that breathes," she said; "I hate nothing but evil, and still I pity the guilty." All the time, too, she was reading and studying more and more, trying to understand how she should best get ready to help. And since she said she had noticed that people learn nothing when they *only* read, she wrote down in a notebook whatever seemed to her interesting or helpful in her reading, sometimes copying many pages. Some of her notebooks, written in large, beautiful handwriting, may be seen in Paris to-day.

The people of France at this time did not know what freedom meant. The king and the nobles took from the common people their money, their harvests, their labor. Often the taxes were so heavy that the farmers destroyed their own harvests rather than pay the unreasonable 5 amounts demanded by the government. The roads were so bad and the management of business was so poor that often there would be plenty of food in one part of the country and a famine in another part, and yet no one to take the food from the place where there was more than 10 enough to the place where people were dying of hunger. More than that, with the few pennies that they had saved to keep them from starving they had to buy provisions which they did not need or could not use. Imagine what you would feel if your government made you buy seven 15 pounds of salt every year, whether you had bread to eat or not!

After Manon was married to Monsieur Roland, she lived for a time in the country, among the hills of southern France. Here she led a very busy life. Every morning she 20 would be up at six o'clock, going on horseback or on foot to the little village church and visiting the sick and needy among her neighbors. After breakfast she gave herself to the management of the large household, drying pears, gathering grapes, cultivating flowers and vegetables, enter- 25 taining visitors. She found time, too, to make a collection of all kinds of plants to be found in the neighborhood.

## II. THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

The poor people who lived in this part of France were so crushed by the dreadful taxes that finally they called upon Monsieur Roland to go to Paris and try to get them relief. So Monsieur and Madame Roland and their little  
5 girl left their pleasant home and went up to the big city. They found a great revolution raging. A terrible mob, furious against the rich and powerful rulers who had so long oppressed them, had torn down the great fortress of the Bastille, murdered all the prisoners of rank, and re-  
10 leased the others. Bad men were at their head, who hated not only the king and his courtiers but all the good citizens who were trying to get a better government. The guillotine was set up in a public square, and many innocent people were executed every day. Finally the king's  
15 head was cut off. All order and law were swept away. Sunday was done away with. New names were given to the days of the week and the months of the year. No one was permitted to have any title but "citizen" or "citizeness," and no one's life was safe, no matter how hard  
20 he had tried to help the cause of the people.

At first Madame Roland and her husband had believed that the revolution was right. They remembered how France had helped the American colonies to get their independence, and they were anxious that their country  
25 should become a republic like the new United States.

But now they worked night and day to bring back order and decency, and risked their lives many times to protect the innocent and to punish the guilty. Of course this made them many enemies. Once Madame Roland was accused of having told the secrets of the government to 5 England. She went to the Assembly and made a great speech which caused even her enemies to applaud her. Night after night armed men were seen lingering near the house where she and her husband lived. At last, friends urged her to leave the house in disguise. She consented 10 at first, but suddenly, after she was fully dressed as a peasant woman, she threw down the cap she was about to put on and cried out: "No, I am ashamed. If I am to be killed by my countrymen let it be here in my home. By my courage I will give courage to others." And she 15 would not go.

A few evenings later, on her return from the Assembly, where she had vainly tried to gain entrance and to speak in defense of her husband, who had been falsely accused of dishonesty, a man leaped up from beside the door of 20 the house and spoke to her.

"Madame, they are coming to arrest you."

"Very well," said Madame Roland.

She entered the house and found that her husband had escaped to a place of safety; then, worn out with her 25 terrible day, she lay down and went to sleep. She was awakened by loud knocking. The servants, who dearly

loved her, begged her to hide, but she ordered them to open the door. A crowd of men pushed into the house. She was arrested ; yet when she asked why, they could not tell her.

As she was led away, she bade the weeping servants  
5 take care of her little daughter, sound asleep in her crib through all the confusion. It is pleasant to know that this poor little girl was taken the next day by a friend to some good people with children of their own, who took care of her until she grew up and was married.

10 The prison to which Madame Roland was taken was called L'Abbaye. Here she was given a small and dirty room, but was allowed to buy paper, pens, and ink, and to send for some of her books. Among the books she selected was her old copy of Plutarch's "Lives," which she had first  
15 read when she was seven years old. The prison fare was very poor, but though she had money and could have bought whatever she wanted, she remembered that the poor in Paris were suffering from hunger ; therefore, she took nothing but bread and water for breakfast and not  
20 much more for dinner and supper, and sent the money she could have spent for food to be distributed among the needy. She took great pains to lead as regular and as cheerful a life as possible. Every day she dressed herself carefully and cleaned her own room. She wrote regularly,  
25 too, on the history of what she had seen in the Revolution.

One day about three weeks after she had been imprisoned, she was ordered to appear before two brutal-looking

men, who told her roughly that she had been set at liberty and could go home. Imagine her joy ! As soon as she was permitted and had said good-by to the prison matron, who had been very kind to her, she jumped into a carriage and ordered the driver to take her home. When she got there, she tells us, she "flew like a bird up the stairs," but she had not reached the top when she heard men's voices calling, "Citizeness Roland ! Citizeness Roland !"

She saw then that she had been followed by two officers.

"What do you want ?" she asked.

10

"You are under arrest," was the reply.

The permission to leave the prison had been only a cruel trick. Most people's courage would have failed them at this terrible moment, but Madame Roland kept her presence of mind. She asked the men to let her send a letter to the officials of her precinct. A young man in the house offered to deliver the letter for her, and did so. For this act, and this alone, he was arrested and put to death.

The letter did no good. Madame Roland was escorted back to prison — not to L'Abbaye, however, but to a horrible prison crowded with the lowest criminals. Their loud, shameful talk and laughter reached her through the grating of her cell. The hot summer sun struck upon the walls, once white, with a blinding glare ; the air was full of foul odors ; the floors and furnishings were filthy. The first night, she tells us in the story of her life, she could not sleep ; but she felt ashamed of this, believing that

good men and women should be able to govern themselves, no matter what may happen to them. So in a day or two she was her usual cheerful self again and had made herself a program for every hour in the day. In the  
5 morning, after doing what she could to make her room neat, she studied, then read a book of poetry that took her in imagination out into the woods and fields where she had always loved to wander. In the afternoon she taught herself again to draw, and as she had almost forgotten  
10 the lessons which her father had given her, this was hard work and kept her busy until dinner.

After a time she heard, though it was not true, that all of her carefully written history had been destroyed. This was a great grief to her, but instead of giving up she began  
15 at once to write the story of her own life from the time when she was a little girl. She made friends, too, with the people who guarded her, and for a while was allowed a larger room, where she could have a piano and flowers and where she need not see the worst sights or hear the  
20 most hateful noises of the prison. In a few days, however, this privilege was taken away from her.

By this time nearly all the friends whom she had loved and with whom she had worked to give her country a free government were either dead or in prison. Twenty-  
25 two of these, the most patriotic and unselfish men in France, were condemned in a single day. It began to look as if wickedness and injustice had come to stay forever

in Paris. Madame Roland knew that she would probably never see her husband and little girl again. Yet she thought she could still do something for her country by enduring bravely all her misfortunes and by helping others to have courage.

5

One day her old friend Henriette Cannet succeeded in getting into the prison to see her. She came to ask Madame Roland to change clothes with her and escape. "But, my poor Henriette, they would kill you," said Madame Roland, and though her friend urged that the life of Madame Roland was much more valuable to France than was the life of Henriette Cannet, she would not consent.

Finally, on the eighth of November, 1793, more than five months after she had first been imprisoned, she received word that she must appear for trial on the next day. That evening a young lawyer came to see her and insisted upon defending her before the judges. Madame Roland listened to all his arguments and talked with him a long time. But when he rose to go, she drew a ring from her finger and put it into his hand, saying simply, "Adieu, monsieur."

"But, madame," said the young man, astonished, "we shall meet again to-morrow."

"No, my friend," said Madame Roland, "to-morrow is my last day on earth. It would be useless for you to risk your life in trying to save mine. Do not come to the trial; if you do, I shall not recognize you."

After he had gone away, this brave woman sat down and wrote her own defense, showing her judges how unjust was the treatment she had received, because she had given all to her country.

5 The next morning, when the prison attendants called those who were to be tried, Madame Roland came from her cell dressed in white muslin. Her long dark hair fell to her waist, as she had worn it in childhood. She had never been more beautiful. All those who knew her in  
10 prison loved her, and crowded around her, weeping yet trying to speak words of hope for her return. She cheerfully said good-by to them and went out.

At the place of trial she was not permitted to speak a word or even to have her defense read. In silence she heard  
15 her accusers declare that she had betrayed her country and plotted to destroy "the liberty and safety of the French people." She was condemned to death at the guillotine.

A few minutes later the cart in which prisoners were carried to the place of execution was passing over the  
20 Pont Neuf by the windows of the house where little Manon Phlipon had once lived with her mother and father. Some one who knew her saw her standing in the cart, quietly talking to a man who had lost his courage. So pleasantly and naturally she spoke that at last she brought a smile  
25 to his face, and he forgot his fear.

At the scaffold it happened to be her privilege to go first, but remembering her companion, she thought that if

he should have to stand and see her die, his courage might desert him. She asked the executioner, therefore, to let him go before her. At first he refused roughly, but when she said to him with a charming smile, "What! refuse a lady her last request?" the grim fellow looked ashamed 5 and let her have her way.

When her turn came she asked to be allowed to speak the thoughts that were crowding into her mind. But they said no. Then, looking about her for the last time, her eyes rested upon the great statue of Liberty in the public 10 square, and she cried out, "O Liberty, how many crimes have been committed in thy name!" and laid her head down calmly on the block where the knife was to descend.

The story of this heroic woman should not give us sadness. Though she met a cruel death, and though her 15 countrymen, whom she loved, seemed to hate and forsake her, her courage and patriotism have not been forgotten. To-day there are few people in France or in the world who do not know and honor the name of Madame Roland.

### QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Tell of Madame Roland's childhood. What were her favorite books? 2. Tell about the troubles of the common people of France. 3. Tell of Madame Roland's life in the country. Why did she and Monsieur Roland go to Paris?

4. Tell what the French Revolution was. 5. Tell of some of the things that happened to Madame Roland in Paris before she

was imprisoned. 6. Describe her prison life. Why did she not buy better food? Why did she do certain tasks each day? What did she write in prison? 7. Tell of Henriette Cannel's visit.

8. Tell the story of the young lawyer. 9. What is the meaning of "adieu"? Find in the dictionary the exact meaning of "good-by." What does "farewell" mean? 10. Tell what you can of Madame Roland's death. Why was she so calm? What did she mean by saying, "O Liberty, how many crimes have been committed in thy name!"?

You may now like to read Plutarch's "Lives." White's "Boys' and Girls' Plutarch" gives a part of it in easy form.

**Madame** (Mà dāme): French for Mrs.  
**heroine** (hě'rō īne): a woman hero.

**Marie-Jeanne Phlipon** (Mà riē Zhān  
Fli pôn).

**Manon** (Mā nōn).

**Seine** (Sāne): a river in France.

**Pont Neuf** (Pōn Neūf).

**Odysseus** (Ō dŷ'seūs): a Greek hero,  
also known as Ulysses.

**Plutarch** (Plu'tārch): a Greek writer.

**convent** (cōn'vent): a house occu-  
pied by nuns, often with a school.

**Cannel** (Cān nāy).

**committed** (cōm mīt'tēd): done.

**executed** (ēx'ē cūt'ēd): put to death,  
having been condemned by law.

**Monsieur** (Mě sŷ'ŭ): French for Mr.

**Bastille** (Bās tīlle).

**of rank**: belonging to the nobility.

**guillotine** (guil'lō tīne): a machine  
for beheading persons by means  
of a heavy knife sliding in grooves  
and dropped from above.

**decency** (dē'cēn cŷ): the state of be-  
ing decent or respectable.

**Assembly** (Ās sēm'blŷ): the French  
congress, or body of people who  
make the laws.

**applaud** (ăp plaud'): to clap the  
hands or cheer.

**L'Abbaye** (Lăb bāye).

**brutal** (bru'tāl): savage, cruel.

**matron** (mā'trōn): a woman who  
looks after the affairs of a house.

**precinct** (prē'cīnct): a division of a  
city or town.

**privilege** (prīv'īl ēge): the permis-  
sion or right to do a thing.

**adieu** (ā dŷ'ŭ): a French word mean-  
ing good-by. Its exact meaning  
is "I commend you to God."

**scaffold** (scăf'fōld): a high platform.

**executioner** (ēx'ē cū'shōn ěr): an offi-  
cer who puts to death those who  
have been condemned by law.

**crimes** (crīmes): great wrongs.

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN

RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND

[None of our presidents, excepting Washington, has been so greatly loved or so highly honored as Lincoln. The two men were very different. Washington was rich and had strong friends; Lincoln was poor and had to depend entirely upon himself; but both were strong, self-reliant, 5 always ready to overcome danger and trouble, and determined to succeed in everything they undertook.

Abraham Lincoln was born on the twelfth of February, 1809, in a tumble-down log cabin in the country, about fifty miles south of Louisville, Kentucky. His father was 10 an easy-going sort of person who could neither read nor write, and who never seemed able to take care of his family. His mother was a fine woman, and all that Abraham Lincoln afterwards became, he used to say he owed to her teaching. But the rough life which she had to lead was 15 too hard for her, and she died when "Abe" was only nine years old. The family had then moved from Kentucky to Indiana and were living in a shanty in the woods.

After the mother's death they were for a time desolate indeed, but the father at length married again, and the 20 second Mrs. Lincoln, who was a strong and able woman, put the home in order once more and took good care of the children. It was at about this time that our story begins.

Mr. Holland, the writer of the story, is himself a native of Kentucky and was born in Louisville in 1878. He graduated from Harvard University, studied law, and is now an attorney in Philadelphia, as well as a lecturer and the author of a number of books. The story of Lincoln is taken from "Historic Boyhoods," a book which tells of the early life of many great men. Among Mr. Holland's other books perhaps the best known are "Historic Girlhoods," "Historic Adventures," and "Knights of the Golden Spur." ]

#### I. LINCOLN'S FIRST READING

10 Squire Josiah Crawford was seated on the porch of his house in Gentryville, Indiana, one spring afternoon when a small boy called to see him. The Squire was a testy old man, not very fond of boys, and he glanced up over his book, impatient and annoyed at the interruption.

15 "What do you want here?" he demanded.

The boy had pulled off his raccoon-skin cap and stood holding it in his hand while he eyed the old man.

"They say down at the store, sir," said the boy, "that you have a 'Life of George Washington.' I'd like mighty well to read it."

20 The Squire peered closer at his visitor, surprised out of his annoyance at the words. He looked the boy over, carefully examining his long, lank figure, his tangled mass of black hair, his deep-set eyes, and large mouth. He was evidently from some poor country family. His clothes were

homemade, and the trousers were shrunk until they barely reached below his knees.

"What's your name, boy?" asked the Squire.

"Abe Lincoln, son of Tom Lincoln, down on Pigeon Creek."

5

The Squire said to himself, "It must be that Tom Lincoln who, folks say, is a ne'er-do-well and moves from place to place every year because he can't make his farm support him." Then he said aloud to the boy, "What do you want with my 'Life of Washington'?"

10

"I've been learning about him at school, and I'd like to know more."

The old man studied the boy in silence for some moments; something about the lad seemed to attract him. Finally he said, "Can I trust you to take good care of the book if I lend it to you?"

"As good care," said the boy, "as if it was made of gold, if you'd only please let me have it for a week."

His eyes were so eager that the old man could not withstand them. "Wait here a minute," he said and went into the house. When he returned he brought the coveted volume with him, and handed it to the boy. "There it is," said he; "I'm going to let you have it, but be sure it does n't come to harm down on Pigeon Creek."

The boy, with the precious volume tucked tightly under his arm, went down the single street of Gentryville with the joy of anticipation in his face. He could hardly wait

25

to open the book and plunge into it. He stopped for a moment at the village store to buy some calico his stepmother had ordered and then struck into the road through the woods that led to his home. ✓

5 The house which he found at the end of his trail was a very primitive one. The first home Tom Lincoln had built on the Creek when he moved there from Kentucky had been merely a "pole-shack" — four poles driven into the ground with forked ends at the top, other poles laid cross-  
10 wise in the forks, and a roof of poles built on this square. There had been no chimney, only an open place for a window and another for a door, and strips of bark and patches of clay to keep the rain out. The new house was a little better; it had an attic, and the first floor was  
15 divided into several rooms. It was very simple, however; only a big log cabin.

The boy came out of the woods, crossed the clearing about the house, and went in at the door. His stepmother was sitting at the window sewing. He held up the volume  
20 for her to see. "I've got it!" he cried. "It's the 'Life of Washington,' and now I'm going to learn all about him." He had barely time to put the book in the woman's hands before his father's voice was heard calling him out of doors. There was work to be done on the farm; the rest of that  
25 afternoon Abe was kept busily employed, and as soon as supper was finished his father set him to work mending harness.

v

At dawn the next day the boy was up and out in the fields, the "Life of Washington" in one pocket, the other pocket filled with corn dodgers. Unfortunately he could not read and run a straight furrow. When it was noon-time he sat under a tree, munching the cakes, and plunged 5 into the first chapter of the book. For half an hour he read and ate, then he had to go on with his work until sundown. When he got home he ate his supper standing up, so that he could read the book by the candle that stood on the shelf. After supper he lay in front of the fire, still read- 10 ing and forgetting everything about him.

Gradually the fire burned out, the family went to bed, and young Abe was obliged to go up to his room in the attic. He put the book on a ledge on the wall close to the head of his bed, so that nothing might happen to it. During 15 the night a violent storm arose, and the rain came through a chink in the log walls. When the boy woke he found that the book was a mass of wet paper, the type blurred, and the cover beyond repair. He was heartbroken at the discovery. He could imagine how angry the old Squire 20 would be when he saw the state of the book. Nevertheless he determined to go to Gentryville at the earliest opportunity and see what he could do to make amends.

The next Sunday morning found a small boy standing on the Squire's porch with the remains of the book in his 25 hand. When the Squire learned what had happened he spoke his mind freely. He said that Abe did not know

how to take care of valuable property, and promised never to lend him another book as long as he lived. The boy faced the music, and when the angry tirade was over, said that he should like to shuck corn for the Squire and in  
5 that way pay him the value of the ruined volume. Mr. Crawford accepted the offer and named a price far greater than any possible value of the book ; and Abe set to work, spending all his spare time in the next two weeks shucking the corn and working as chore boy. So he finally succeeded  
10 in paying for the ruined " Life of Washington."

This was only one of many adventures that befell Abraham Lincoln while he was trying to get an education. His mother had taught him to read and write, and ever since he had learned he had longed for books to read.

15 One day he said to his cousin Dennis Hanks, " Denny, the things I want to know are in books. My best friend is the man who will get me one."

Dennis was very fond of his younger cousin, and as soon as he could save up the money he went to town and  
20 bought a copy of " The Arabian Nights." He gave this to Abe, and the latter at once started to read it aloud by the wood fire in the evenings. His mother, his sister Sally, and Dennis were his audience. When he came to the story of Sindbad the Sailor, Abe laughed. Dennis, however, could not see  
25 the humor. " Why, Abe," said he, " that yarn 's just a lie."

" Perhaps so," answered the small boy, " but if it is, it's a mighty good lie."

As a matter of fact Abe had very few books. His earliest possessions consisted of less than half a dozen volumes — a pioneer's library. First of all was the Bible, a whole library in itself, containing every sort of literature. Second was "The Pilgrim's Progress," with its quaint characters 5 and vivid scenes told in simple English. "Æsop's Fables" was a third, and introduced the log-cabin boy to a wonderful range of characters — the gods of mythology, the different classes of mankind, and every animal under the sun; and fourth was a history of the United States, in 10 which there was the charm of truth, and from which Abe learned valuable lessons of patriotism.

He read these books over and over, till he knew them by heart. He would sit in the twilight and read a dictionary as long as he could see. He could not afford to waste 15 paper upon original compositions; so as he sat by the fire at night he would cover the wooden shovel with essays and arithmetical problems, which he would shave off and then begin again.

The few books he was able to get made the keen-witted 20 country boy anxious to find people who could answer his questions for him. In those days many men — clergymen, judges, and lawyers — rode on circuit, stopping over night at any farmhouse they might happen upon. When such a man would ride up to the Lincoln clearing he was usually 25 met by a small boy who would begin to fire questions at him before he could dismount from his horse.

## II. WHAT LINCOLN LEARNED IN THE WILDERNESS

In that day Indiana was still part of the wilderness. Primeval woods stood close to Pigeon Creek, and not far away were roving bands of Sacs and Sioux, and also wild animals — bears, wildcats, and lynxes. The settlers fought  
5 the Indians, and made use of the wild creatures for clothing and food. The children spent practically all their time out of doors, and young Abe Lincoln learned the habits of the wild creatures and explored the far recesses of the woods.

10 From his life in the woods the boy became very fond of animals. One day some of the boys were teasing a turtle. Abe rescued the turtle, and when he got a chance wrote a composition in school about cruel jokes on animals. It was a good paper, and the teacher had the boy read it  
15 before the class. All the boys liked Abe, and they took to heart what he had to say in the matter.

It was a rough sort of life that the children of the early settlers led, and the chances were all in favor of the Lincoln boy's growing up to be like his father, a kind-hearted, ignorant, ne'er-do-well type of man. His mother, however, who  
20 came of a good Virginia family, had done her best to give him some ambition. Once she had said to him, "Abe, learn all you can, and grow up to be of some account. You've got just as good Virginia blood in you as George  
25 Washington had." Abe did not forget that.

Soon after the family moved to Pigeon Creek his mother died, and a little later a stepmother took her place. This woman soon learned that the boy was not the ordinary type, and kept encouraging him to make something of himself. She was always ready to listen when he read, to help him with his lessons, to cheer him. When he got too old to wear his bearskin suit she told him that if he would earn enough money to get some muslin, she would make him some white shirts. Abe earned the money, and Mrs. Lincoln purchased the cloth and made the shirts. After that Abe cut quite a figure in Gentryville. He liked people and knew so many good stories that he was always popular with a crowd.

Small things showed the ability that was in the raw country lad. When he was only fourteen a copy of Henry Clay's speeches fell into his hands. He learned most of them by heart, and what he learned from them interested him in history. Then, a little later, when his stepmother was ill for some time, Abe went to church every Sunday and on his return repeated the sermon almost word for word to her. Again, he loved to argue and would take up some question he had asked of a stranger and go on with it when the latter returned to the Creek, perhaps months after the first visit. Mrs. Lincoln noted these things and made up her mind that her stepson would be a great lawyer some day, because, as she said, "When Abe got started arguing, the other fellow 'd pretty soon say he had enough."

Probably at this time Abe was more noted for his love of learning new things and for his great natural strength than for anything else. It took him a long time to learn, but when he had once acquired anything it stayed by him.

5 The books he had read he knew from cover to cover, and the words he had learned to spell at the school "spelling bees" he never forgot. Now and again he tried his hand at writing short compositions, usually on subjects he had read of in books. These little essays were always to the

10 point and showed that the boy knew what he was discussing. One or two of these papers got into the hands of a local newspaper and appeared in print, much to Abe's surprise and to his stepmother's delight.

Yet, after all, these qualities were not the ones which

15 won him greatest admiration in the rough country life. The boys and young men admired his great size and strength, for when he was only nineteen he had reached his full growth and stood six feet four inches tall, while countless stories were current about his feats of strength.

20 At one time, it was said, young Abe Lincoln was seen to pick up a chicken coop weighing six hundred pounds. At another time Abe happened to come upon some men who were building a contrivance for lifting some heavy posts from the ground. He stepped up to them and said, "Let

25 me have a try," and in a few minutes he had shouldered the posts and carried them where they were wanted. As a rail-splitter he had no equal. A man for whom he worked

told his father that Abe could sink his axe deeper into the wood than any man he ever saw.

This great strength was a very valuable gift in such a community as that of Gentryville and people respected him for it even more than for his learning and his kindness of heart. 5

A little later he lived in a village in Illinois, named New Salem, and there he found a crowd of boys called the "Clary's Grove Boys," who were noted for the rough handling they gave to strangers. Many a new boy had 10 been hardly dealt with at their hands. Sometimes they would lead him into a fight and then beat him black and blue, and sometimes they would nail the stranger into a hogshhead and roll him down a steep hill.

When Abe Lincoln first came to the town they were 15 afraid to tackle him, but when their friends taunted the crowd of young roughs with being afraid of Lincoln's strength, they decided to lay a trap for him. The leader of the gang was a very good wrestler, and he seized an opportunity when all the men of the town were gathered 20 at the country store to challenge Abe to a wrestling match. Abe was not at all anxious to accept the challenge, but was finally driven to it by the taunts the gang threw at him. A ring was made in the road outside the store, and Abe and the bully set to. 25

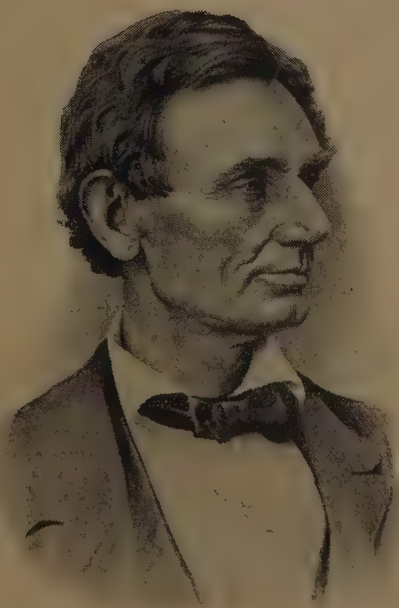
The leader of the gang, however, found that he could not handle this tall young stranger so easily as he had

handled other youths. He gave a signal for help. Thereupon, the rest of the roughs swarmed about the two wrestlers, and by kicking at Abe's legs and trying to trip him they nearly succeeded in bringing him to the ground. When  
5 Abe saw how set they were on downing him, his blood rose, and suddenly putting forth his whole strength, he seized his opponent in his arms and very nearly choked the life out of him.

For a moment it looked as though the rest of the crowd  
10 would set upon Lincoln and that he would have to fight the lot of them single-handed. He sprang back against a wall and called to them to come on. But he looked so able to take care of any number that they faltered, and in a moment their first fury gave place to an honest admiration  
15 for Lincoln's nerve. That ended his initiation, and as long as he stayed in New Salem the "Clary's Grove Boys" were his devoted followers.

The leader of the gang, whom Abe had nearly throttled, became his sworn friend, and this bond lasted through life.  
20 When other men threatened Abe or spoke against him in any way, this youth was always first to stand up for him, and acted as his champion many times. Curiously enough, in after years, when Abe had become a lawyer, he defended his old opponent's son when the young man was on trial  
25 for his life, and succeeded in saving him.

Such an adventure as this with the "Clary's Grove Boys" was typical of the way in which Abe, as he grew



*Abraham Lincoln*

up, came to acquire a very definite position in the community. In one way and another he gained the reputation which the boys gave him of being not only the strongest but also "the cleverest fellow that ever broke into the  
5 settlement."

Lincoln served as a clerk in a store at the town of New Salem, and there he began at odd moments to study law. A little later he knew enough law to become an attorney, and went to Springfield, and after that it was only a short  
10 time before he had won his clients. His cousin Denny came to hear him try one of his first cases. Denny watched the tall, lank young fellow, still as ungainly as in his early boyhood, and heard him tell the jury some of those same stories he had read aloud before the fire.

15 When Abe had finished, his cousin said to him, "Why did you tell those people so many stories?"

"Why, Denny," said Abe, "a story teaches a lesson. God tells truths in parables; they are easier for common folks to understand and recollect."

20 Such was the simple boyhood of Abraham Lincoln, but its very simplicity, and the hardships he had to overcome to get an education, made him a strong man. He knew people, and later, when he came to be president and to guide the country through the greatest trial in its history,  
25 it was those same qualities of perseverance and courage and trust in the people that made the simple-minded man the great helmsman of the Republic.

[Lincoln was elected president just before the Civil War—that is, the war between the North and the South. He did not want war and tried hard to prevent it, but it could not be stopped. One of his important acts as president was the freeing of the slaves.

8

At the close of the war, as he was sitting one evening in a theater in Washington with his wife and two friends, listening to the play, he was shot from behind by a man who is now believed to have been insane. All the nation, the South as well as the North, was filled with sorrow 10 and indignation. Never had a great American been more deeply mourned by the whole people.]

#### QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Write or tell what you know of Lincoln's birth, family, and early life until the time that his mother died. 2. Tell the story of how Lincoln borrowed a book and what happened to it. 3. Tell how he got his first copy of "The Arabian Nights." 4. What four other books did he have? Do you know these books? If you do, tell what you think would be especially likely to interest a boy like Lincoln in them. 5. Tell how Lincoln used to do his writing and figuring.

6. Describe the kind of life Lincoln lived on Pigeon Creek. In what state was this? 7. Tell the story of how he rescued the turtle; tell any other stories that you may have heard or read about his kindness to animals. 8. The place where Lincoln lived on Pigeon Creek was about thirty miles northeast of Evansville, Indiana. Locate it on a map. Locate his birthplace in Kentucky. The old village of New Salem, where Lincoln worked in a store,

was on the Sangamon River near Petersburg, Illinois, and about twenty miles northwest of Springfield. Locate this on the map. Locate Springfield, Illinois, where he spent most of his life.

9. Tell the story of Lincoln's trouble with the "Clary's Grove Boys." 10. What did Lincoln study while he was at New Salem, and what did he do when he moved to Springfield? 11. Tell of anything that you may have heard or read of him which happened while he was president. 12. Tell about his death. 13. What do you like most in Lincoln?

A fuller story of Lincoln's life, which you will find easy to read, is Elbridge S. Brooks's "The True Story of Abraham Lincoln." A shorter form of the same story is found in Hamilton W. Mabie's "Heroes Every Child Should Know." Other good stories of Lincoln are Helen Nicolay's "Boy's Life of Abraham Lincoln," "The Man with an Ax" in Basil Mathews's "The Splendid Quest," and "Abraham Lincoln" in Montgomery's "Beginner's American History."

**ne'er-do-well**: one who never does well; a good for nothing.

**coveted** (côv'ēt ēd): longed for.

**anticipation** (ăn tĩ cĩ pā'shŏn): a looking forward to; expectation.

**primitive** (přim'ĩ tĩve): belonging to early times; old-fashioned.

**corn dodgers**: cakes or bread made of corn meal.

**amends** (ă mēnds): pay or compensation.

**faced the music**: met an unpleasant thing boldly or cheerfully.

**tirade** (tĩ rāde'): a long, abusive speech.

**shuck**: to take off the husk or outer shell, as of corn or nuts.

**chore boy**: a boy who does small jobs.

**audience** (ău'dĩ ěnce): people gathered together to listen to something.

**pioneer** (pĩ ō nēer'): one who goes before, preparing the way for others.

**quaint** (quăint): strange or old-fashioned, but pleasing.

**vivid** (vřv'ĩd): brilliant, full of life.

**essays** (ēs'sāys): compositions or writings.

**circuit** (çĩr'cu'ĩt): a traveling round, or route taken regularly for some appointed business.

**primeval** (prī mē'vāl): belonging to the earliest ages.

**Sioux** (Soo): a tribe of Indians once very powerful in the Mississippi Valley.

**recesses** (rē çæss'çs): hidden or unknown places.

**type** (tȳpe): kind.

**ambition** (ām bish'on): an eager wish for honor or advancement.

**argue** (ār'gūe): to dispute or discuss, giving reasons for one's opinion.

**acquired** (āc quired'): obtained for one's own.

**local** (lō'cāl): belonging to a special place; not widespread or general.

**community** (cōm mū'nī tȳ): a company of people living together in one place, as a town.

**taunted** (tāunt'ed): mocked or jeered at.

**opponent** (ōp pō'něnt): foe.

**initiation** (īn īsh ī ā'shōn): introduction, usually by means of some trial or test.

**throttled** (thrōt'tled): choked.

**typical** (tȳp'ī cāl): serving as an example, or showing the character of a thing.

**cleverest** (clēv'ēr ěst): having the quickest mind or the most skill.

**clients** (clī'ěnts): those who consult or ask advice of a lawyer.

**ungainly** (ūn gāin'ly): awkward.

**parables** (pār'ā bles): short stories told to teach a truth or show a moral.

**recollect** (rēc ōl lēct'): to remember or call to mind.

**helmsman of the Republic**: one who guides the nation as a pilot guides a ship; the president.

**insane** (īn sānē'): crazy, not in one's right mind.

*(For memorizing)*

## LINCOLN

MAURICE THOMPSON

His was the tireless strength of native truth,  
 The might of rugged, untaught earnestness.  
 Deep-freezing poverty made brave his youth,  
 And toned his manhood with its winter stress.

SIDNEY LANIER, THE HERO-POET, WHO  
FOUGHT DEATH

WILLIAM J. LONG

[Dr. Long is an American writer on literature, nature, and animal life. His books which tell of camping in the northern woods and of the animals which he watched and studied there are all well known. "Ways of Wood Folk,"  
5 "Wilderness Ways," "Secrets of the Woods," "A Little Brother to the Bear," and "Northern Trails" are a few of them. He is also the author of "English Literature" and "American Literature," which are used in many schools. He was born in Massachusetts in 1867, graduated from  
10 Harvard University and from Andover Seminary, and studied several years in Europe. He returned to this country in 1898, and soon after became pastor of a church in Stamford, Connecticut, a beautiful town on Long Island Sound, not far from New York. There he still makes his home.  
15 This story of Lanier has been rewritten, with Dr. Long's approval, from his "American Literature."]

Lanier had a short, heroic life. We read the few poems that he wrote in moments snatched from weariness or pain — as a bird sings in the lulls of a tempest — and we feel  
20 sure that if he had lived he would have written other things far greater. He wrote of the music of nature. As

the Greeks, when they looked at a fountain which leaped from shadow into light, asked themselves if the water were not thinking, and what its thoughts might be, so Lanier, when he heard the river murmuring to its banks, the leaves rustling, or the marsh grass whispering to the wind, would ask "What are they singing?" His poetry is their song in words.

Lanier was born in Macon, Georgia, in 1842. As a child he delighted in music and could learn to play upon almost any musical instrument without instruction. This love of music went through life with him, lightening his tasks, cheering him in his struggle for health, helping him to discover the good and the beautiful in all whom he met. At the age of fourteen he entered Oglethorpe University, Georgia, where he proved himself a good scholar and showed a rare and beautiful spirit. After graduating he became a teacher in the same college, but a year later the war came, and at nineteen Lanier went out to meet it with the first Southern volunteers. He saw plenty of hard fighting and for his bravery was three times offered an officer's commission, which he refused because his younger brother was in the ranks beside him. He preferred to fight with the common soldier and to watch over the brother who had been intrusted to his care.

Lanier and his brother were transferred to the signal service, and were presently sent out as officers on the blockade runners. On one of these dangerous expeditions

Lanier was captured with his ship and was imprisoned at Point Lookout. His flute, the old, loved companion of his march and camp, was hidden in his ragged sleeve. He often played upon it while in prison, and in listening  
5 to it jailer and prisoner forgot their differences and found themselves brothers at heart.

When the war ended and the prison door opened at last, Lanier started on foot for his home, five hundred miles away. He was weary and broken in health from marching  
10 without food and sleeping in the snow and the rain. Yet the first thing for him to do was to earn his bread in a country laid waste by war.

His imprisonment, followed by the weary march homeward, brought on a fever; but as soon as he could stand  
15 he went to work, taking the first job that offered. He was a clerk in a hotel, he taught school, he studied law, and wrote both prose and verse, which he tried, often in vain, to sell. He found he was not interested in law, so he gave it up and traveled northward, taking his beloved flute  
20 with him.

At Baltimore he was engaged to play in an orchestra, and found himself surrounded with books and music. He began to work and study with splendid enthusiasm, but with the first effort he found that he must pay for every  
25 smallest success with a shortening of his life. He had consumption, and the disease had gained a terrible hold upon him in his army life of exposure and hardship.



*Sidney Lanier*

He decided to devote himself to two things, music and poetry; and he succeeded in both. He had a noble wife who helped him greatly, and children who were a comfort to him, but it was hard for him to earn enough to support them, and he had to write stories, songs, advertising books — anything that would bring him a little money to meet the first duty of a gentleman, which is honorably to support those who love and depend upon him.

At length he was made a lecturer at Johns Hopkins University and received a salary large enough to support his family; but just at this time his health broke down. He went from Baltimore to Florida, then to Texas, to Pennsylvania, to Carolina, in search of a climate where he could breathe deeply without pain and perhaps gather a little strength. His brave, cheery spirit is shown in the fact that he wrote one of his most beautiful and hopeful poems, "Sunrise," at a time when he had not strength to raise a cup of water to his lips; and some of his finest lectures at the university were spoken from an invalid's chair, in a voice scarcely above a whisper.

To be noble himself, then to make others noble — that was Lanier's purpose, stronger even than his love of music and poetry. And he would not be conquered. In the face of poverty, pain, and death he wrote on. He did his work in the spirit of the young Greek who went out to receive a message from an overwhelming army. Said the envoy from the hosts of Persia, "Our arrows will darken the sun."

Quietly, steadily, came the answer, "Then we will fight in the shade."

Such was Lanier, hiding the bravest of hearts under the gentlest exterior. When he died, in 1881, in a little tent in the Carolina hills, he had never had a chance to 5 do his best, yet he left some poems which will sooner or later place him among our great American poets. In one of these poems there are two lines which may help us to remember the noble sincerity of the poet's life:

His song was only living aloud,  
His work a singing with his hand.

10

### QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. What made Lanier's life heroic? 2. Tell what his poetry is chiefly about. 3. When and where was Lanier born and what do you know of his childhood and of his college life? 4. Tell about his army life. Why did he refuse to be made an officer? What is meant by "jailer and prisoner forgot their differences and found themselves brothers at heart"?

5. What happened to Lanier after the war was over? What did he do to support himself, and where did he at last find work that he loved? 6. Tell what you can of his loss of health and of the spirit in which he met it. 7. Tell the story of the young Greek, which Dr. Long uses to show Lanier's spirit. 8. Repeat from one of Lanier's poems the two lines which describe his song and work. 9. Tell what you think of Lanier's heroism compared with that of the other heroes of whom you have read.

One of Lanier's best poems is "The Song of the Chattahoochee." It will be found in Book Six of the Literary Readers.

**Sidney Lanier** (Sĩd'neý Lă niēr').

**lulls of a tempest** : pauses in a storm.

**Oglethorpe** (Ō'gle thôrpe).

**volunteers** (völ ũn tēers) : those who enter upon any service of their own free will.

**signal service** : officers having charge of field-telegraph and signals.

**orchestra** (ôr'kēs tră) ; a band of performers on musical instruments in which violins are prominent.

**enthusiasm** (ěn thũ'sĩ äsm) : eager interest.

**consumption** (cỗn sũmp'shôn) : a disease which causes the body gradually to waste away ; also called tuberculosis (tũ bẻr cũ lố'sis).

**exposure** (ẻx pỏzhủre) : the state of being exposed, or unprotected from cold or danger.

**devote** (dẻ vỏte') : to give up one's self or one's time wholly to some work or purpose.

**lecturer** (lẻc'tủr ẻr) : one who teaches by means of lectures or talks.

**salary** (sẻl'ả rỷ) : wages ; money paid regularly for work done.

**overwhelming** (ỏ vẻr whẻlm'ing) : overpowering, crushing.

**hosts** (hỏsts) : great numbers or multitudes ; a great army.

**exterior** (ẻx tẻr'ỉ ỏr) : outside.

**sincerity** (sẻnẻr'ỉ tỷ) : frankness, honesty.

*(For memorizing)*

## TRUE LIVING

HORATIUS BONAR

He liveth long who liveth well ;  
 All else is life but flung away ;  
 He liveth longest who can tell  
 Of true things truly done each day.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure ;  
 Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright ;  
 Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,  
 And find a harvest-home of light.

## FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, THE HEROIC NURSE

VIRGINIA WINCHESTER FREEMAN

[In the story of Sidney Lanier we saw how disease and finally death conquered a brave man. We shall now read the story of a brave woman who spent her life in saving others from disease and death.

Miss Freeman, the writer of this story, is a teacher who 5 was born in Illinois and who has studied both in this country and at Oxford University in England. She now lives in Chicago and is at the head of one of the departments of the Chicago Normal College.]

In one of the most beautiful parts of England, the 10 romantic county of Derbyshire, on a wooded height, stood a stately English home, in which lived a little maid with her father, mother, and sister. The house, which was named Lea Hurst, was a large and well-built structure of brick and stone, standing high above the surrounding 15 country. Below was a garden with terraces and flights of stone steps. In the summer time the terraces were gorgeous with masses of gayly colored flowers — hollyhocks, dahlias, nasturtiums, and geraniums. At the foot of the hill was a meadow, rich with flowers, which ended in a 20 steep, wooded descent to the river, that went slipping in and out through the hills like a glittering thread of silver.

In this beautiful home, during the spring and summer of the year, lived the little girl whose name, Florence Nightingale, makes you think of flowers and the music of birds; and if you stop to consider you will see how this  
5 lovely name seems exactly to suit its owner. She was born in 1820. One of her friends described her some years later as a slender girl, dressed at the time in a light summer frock, her sweet face, with soft brown hair smoothed down on each side, beaming from the depths of a leghorn bonnet  
10 with a wreath of roses on it.

In autumn and winter the family lived at another place, in Hampshire, but it was the beautiful home Lea Hurst, with its spacious gardens, green turf, and noble trees, that Florence Nightingale thought of as her childhood's home.  
15 She and her sister were so nearly of an age that they had the same lessons and always played together. They both loved gardens and flowers and animals, and each had her own particular pets. Florence's heart was always touched by a bird or beast that had been hurt, or a flower seed that  
20 was trying to grow and blossom on bare or rocky soil.

The father soon saw that she was a born gardener and often watched her when, after her lessons were over, she would take the little basket which held a trowel, gardener's scissors, watering bottle, and sharpened sticks, and  
25 would hasten to her garden. Often she went far outside the fields and gardens of Lea Hurst, out on the roadsides where the wild flowers were uncared for, and here she

transplanted, watered, and propped up all that needed her care. Mr. Nightingale encouraged her to search for old garden flowers which were becoming scarce in Derbyshire, and to cultivate them, and to plant hardy blooms in waste places, and to care for wild flowers, and to mend broken 5 hedges. She had a dozen or more wild gardens scattered through the fields, and a great many little flower-beds, besides her formal garden, which she visited regularly.

She loved birds and animals too and was always caring for them. 10

"Florence is a born nurse," her father said. "I found her yesterday making a nest in a bush for a robin that had a broken wing. I dare say she intends to try to feed it." Seeing her interest in everything which needed tender care and which could not help itself, her father gave her a place 15 in the greenhouse at Lea Hurst for a hospital, and whenever she found a bird, or dog, or any creature that was suffering, she took it to this hospital and cared for it until it was well.

One day while she was riding on her pony, with a vicar of the village church, they came upon a shepherd, an old, 20 bent, and crippled man, who was having great difficulty in herding his scattered sheep. The vicar asked, "Where is your dog, Roger?"

"He'll never be good for anything again; the boys hereabouts have been throwing stones at him and have 25 broken his leg. I'm thinking maybe I'll put an end to his misery," said the shepherd, sadly.

"You mean old Cap's leg is broken? Oh! can't we do something for him? It's cruel to leave him all alone in his pain. Where is he?" said Florence.

"It's no use, miss," said the shepherd. "I'll take a cord to him to-night. It'll be the best way."

Florence looked at the vicar pleadingly and begged to be permitted to do something for the poor animal. So the vicar turned his horse toward the shed where Cap lay moaning in pain. Florence dashed past the vicar on her pony and reached the shed first, where she dismounted and ran inside. She knelt on the floor and with tender care touched the poor dog and whispered soothing words until he turned his big brown eyes and looked up gratefully into her face. The vicar examined the leg and found that there were no bones broken and that careful nursing would soon make poor Cap well.

Florence, delighted, said, "I am so glad. I love nursing. What should I do first?"

The vicar suggested putting a hot compress on the injured leg and explained to her what a compress was. She listened eagerly and then went to the shepherd's cottage. The shepherd's wife was not at home, but his son helped her to make the fire. They soon had boiling water. Not finding any cloth suitable for bandaging, she took a clean smock which belonged to the shepherd and tore it up for bandages, saying, "If I tear it up, Mamma will give Roger another."

With the vicar's help she soon had the leg bandaged, and poor Cap made comfortable. The vicar then thought it time she should be going home, but Florence said, "A nurse should not leave her patient, and I want to see him get better. The boy can take my pony and ride over and tell 5 Mamma where I am." It was not long before Cap was well again and quite ready to do his part in tending the sheep.

It is interesting that the earliest specimen of the handwriting of Florence Nightingale which has been preserved should be a nurse's rule. It is a tiny book which the little 10 girl carefully stitched together, and in which is written in very childish letters,

16 grams for an old woman,

11 grams for a young woman, and

7 grams for a child.

15

As Florence Nightingale grew older her interest in caring for the sick and suffering grew stronger, and she felt that the life of ease to which she was born would not give her a chance to do the work which she believed she was best able to do — to help those who were unable to help 20 themselves. At that time nursing was not the noble profession it is now; it was thought to be quite unsuitable for a well-born and well-brought-up lady, and it required great courage for Florence Nightingale to decide to leave her home and give up her life to this service. 25

Julia Ward Howe says that during a visit to the home where the Nightingales spent their winters, Florence took

Dr. Howe aside and asked him this question: "If I should determine to study nursing and devote my life to that profession, do you think it would be a dreadful thing?"

He replied, "Not a dreadful thing at all. I think it  
5 would be a very good thing." And so after much careful thought her parents gave consent, and it was decided that she should become a nurse. In company with a remarkable woman named Elizabeth Fry, who helped women in prisons, Florence went to Germany, where she studied  
10 nursing, and then returned to England to teach others.

Her chief work began in the Crimean War. The war correspondent of the *London Times* told in his paper of such terrible conditions in the hospitals that the whole British nation was roused to demand better treatment  
15 for the wounded soldiers. The correspondent pictured the scenes of death and suffering where the helpless soldiers were lying, and asked, "Are there no devoted women among us, none of the daughters of England able and willing to go forth and help the sick and suffering in  
20 the hospitals at Scutari?"

Florence Nightingale answered this call. With forty companions she left for the East. She took entire charge of the military hospitals, and her work in planning better and more reasonable ways of managing them has made her  
25 name famous in all lands. By skillful nursing and ceaseless watching she saved many men whose wounds the doctors said were beyond healing. Sick men watched for the



"SHE PASSED QUIETLY THROUGH THE WARDS AT MIDNIGHT, HOLD-  
ING A SMALL LAMP CAREFULLY SHADED SO AS NOT TO AWAKEN THE  
SLEEPING MEN"

"Lady of the Lamp," as they called her, when she passed quietly through the wards at midnight, holding a small lamp carefully shaded so as not to awaken the sleeping men, and stopping to bend over the wakeful ones with a gentle smile and encouraging word. It is said that some of the soldiers were seen to kiss her shadow as it fell on the wall, so grateful were they for her devotion to them.

One of the great achievements of Florence Nightingale was the "Red Cross" work, begun at Geneva, Switzerland, in 1863. The Red Cross, which is now seen on every battlefield and in every city, is the sign of her devotion to the cause of suffering and her great work in bringing order out of confusion.

After the Crimean War Florence Nightingale returned to England and set out to accomplish what all her life she had wished to see—the careful education and training of nurses. A fund of \$250,000, to which all classes of Englishmen contributed, every soldier giving a day's pay, was at once collected, and a training school known as the Florence Nightingale Home was founded in connection with St. Thomas Hospital in London. For many years she managed this school herself.

Once, at a meeting in England, each person in the room was asked to write on a slip of paper the name of the one who had done the most for the British nation. When the slips were counted it was found that on every one, instead of the name of a lord or soldier, was written, "Florence

Nightingale." She was also honored by King Edward VII, who gave her the Order of Merit for her noble services to the nation. She is the only woman to whom that honor was ever given, and the laws of England were changed so that she might receive it.

5

She was ninety years old when she died. The Dean of Westminster asked that she might be buried in Westminster Abbey, a famous church in London which contains the tombs of kings and nobles and the great; but she had left directions that she should be laid to rest in a quiet 10 country churchyard, and these directions were carried out.

We have seen that the dearest wish of the little girl at Lea Hurst was to care for and protect the flowers, to nurse the sick, to relieve the suffering of animals and birds, and that care and nursing and protection became, in later 15 years, the life work of the noble woman whom we know by the beautiful name of Florence Nightingale.

### QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Tell what you can of Florence Nightingale's life as a child, of her home, her garden, and her care of wounded animals.
2. Why was it so hard for her to decide, when she grew up, to follow the life of a nurse? Would it be as hard now?
3. Tell about Florence Nightingale's work in the Crimean War. By what name did the soldiers call her, and how did they treat her?
4. Find out and tell something about the "Red Cross" work.
5. What great work did Miss Nightingale do in England after the war? How old did she live to be?

Longfellow's poem "Santa Filomena" was the poet's tribute to Florence Nightingale. He said she reminded him of an Italian saint of that name, whose work was to heal the sick. Here are three stanzas of the poem:

Lo! in that house of misery  
A lady with a lamp I see  
Pass through the glimmering gloom  
And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,  
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss  
Her shadow, as it falls  
Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in heaven should be  
Opened and then closed suddenly,  
The vision came and went,  
The light shone and was spent.

**romantic** (rŏ măn'tic): wild and beautiful.

**Derbyshire** (Děrb'y shīre): a county in the central part of England.

**Lea Hurst** (Lēa' Hūrst).

**terraces** (těr'ră çēs): level spaces of earth or lawn raised one above another on a hillside or slope.

**leghorn** (lēg'hörn): a kind of straw.

**formal** (fŏr'măl): regular.

**vicar** (vīc'ăr): a minister having charge of a church or chapel.

**take a cord to him**: hang or strangle him with a cord.

**compress** (cŏm'prĕss): a folded cloth bound upon some part of the body.

**smock** (smŏck): a shirt.

**gram** (grăm): a measure of weight, equal to about  $15\frac{1}{2}$  grains.

**profession** (prŏ fĕsh'ŏn): an occupation or life work which calls for special knowledge or training.

**Crimean War** (Crĭ mĕ'ăn): a war fought from 1854 to 1856 between Turkey, England, France, and Sardinia on one side, and Russia on the other. It was fought largely in the Crimea, a peninsula of Russia on the Black Sea.

**Scutari** (Scu'tă rī): a Turkish town.

**contributed** (cŏn trib'út ěd): gave for some special object.

**dean** (dĕan): a high officer in the Church or in a college.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY, WHO WORKED TO GET  
JUSTICE FOR WOMEN

LYDIA AVERY COONLEY WARD

[Mrs. Ward, the writer of this story, is an American author, who was born in Virginia in 1845. She made her home for some years in Louisville, Kentucky, but since 1873 has spent most of her time in Chicago. The place which she calls her home is a beautiful farm in the Genesee 5 valley in New York State. She has written many poems, both for children and grown-ups. Some of them, like the "Flag Song," "Baby Moon," and "Christmas Bells," are set to music and are published in a book called "Singing Verses for Children." Other books of hers are "Under the 10 Pines" and "Washington and Lincoln."]

Men and women who are helpers in the work of the world always begin to get ready for their work when they are children. They may not know it, but they are learning to do great things by first doing little things well. The 15 woman of whom I am to tell you began when a child by helping her mother in the work of the house and doing everything she could think of to make other people happy. Her name was Susan Anthony, and she was born in the Berkshire hills of Massachusetts, in sight of old Greylock, 20 a splendid mountain peak that she always dearly loved.

Her Anthony grandparents were Quakers. The grandfather was proud of his cattle and produce, and his cheeses brought a higher price than any others in the Berkshires. The grandmother was handsome and dressed beautifully in the simple Quaker style. She was a good housekeeper, and her coffee and biscuit, chicken dinners and apple dumplings, were as famous as her husband's farm. Their kitchen was forty feet long and had a great open fireplace with iron cranes and a brick oven. At one end stood a dining table large enough for twenty. Near by were the cheese press, the weaving room, the orchards, and beehives, while in the grove stood the sawmill. There nails were also made, horses shod, and tools mended.

Susan's other grandparents were the Reads. They were Puritans. The cold Sunday dinner was always cooked on Saturday. Most of Sunday was spent at church, where there were two services, morning and afternoon, each two hours long. Between the services they ate the lunch which they had brought. Summer heat and winter cold never interfered with this Sunday program.

The Anthony and Read farms joined, and the families were friends. Susan's father, Daniel Anthony, taught in a Quaker school which Grandfather Anthony had built in the dooryard, under a weeping willow tree. Daniel also kept a store. Susan's mother was a tall, beautiful woman with a fine figure and a wonderful voice. She kept the loom busy with her weaving, and as cotton was just

coming into use, she was proud that she could have some sheets and pillow-cases that were half cotton.

In 1820 Susan was born. As a little child she loved to watch the sun set behind old Greylock, the beautiful mountain that she thought was close against the sky. 5 Her only toys were made at home, and she was very fond of her rag doll. She had a wonderful memory and could read when she was three years old. She always wanted to learn things that were called too hard for a girl. When she first went to the district school she wanted to learn 10 long division, but no one could teach her.

The children started early to school so that they could stop at their Grandmother Read's, for Grandmother Read always had a fresh cheese curd for them and a drink of "coffee," made by browning crusts of rye and Indian bread 15 and pouring over them hot water sweetened with maple sugar. Or, if they stopped on their way home, perhaps she gave them a left-over from the boiled dinner, which was on a great pewter platter — a big piece of pork or beef in the middle, piled high with potatoes, beets, carrots, 20 turnips, and cabbage. Susan's mother said they ought not to bother their grandmother for things that they could get at home, but Susan answered: "Why, Mother! Grandma's potato peelings are better than our boiled dinners."

The Anthonys and Reads used real coffee and white 25 flour on grand occasions, but few families could then afford such luxuries. One of Susan's happy memories was

the closet under the parlor stairs, where Grandma Anthony kept her tub of maple sugar, the children gathering round like bees to taste its sweets. When they went home from Grandma Anthony's they generally carried apples, dough-nuts, or caraway cookies. In those days nearly everyone drank rum and other liquors, but Daniel Anthony was a temperance man and would not sell liquor. It was said people would not trade where they could not get it, but they *did* buy of him, for his goods and prices were satisfactory. At house raisings gin was thought necessary, but Mr. Anthony would not serve it. His wife made quantities of gingerbread, lemonade, tea, and coffee; so all were satisfied and went home sober.

When Susan was twelve and they were making brick  
for a new house, Mrs. Anthony boarded ten brickmakers and some factory hands with only the help of her three daughters, then ten, twelve, and fourteen years old. When the new baby came these three little girls did all the work for the family and the many men, cooking the food and carrying it several steps up from the kitchen to their mother's room to let her see that it was right and that the dinner pails for the men were properly packed. They were fine children. Once, when a woman in the mill was ill, Susan, who had watched the work, begged to be allowed to take her place. She worked faithfully for two weeks, receiving full pay—three dollars. With this money she bought six pale blue cups and saucers for her mother.

Susan's father built a schoolroom in the new house, with a separate seat for each pupil. It was only a stool without a back, but in some ways it was better than the old long bench against the wall.

Here the girls were taught sewing as carefully as reading and spelling, and Susan became most skillful with her needle. When she was eleven she worked a sampler, with the family record wreathed in strawberries. She also pieced a bedquilt and hemmed ruffles with the finest stitches. She had some wonderful books with little black illustrations of Old Dog Tray and Mary and her Lamb. At fifteen Susan herself taught this school in summer, when only young pupils came. At seventeen she taught in a neighboring town for a dollar a week and board, and the next year for a dollar and a half and board. She was proud of her high salary. 15

The next winter Susan and her sister went to a Pennsylvania boarding school. Susan wrote many letters home. At that time it cost eighteen cents to send a letter, but her father was postmaster, and his family were allowed free use of the mails. School rules required these home 20 letters to be written on slates, corrected by teachers, and copied. Susan was very strict with herself. She was in despair when not perfect in her lessons. On one occasion she called herself "a vile sinner" and wept because she could not give a certain rule. 25

When the little girl Susan became a woman she was both just and kind. She wanted to help all who suffered

from injustice and unkindness. Temperance was her first work, but as she thought of it, it seemed clear to her that women, as well as men, ought to vote on such questions. She saw that the things that women tried to do failed because  
5 they could not vote for them ; and she decided to spend her life in trying to make it possible for women to vote.

In 1850, when her great work began, no woman ever spoke in public. At a teachers' convention in 1853, where more than half the audience were women, Miss Anthony  
10 rose to tell what she thought, but most of the audience did not wish to hear a woman, and they debated for a half-hour before it was decided to let her speak. As she left the hall several women drew away their skirts that they might not touch her ; they felt so disgraced by her boldness. She was  
15 made fun of and insulted. When she tried to speak in any meeting there were hisses and shouts. But Miss Anthony was no coward. She kept on as she had begun and was soon known everywhere as a woman who had something to say and who was not afraid to say it.

20 But she did not neglect the duties of her home. She worked in house and garden ; she spun and wove. Her diary says : " Washed all the shutters ; took up the carpet ; whitewashed the kitchen ; washed every window in the house ; helped wash this morning, and this afternoon ironed  
25 six shirts and started for New York at four o'clock. Was a little bit tired." In making fourteen shirts she stitched by hand the collars, bosoms, and cuffs, then starched and

ironed them. Every summer she canned, pickled, and preserved, reading between times. In 1859 her garden diary shows her setting out many kinds of fruit and working to cultivate them. After a hard winter's work she spent the summer of 1861 on the farm, and during her father's absence she took entire charge of it, put in the crops, harvested and sold them, helped her mother with the housework, pieced a silk quilt, and wove twenty yards of rag carpet.

Miss Anthony was naturally tender-hearted. Her longing for home and love is told in many letters to her family, and in times of sorrow she was a great comfort. Again and again, when her family or friends were ill or in sorrow, she left her work and went to them. She was always a welcome guest. "Give me stockings to darn," she would say. "I can visit better when I am working." She joined in the fun of the young people, while the old loved to hear her talk. Her beauty and her goodness made her greatly beloved, and she had many offers of marriage, all of which she refused.

Gentle as Miss Anthony was, she early showed that she was a great leader. She traveled east, west, north, and south, planned meetings, and earned money to pay for them. In four months she scarcely slept two nights in the same place. She worked without ceasing and was never stopped by weather or weariness. When she began her work no woman had a right to her own money; it all

belonged to her husband. No woman had a right to her children if her husband wished to take them from her. No woman ever took part in public meetings. Much of this is now changed, and it is largely by Miss Anthony's work.

5 She dared to say what others only dared to think.

Miss Anthony had a magnificent voice that easily filled great halls. No one who heard her can ever forget her fine figure, her dignity and force, her quick and witty replies to sudden questions, her earnest way of saying a thing.

10 Though she did not live to see all that she had hoped for come to pass, she rejoiced in the sure signs of its coming. She was honored where she had been scorned. In her later life, whenever she appeared she was greeted with applause. Even those who did not agree with her honored her noble  
15 character, her truthfulness, and her loyalty. When she died in 1906 she left many friends and no enemies.

### QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Write or tell the story of Susan B. Anthony's life when a child. 2. Tell about the things in her home and in the homes of her grandparents that were different from homes nowadays. 3. Why were kitchens and dining tables so much larger then than now? 4. You will notice that in those days people had to do a greater number of different things than they do to-day. They had to weave their own cloth, make their own cheese, shoe their own horses, build their own houses. Do you think people to-day are better or worse for not having to do so many kinds of things? Give reasons for your answer. 5. Write or tell about

temperance in the olden times and now. 6. Write or tell the story of Miss Anthony's work after she grew up. 7. What can women do to-day that they could not do when Miss Anthony began her work? 8. What sort of person was Miss Anthony, and what do you think of her?

Other stories of Miss Anthony may be found in Mabie and Stephens's "Heroines Every Child Should Know" and Edith Horton's "A Group of Famous Women." Both are somewhat hard to read in this grade.

**Berkshire** (Bĕrk'shĭre): a range of hills in western Massachusetts.

**produce** (prŏd'ūce): something produced or grown, especially on a farm.

**cranes** (crānes): iron arms attached to the back or sides of a fireplace to hold kettles over the fire.

**services** (sĕrv'ĭs): work done for another.

**interfered** (ĭn tĕr fĕrĕd'): stopped or prevented or stood in the way.

**loom** (lŏom): a frame or machine for weaving yarn or threads into cloth.

**pewter** (pew'tĕr): a mixture of tin with some other metal, usually copper or lead.

**caraway** (cār'ā wāy): spicy seeds sometimes used in cakes and rolls.

**liquor** (lik'ĕr): any intoxicating drink, as whisky or rum.

**house raising**: putting up the frame of a house. In the country the neighbors are often called upon to

help, and a party or merrymaking follows.

**gin** (ģĭn): a strong liquor made first in Holland.

**sampler** (sām'plĕr): a piece of needlework usually made by a beginner as a sample of her skill or to preserve a pattern.

**family record** (rĕc'ŏrd): the names of the members of a family with dates of births, marriages, and deaths.

**illustrations** (ĭl lŭs trā'shŏns): pictures printed in a book.

**convention** (cŏn vĕn'shŏn): a meeting to discuss some particular subject or do some particular thing.

**debated** (dĕ bāt'ĕd): discussed or argued.

**insulted** (ĭn sŭlt'ĕd): mocked or abused or treated rudely.

**diary** (dĭ'ā rĭ): a record of daily happenings.

**scorned** (scŏrned): despised or mocked.

## FATHER DAMIEN

EDWARD CLIFFORD AND HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE

[Some years ago an English artist, Mr. Edward Clifford, made a journey to Molokai, one of the Hawaiian Islands, to visit Father Damien. Father Damien was a missionary priest from Belgium, who had gone to that island about  
5 fifteen years before to take care of a colony of lepers and to try to make their lives less wretched. A leper, as perhaps you know, is one sick with a slow and frightful disease called leprosy, which no medicine can cure; and as leprosy can be carried by one person to another, those who have  
10 it are banished to some lonely spot cut off from the rest of the world, where they cannot endanger the lives and health of other people. Father Damien knew that he should take the disease sooner or later if he lived among these lepers, but he felt that they needed help which he could  
15 give them, and he was glad to go.

Mr. Clifford, by being careful and making his visit short, did not himself become a leper, but he stayed long enough to see the work which Father Damien had done and the love and devotion of the lepers toward him; and he wrote  
20 the story in a book called, "A Journey to Father Damien," adding to it an account of the good father's death.

Dr. Hamilton Wright Mabie, a well-known American writer and one of the editors of the *Outlook*, felt that the

children of America ought to know more of the splendid heroism of this priest who gave his life for the sick. As Mr. Clifford's story was rather hard reading for children, Dr. Mabie adapted it — that is, made it simpler and shorter — and included it in his book "Heroes Every Child Should Know," from which this selection is taken, with some further abridgment.

Robert Louis Stevenson was also greatly interested in Father Damien's work and very indignant that some of the people of Hawaii did not appreciate it. He wrote a public letter about it, which is published in one of his books.]

At dawn we were opposite Kalaupapa. Two little spired churches, looking precisely alike, caught my eye first, and around them were dotted the white cottages of the lepers. But the sea was too rough for us to land. The waves dashed against the rocks, and the spray rose fifty feet into the air.

We went on to Kalawao, but were again disappointed; it was too dangerous to disembark. Finally it was decided to put off a boat for a rocky point about a mile and a half distant from the town. Climbing down this point we saw about twenty lepers. "There is Father Damien!" said our purser; and I saw a dark figure with a large straw hat slowly moving along the hillside. He came rather painfully down and sat near the water-side, and we exchanged friendly signals across the waves while my baggage was being got out of the hold — a long business, owing to the

violence of the sea. At last all was ready ; we went swinging across the waves and finally chose a fit moment for leaping on shore. Father Damien greeted me warmly, and a hearty welcome shone from his kindly face. He immediately called me by my name, Edward, and said it was " like everything else, a providence," that he had met me at that irregular landing place, for he had expected the ship to stop at Kalaupapa.

He was a thick-set, strongly built man, with black curly hair and short beard, turning gray. His countenance must once have been handsome, with a full, well-curved mouth and a short, straight nose ; but he was now a good deal disfigured by leprosy, though not so badly as to make it anything but a pleasure to look at his bright, sensible face.

A large wooden box of presents from English friends had been unshipped. It was, however, so large that Father Damien said it would be impossible for his lepers either to land it from the boat or to carry it to Kalawao, and that it must be returned to the steamer and landed on some voyage when the sea was quieter. But I could not give up the pleasure of his enjoyment in its contents, so after some delay it was forced open in the boat, and the things were handed out one by one across the waves. The lepers all came round with their poor marred faces, and the presents were carried home by them and our two selves.

On arriving at Kalawao we speedily found ourselves inside the half-finished church, which was the darling of his

heart. How he enjoyed planning the places where the pictures which I had just brought him should be placed ! By the side of this church he showed me the palm tree under which he lived for some weeks when he first arrived at the settlement, in 1873. His own little four-roomed 5 house almost joins the church.

After dinner we went up the little flight of steps which led to Father Damien's balcony. This was shaded by a honeysuckle in blossom. Some of my happiest times at Molokai were spent in this little balcony, sketching him 10 and listening to what he said. The lepers came up to watch my progress, and it was pleasant to see how happy and at home they were.

One day he told me about his early history. He was born on the third of January, 1841, near Louvain in 15 Belgium. On his nineteenth birthday his father took him to see his brother, who was then preparing for the priesthood. Young Joseph (this was his baptismal name) decided that there was the opportunity for taking the step which he had long been desiring to take. He told his father that 20 he wished to return home no more, and that it would be better thus to miss the pain of farewells. His father consented unwillingly, and they parted at the station. Afterward, when all was settled, Joseph revisited his home and received his mother's approval and blessing. 25

His brother was bent on going to the South Seas for mission work, and all was arranged accordingly ; but at

the last he was laid low with fever and, to his bitter disappointment, forbidden to go. The impetuous Joseph wrote offering himself and begging that he might be sent, though his education was not yet finished.

- 5 One day as he sat at his studies, the Superior came in and said with a tender reproach, "Oh, you impatient boy! you have written this letter and you are to go."

Joseph jumped up and ran out and leaped about like a young colt.

- 10 "Is he crazy?" said the other students.

He worked for some years on other islands in the Pacific, but it happened that he was one day in 1873 in the island of Maui when the bishop was lamenting that it was impossible for him to send a missionary to the lepers at Molokai.

- 15 Father Damien instantly spoke.

"Monseigneur," said he, "I will go to Molokai and labor for the poor lepers."

- His offer was accepted, and that very day without any farewells he embarked on a boat that was taking some  
20 cattle to the leper settlement. When he first put his foot on the island he said to himself, "Now, Joseph, my boy, this is your life work."

- I did not find one person in the Sandwich Islands who had the least doubt as to leprosy's being contagious, though  
25 it is possible to be exposed to the disease for years without contracting it. Father Damien told me that he had always expected that he should sooner or later become a leper,

though exactly how he caught it he did not know. But it was not likely that he would escape, as he was constantly living in a polluted atmosphere, dressing the sufferers' sores, washing their bodies, visiting their deathbeds, and even digging their graves. In his own words is a re- 5  
port of the state of things at Molokai sixteen years ago, and I think a portion will be interesting:

"About eighty of the lepers were in the hospital; the others, with a very few helpers, had taken their abode farther up toward the valley. They had cut down the 10  
old pandanus groves to build their houses, though a great many had nothing but branches of castor-oil trees with which to construct their small shelters. These frail frames were covered with ki leaves or with sugar-cane leaves, the best ones with pili grass. I myself was sheltered during 15  
several weeks under the single pandanus tree which is preserved up to the present in the churchyard. Under such primitive roofs were living those unfortunate outcasts. They passed their time with playing cards, native dances, and drinking ki-root beer and homemade alcohol. 20  
Their clothes were far from being clean and decent, on account of the scarcity of water, which had to be brought ~~it~~ that time from a great distance. Many a time in fulfilling my priestly duty at their huts I have been compelled to run outside to breathe fresh air. At that time the prog- 25  
ress of the disease was fearful. The miserable condition of the settlement gave it the name of a living graveyard."

In 1874 a wind blew down most of the lepers' wretched abodes, and the poor sufferers lay shivering in the wind and rain, with clothes and blankets wet through. "I at once," says Father Damien, "called the attention of our  
5 agent to the fact, and very soon there arrived several schooner-loads of scantling to build solid frames with." Friends sent rough boards and shingles and flooring. Some of the lepers had a little money and hired carpenters. For those without means the priest, with his leper boys, did  
10 the work of erecting a good many small houses.

The water supply of Molokai was a pleasant subject with Father Damien. When he first arrived the lepers could only obtain water by carrying it from the gulch on their poor shoulders; they had also to take their clothes to some  
15 distance when they required washing, and it was no wonder that they lived in a very dirty state. He was much exercised about the matter, and one day, to his great joy, he was told that at the end of a valley called Waihanau there was a natural reservoir. He set out with two white  
20 men and some of his boys and traveled up the valley till he came with delight to a nearly circular basin of most delicious ice-cold water. Its diameter was seventy-two feet by fifty-five, and not far from the bank they found on sounding that it was eighteen feet deep. There it lay at  
25 the foot of a high cliff, and he was informed by the natives that there had never been a drought in which this basin had dried up. He did not rest till a supply of water pipes

had been sent, which he laid, with the help of all the able lepers. Thenceforth clear, sweet water has been available for all who desire to drink, to wash, or to bathe.

It was after living at the leper settlement for about ten years that Father Damien began to suspect that he was a leper. One day he asked Dr. Arning, the great German doctor who was then resident in Molokai, to examine him.

"I cannot bear to tell you," said Dr. Arning, "but what you fear is true."

"It is no shock to me," said Damien, "for I have felt sure of it."

He worked on with the same sturdy, cheerful fortitude, undaunted by the continual reminders of his coming fate which he saw in the poor creatures around him.

"I would not be cured," he said to me, "if the price of my cure was that I must leave the island and give up my work."

At last, he who had been so ardent, so strong, and so playful was powerless on his couch. As he lay there, with the roar of the sea getting fainter to his ears, did the thought come to him that, after all, his work was poor, and his life half a failure? Churches had been built, schools and hospitals were in working order, but there was still much to be done. He was only forty-nine, and he was dying.

"The work of the lepers is assured," said he, "I am no longer necessary and will go up yonder."

25

The last flickering breath was breathed, and the soul of Joseph Damien arose like a lark to God.

## QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Tell what you can of the writer of this story and of the book from which it is taken; also of Dr. Mabie, who edited it. 2. On what island is the leper colony? To what group of islands does it belong? Locate it on the map. 3. Refer to your geography and tell something about the climate and productions of these islands and how people live there. 4. Why did the writer of the story visit the colony? Tell what he saw and did there.

5. Describe Father Damien. 6. Tell the story of Father Damien's early life; when and where he was born, and how he came to go to Molokai. 7. Tell how the lepers were living when he went to the island and what he did to help them. What did he expect would happen to him if he went to live among them? Why did he go?

8. What did he do when he found that he had leprosy? 9. Do you think it takes as much courage to do a work like Father Damien's as to fight in battle? Which is the better work to do? 10. Can you think of any one else who gave his life to make other people better?

Other good stories of missionary heroes are those of Dr. James Chalmers of New Guinea, told by Basil Mathews in "The Splendid Quest"; of John G. Paton, told by his son, James Paton, in the book "The Story of John G. Paton, or Thirty Years among South Sea Cannibals"; and of others in Martha B. Banks's "Heroes of the South Seas."

Good descriptions of the Hawaiian Islands are in Krout's "Alice's Visit to the Hawaiian Islands," Carroll's "Around the World" (Vol. II), and George's "Little Journeys to Hawaii and the Philippine Islands."

**Damien** (Dämyăn):

**Mabie** (Mă'biě):

**Molokai** (Mō lō kăi'): one of the Hawaiian or Sandwich Islands.

**lepers** (lěp'ěrg): persons having leprosy (lěp'rō sŷ), an incurable disease.

**Kalaupapa** (Kă lă'pă pă): a village on the island of Molokai.

**spired** (spīred): having a spire or steeple.

**Kalawao** (Kă lă wă'ō): a village of Molokai.

**purser** (pûrs'ěr): a ship's book-keeper and cashier.

**hold**: the inside of a ship below the decks.

**disfigured**: marred, defaced.

**sketching** (skětch'ing): making a rough drawing, or an outline drawing.

**Louvain** (Lou văin'): a city of Belgium.

**priesthood**: the office of priest.

**baptismal name** (băp tŷ'măl): the name given at baptism; first name.

**approval** (ăp prōv'ăl): agreement or commendation.

**impetuous** (im pět'ŭ ōŷ): eager, hasty, headlong.

**Superior** (Sŭ pěr'i ōr): the head of a monastery or convent.

**Maui** (Mow'i): one of the Hawaiian Islands.

**missioner** (mŷsh'ôn ěr): missionary.

**Monseigneur** (Môn sěign yěr): my lord; a title of respect.

**contagious** (cōn tā'giōŷs): catching.

**contracting** (cōn trăct'ing): taking or getting, as a disease.

**polluted** (pōl lŭt'ěd): foul, impure.

**atmosphere** (ăt'mōs fěre): air.

**pandanus** (păn dă'nŷs): a tree somewhat like a palm, growing in southeastern Asia and in the Pacific islands.

**ki** (ki): a Hawaiian plant.

**pili** (pī'li): a coarse grass used for covering houses.

**outcast**: one who is cast out or driven from home, an exile.

**scantling** (scănt'ling): a piece of sawed timber less than five inches in breadth and thickness.

**gulch**: a ravine or gully.

**exercised**: here means disturbed.

**Waihanau** (Wai hă'now): a valley in Molokai.

**drought** (drought): dry weather.

**fortitude** (fôr'tŷ tŭde): courage, endurance.

**undaunted** (ŭn dăunt'ěd): bold, fearless.

**ardent** (ăr'děnt): eager, earnest.

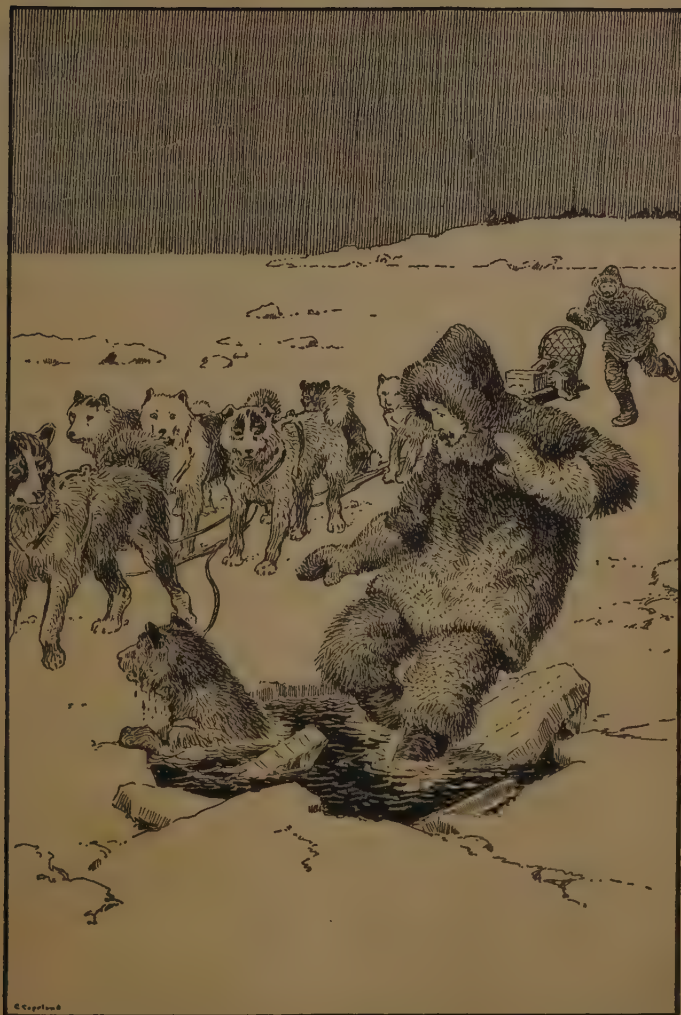
DR. GRENFELL OF THE LABRADOR COAST<sup>1</sup>

NORMAN DUNCAN

[Some twenty years ago or more a young physician was beginning to practice in the hospitals of London. He was a strong, active, kind-hearted young fellow, who wished to make the most of life. As a boy, he had tramped the  
5 sands and swum the salt tide at the mouth of the River Dee, near Chester, where he was born on the twenty-eighth of February, 1865. At school he was a good student and a fine athlete. He could "throw the hammer" farther than any of the other boys; he could row harder and  
10 faster; he could carry the football through the lines of the opposing team when it seemed impossible for any one else to get there. Now that he had begun the work of his profession he wanted something harder to do than to attend the sick in the well-fitted London hospitals.

15 So he offered his services to an English society that was looking after the needs of the deep-sea fishermen, and he was sent to the North Sea. There he worked for several years and did much good. But that was n't hard enough; he wanted some place to work where no one else was will-  
20 ing to go. And they sent him to Labrador. That was the hardest place they knew of, and it was quite hard enough.

<sup>1</sup> From "Dr. Grenfell's Parish." Copyrighted by the Fleming H. Revell Company.



"I GOT OFF TO RUN AND TRY THE ICE. IT SUDDENLY GAVE  
WAY, AND IN I FELL"

Mr. Norman Duncan tells of Dr. Grenfell's work among these Labrador fishermen in the book called "Dr. Grenfell's Parish," from which this selection is taken. Mr. Duncan is an American author and traveler who was born  
 5 in Canada in 1871, and is now living in Ohio. He writes for the magazines and has published a number of books, the best known of which are "Dr. Luke of the Labrador" and "The Adventures of Billy Topsail."

Dr. Grenfell has also written several books about the  
 10 work in Labrador. You would be interested in reading "Adrift on an Ice Pan," which tells how the ice of the bay broke up one day in early spring as he was crossing it, and he was carried out to sea. He spent a day and a night there with his dogs and almost froze to death, but  
 15 at last some fishermen saw his signals and rescued him.]

## I. A PERILOUS COAST

The coast of Labrador, which forms the larger half of the doctor's round, is forbidding indeed — naked, rugged, desolate, lying somber in a mist. It is of weatherworn gray rock, broken at intervals by long ribs of black. In  
 20 part it is low and ragged, slowly rising by way of bare slopes and starved forest to broken mountain ranges, which lie blue and bold in the inland waste. Elsewhere it rears from the edge of the sea in great cliffs and lofty, rugged hills. There is no inviting stretch of shore, no sandy  
 25 beach, no line of shingle, no grassy bank; the sea washes

a thousand miles of jagged rock. Were it not for the harbors, snugly sheltered from the winds and ground swell, there would be no navigating the waters of that region.

The man who sails the Labrador must know it all like his own back yard — not in sunny weather alone, but in <sup>5</sup> the night, when the headlands are like black clouds ahead, and in the mist, when the noise of breakers tells him all that he may know of his whereabouts. A flash of white in the gray distance, a thud and swish from a hidden place — the one is his beacon, the other his fog-horn. It is <sup>10</sup> thus, often, that the doctor gets along.

You may chart rocks and beware of them, but it is a proverb on the coast, "There's no chart for icebergs." The Labrador current is charged with them — hard, dead-white glacier ice from the Arctic, all the while shifting <sup>15</sup> with tide and current and wind.

Reefs, drift-ice, wind and sea, and over all the fog — thick, widespread, persistent, swift in coming, mysterious in movement. There are days when the fog lies like a thick blanket on the face of the sea, hiding the head-sails <sup>20</sup> from the man at the wheel. It is night on deck and broad day with the sun in a blue sky at the masthead; the schooners are sometimes steered by a man aloft.

So the men who sail that coast hate fog, fear it, avoid it when they can, which is seldom; they are not afraid <sup>25</sup> of wind and sea, but there are times when they shake in their sea-boots if the fog catches them out of harbor.

It was to these rough waters that Dr. Grenfell came when the need of the folk reached his ears and touched his heart. Before that, in the remoter parts of Newfoundland and on the coast of Labrador there were no doctors. ■ The folk depended for healing upon old women who worked charms, upon persons who prescribed medicines of the most curious description, upon a rough-and-ready surgery of their own. For example, there was an old fellow who set himself up as a healer in a lonely cove of the Newfoundland  
 10 coast; his cure for consumption was a bull's heart, dried and powdered and administered with faith and regularity. Elsewhere there was a man, stricken with disease, who, upon the recommendation of a kindly neighbor, regularly dosed himself with an ill-flavored liquid obtained by boil-  
 15 ing cast-off pulley blocks in water.

A preventive of sea-boils, with which the fishermen are cruelly afflicted upon the hands and wrists in raw weather, was found by a frowsy-headed old Labradorian.

"*I never has none,*" said he.

20 "No?"

"Not a one. Not since I got my cure."

"And what might that cure be?"

"Well, zur," was the reply, "I cuts my nails on a Monday."

25 When Dr. Grenfell first appeared on the coast he knew nothing of the reefs, the tides, the currents, cared nothing, apparently, for the winds; he sailed with the confidence

and reckless courage of a Labrador skipper. Fearing at times to trust his schooner in unknown waters, he went about in a whaleboat, and so hard did he drive her that he wore her out in a single season. She was capsized with all hands, once driven out to sea, many times nearly 5 swamped, once blown on the rocks; never before was a boat put to such tasks on that coast, and at the end of it she was wrecked beyond repair. Next season he appeared with a little steam launch, the *Princess May*, in which he not only journeyed from St. John's to Labrador, to the 10 astonishment of the whole colony, but sailed the length of that bitter coast, passing into the gulf and safely out again, and pushing to the very farthest settlements in the north. Late in the fall, upon the return journey to St. John's in stormy weather, she was reported lost, and 15 many a skipper, I suppose, wondered that she had lived so long; but she triumphantly made St. John's, after as adventurous a voyage, no doubt, as ever a boat of her measure survived.

The folk say, when a great wind blows, "This'll bring 20 Grenfell!" Often it does. He is impatient of delay; a gale is the wind for him—a wind to take him swiftly towards the place ahead. Had he been a weakling, he would long ago have died on the coast; had he been a coward, a multitude of terrors would long ago have driven 25 him to a life ashore; had he been anything but a true man and tender, indeed, he would long ago have retreated

under the suspicion and laughter of the folk. But he has outsailed the Labrador skippers, outdared them, done deeds of courage under their very eyes that they would shiver to think of — never in a foolhardy spirit, always with the object of kindly service. So he has the heart and willing hand of every honest man on the Labrador — and of none more than of the men of his crew, who take the chances with him; they are wholly devoted.

In the course of time the *Princess May* was wrecked or worn out. Then came the *Julia Sheridan*, thirty-five feet long, which the mission doctor bought while she yet lay under water from her last wreck and which he raised and refitted. Next came the *Sir Donald*, a stout ship, which in turn disappeared, crushed in the ice; then the *Strathcona*, with a hospital amidships.

The mission doctor is in a hurry. The coast is long, the season short. Every new day holds an opportunity for doing a good deed — not if he dawdles in the harbors when a gale is abroad, but only if he passes swiftly from place to place, with a brave heart meeting the dangers as they come. He has a round of three thousand miles to make. It is no wonder that he drives the little steamer at full steam, with all sails spread (as I have known him to do), when the fog is thick and the sea is covered with great bergs.

"I'm in a hurry," he said, with an impatient sigh. "The season's late. We must get along."

## II. TRAVELING WITH THE DOCTOR

In the early spring, when the sunlight is yellow and the warm winds blow and the melting snow drips over the cliffs and runs in little rivulets from the barren hills, in the thousand harbors of Newfoundland the great fleet is made ready for the long adventure upon the Labrador 5 coast. The rocks echo the noise of hammer and saw and mallet and the song and shout of the workers. The new schooners, building the winter long at the harbor side, are hurried to completion. The old craft, the weather-beaten, ragged old craft, which, it may be, have dodged the reefs and 10 outlived the gales of forty seasons, are fitted with new spars, patched with new canvas and rope, calked anew, and thus refitted, float bravely enough on the quiet harbor water.

When at last word comes south that the ice is clearing from the coast, the vessels spread their little wings to the 15 first favoring winds, and in a week, two weeks, or three, the last of the Labradormen have gone.

In the little hospital ship *Strathcona* the doctor himself darts here and there and everywhere all summer long, responding to calls, searching out the sick, gathering patients 20 for the various hospitals. She is never a moment idle while the waters are open. But in the fall, when navigation closes, she must go into winter quarters, and then the sick and starving are sought out by dog-team and komatik. Summer journeys are hard enough, but winter travel is a 25

matter of much greater difficulty and hardship. Not that the difficulty and hardship seem ever to be perceived by the mission doctor; quite the contrary. There is, if anything, greater delight to be found in a wild, swift race  
 5 over rotten or heaving ice or in a night in the driving snow than in running the *Strathcona* through a nor'east gale. The folk know that he is bound towards them, know the points of call, can determine within a month the time of his arrival. So they bring the sick to these places —  
 10 and patiently wait. This is a hard journey, made alone with the dogs. Many a night the doctor must get into his sleeping bag and make himself as comfortable as possible in the snow, snuggled close to his dogs for the sake of the warmth of their bodies. Six hundred miles north  
 15 in the dead of winter, six hundred miles back again!

Once, when Dr. Grenfell was wintering at St. Anthony on the French shore, there came in great haste from Conch, a point sixty miles distant, a komatik with an urgent summons to the bedside of a man who lay dying  
 20 of hemorrhage. And while the doctor was preparing for this journey, a second komatik, dispatched from another place, arrived with the message, "Come at once. My little boy has broken his thigh."

The doctor chose first to visit the lad. At ten o'clock  
 25 that night he was at the bedside. It had been a dark night — black dark, with the road precipitous, the dogs uncontrollable, the physician in great haste. The doctor

thought many a time that there would be "more than one broken limb" by the time of his arrival.

At one o'clock in the morning the broken bone was set and the doctor had had a cup of tea; whereupon he retired to a bed on the floor and a few hours' "watch 5 below."

At daylight it was haste away to Conch over the ice and snow, for the most of the time on the ice of the sea. When the dog train reached the coast there was a man waiting to intercept it; the news of the doctor's probable 10 coming had spread.

"I've a fresh team o' dogs, sir," said he, "to take you to the island. There's a man there, an' he's wonderful sick."

Would the doctor go? Yes, he would go. But he had 15 no sooner reached that point of the mainland whence he was bound across a fine stretch of ice to the island than he was again intercepted. It was a young man this time, whose mother lay ill. Would the doctor help her? Yes, the doctor would — and did. 20

Off again towards Conch — now with fresh teams, which had been provided by the friends of the man who lay there dying. And by the way a man brought his little son, a lad of three years, bright, healthy, light-haired, and blue-eyed. 25

"And what's the matter with him?" was the physician's question. /

"He's a club foot, sir," was the answer.

And so it turned out, but the doctor made arrangements for sending the child to the St. Anthony hospital, where he could without doubt be cured, and then hurried on.

The way now led through a district desperately poor. At one settlement there were forty souls "without a scrap of food or money," who depended upon their neighbors — and the opening of the fishing season was still three months distant!

For five days the doctor labored in Conch, healing many of the folk, helping more, and at the end of that period the man who had suffered the hemorrhage was so far restored that with new dogs the doctor set out for Canada Bay, still traveling southward. There, as he says, "we had many interesting cases." One of these required an operation, with the result that a fisherman who had long been crippled was made quite well again. Then there came a second call from Conch. Seventeen men had come for the physician, willing to haul the komatik themselves, if no dogs were to be had. To this call the doctor immediately responded, and having treated patients at Conch and by the way, he set out upon the return journey to St. Anthony. He had not gone far on the way before he fell in with another komatik, provided with a box in which lay an old woman bound to St. Anthony hospital, in the care of her sons, to have her foot amputated.

Crossing Hare Bay, the doctor had a slight mishap — rather amusing too, he thinks.

"One of my dogs fell through the ice," says he. "There was a biting nor'west wind blowing, and the temperature was ten degrees below zero. When we were one mile from the land, I got off to run and try the ice. It suddenly gave way, and in I fell. It did not take me long to get out, for I have had some little experience, and the best advice sounds odd; it is 'keep cool.' But the nearest house being at least ten miles, it meant then almost one's life to have no dry clothing. Fortunately, I had. The driver at once galloped the dogs back to the woods we had left, and I had as hard a mile's running as ever I had, for my clothing was growing to resemble the armor of an ancient knight more and more every yard, and though in my youth I was accustomed to break the ice to bathe if necessary, I never tried running a race in a coat of mail. By the time I arrived at the trees and got out of the wind my driver had a rubber poncho spread on the snow under a snug spruce thicket, and I was soon as dry and a great deal warmer than before."

At St. Anthony the woman's foot was amputated, and in two days the patient was talking of "getting up." Meantime a komatik had arrived in haste from a point on the northwest coast, a settlement one hundred and twenty miles distant. The doctor was needed there — and the doctor went.

On a stormy day of last July Dr. Grenfell carried many bundles ashore at Cartwright, in Sandwich Bay of the Labrador. The wife of the Hudson Bay Company's agent exclaimed with delight when she opened them. They were  
 5 Christmas gifts from the children of the "States" to the lads and little maids of that coast. With almost all there came a little letter addressed to the unknown child who was to receive the toy; the letters were filled with loving words, with good wishes coming from warm little hearts.  
 10 The doctor never forgets the Christmas gifts. He is the St. Nicholas of that coast. The wife of the agent stowed away the gifts against the time to come.

"It makes them *very* happy," she said.

Thus and all the time, in storm and sunshine, summer  
 15 and winter weather, Grenfell of the Deep-sea Mission goes about doing good; if it's not in a boat, it's in a dog-sled. He is what he likes to call "a Christian man." But he is also a hero — at once the bravest and the most useful man I know.

### QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Tell about Dr. Grenfell's early life before he went to Newfoundland and Labrador. 2. Point out on a map where he was born, where he did his first hospital work, where he did his first work among the fishermen. 3. What accident happened to Dr. Grenfell which he described in one of his books?

4. The story begins with a word picture of the coast of Labrador. Try to see it in your mind, and then describe it in

your own words. 5. Name three great dangers to the sailors on that coast and tell why they are dangers. 6. What is an iceberg, and how is it made? 7. How do the skippers sometimes steer a vessel in a fog?

8. Why is Dr. Grenfell generally in so great a hurry? 9. Why did the Labrador folk at first suspect and laugh at him? Why did they come, later, to admire and love him? 10. How many miles long is his round? Locate it on a map. (It extends from about the middle of the east coast of Newfoundland, northward the entire length of Labrador and around Cape Chidley into Ungava Bay; also through the Strait of Belle Isle into the Gulf of St. Lawrence.)

11. On page 321 is a description of the fishing fleet as it starts north in the spring. Think of this as a picture and try to see it. Tell what things seem to stand out most clearly. Is all this work of fitting out the fleet done in one place? Where is it done? 12. Describe the seasons in Labrador and Newfoundland (see your geography).

13. Tell how Dr. Grenfell does his work in summer. How does he work in winter? 14. What is the thing that impresses you most in the story of his journey to Conch? Upon that journey, what did he do after falling through the ice? What does this show you about him?

15. What does Dr. Grenfell carry each year to the children of Labrador? What does that tell you about him? 16. Name the fine things in Dr. Grenfell's character. 17. What difference is there between the heroism of Perseus, Father Damien, and Dr. Grenfell?

Dr. Grenfell's "Adrift on an Ice Pan" and Mr. Duncan's "Dr. Luke of the Labrador" will be good to read here, though you may need some help in reading them. Dr. William J. Long's

"Northern Trails" tells of adventures in Labrador and Newfoundland, and of the beasts, birds, and fishes of that coast. Edmund Collins's Story "Lost among Bubbles," in the Youth's Companion reader "Strange Lands near Home," relates an adventure on the Labrador coast. M. Harvey has a story about icebergs in the same book. There are also stories of Labrador and Newfoundland in Grinnell and Roosevelt's "Trail and Camp Fire."

Suggestions for play work: Make a small komatik, or dog-sled, from pictures in your geography or other books.

**Grenfell** (Grĕn'fĕll).

**shingle**: a pebbly beach.

**ground swell**: a long, smooth swell of the ocean.

**the Labrador** (Lăb ră dô'r'): a name given to the coast of Labrador.

**beacon** (bĕa'con): a signal fire or light.

**chart**: to locate on a chart or map.

**glacier** (glă'shĕr): a mass of ice, formed among the mountains, which moves slowly down through valleys to the sea.

**persistent** (pĕr sĭs'tĕnt): being firm or unmoved; persevering.

**schooners** (schōōn'ĕrs): vessels whose sails are rigged to the mast by one edge instead of in the middle. A fishing schooner usually has two masts, but some schooners have as many as seven.

**aloft** (ă löft'): overhead.

**remoter** (rĕ môt'ĕr): farther away.

**charms**: magic cures.

**prescribed** (prĕ scrib'ed): ordered or directed to be taken.

**rough-and-ready**: rude or coarse, but ready at a moment's notice.

**surgery** (sŭr'gĕr ĭ): the art of healing by the use of hands or instruments.

**administered** (ăd mĭn'ĭs tĕred): gave as a medicine.

**pulley blocks** (pul'leĭ blŏcks): blocks in which are grooved wheels or pulleys for ropes to run over.

**preventive** (prĕ vĕnt'ĭve): something that prevents or wards off.

**afflicted** (ăf fĭct'ĕd): troubled, hurt, tormented.

**capsized** (căp siz'ed): upset, overturned.

**swamped** (swămp'ed): sunk by being filled with water.

**steam launch** (stĕam lâunch): an open boat driven by steam.

**survived** (sŭr vĭved'): lived through, remained alive.

**suspicion** (sūs pīsh'ōn): doubt, mistrust.

**foolhardy** (fōōl'hār dŷ): reckless, foolishly bold.

**Strathcona** (Strāth cō'nà).

**amidships** (à mīd'ships): in the middle of a ship.

**dawdles** (daw'dles): loiters, wastes time.

**completion** (cōm plē'shōn): the act of finishing or making complete.

**spars** (spārs): masts and other round timbers to support the sails of a ship.

**calked** (całked): made tight, as the seams of a ship, usually by filling with picked rope and covering with pitch or tar.

**komatik** (kō māt'ic): a sledge used in Labrador.

**points of call**: stations or places where one stops on a regular route.

**French shore**: that part of the Newfoundland coast occupied by French fishermen.

**Conch** (Cōnch): a village on the French shore of Newfoundland.

**summons** (sūm'mōns): a call to attend.

**hemorrhage** (hēm'ōr rhāge): a bleeding.

**dispatched** (dīs pāched'): sent in haste.

**precipitous** (prē cīp'ī toŷs): steep.

**uncontrollable** (ūn cōn trōl'la ble): that cannot be controlled or governed.

**intercept** (īn tēr cēpt'): to interrupt or stop the progress of.

**desperately** (dēs'pēr ātē lŷ): very, extremely.

**amputated** (ām'pŭ tāt ēd): cut off from the body.

**poncho** (pōn'chō): a cloak of rubber or oiled cloth.

*(For memorizing)*

God give us men! A time like this demands  
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands.

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND

Be noble! and the nobleness that lies  
In other men, sleeping but never dead,  
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

## CAPTAIN SCOTT AND THE HEROES OF THE SOUTH POLE

WALTER TAYLOR FIELD

[Until a few years ago the regions about the North and South Poles had never been looked upon by man. Many had wondered what they were like. Some thought them to be open seas, some thought them land or rock, some  
5 thought them simply ice, but no one knew. For the cold is so intense and traveling so difficult that the men who had tried to explore those desolate places of the earth had been driven back again and again, and many had lost their lives.

10 There were other things besides the surface of the polar regions which men had wanted to know about. They had wanted to know how the compass behaves there, how the sun appears, how cold it is, in what direction the wind currents move, what animals, if any, are to be found there —  
15 this knowledge would help to explain many things. And for more than four hundred years explorers had been trying to reach the poles and answer the questions.

In 1909 a party made their way to the North Pole, over masses of floating ice, and found that it was in the  
20 midst of a frozen ocean, so deep that through a crack in the ice a plummet could not reach the bottom. Upon the ice and in the sea were animals of many kinds.

But what of the South Pole? Was that on land or sea? Were animals to be found there too? Was it as cold as the North Pole? Explorers to the south had also been trying to find the answers to these questions, but each time they had been beaten back by the fearful cold.]

5

## I. GETTING READY

In 1901 the hero of this story, Captain Robert F. Scott, of the British navy, led an expedition over a wide rough field of ice called the Great Barrier and pushed southward so far that he felt sure he could reach the Pole if he had another chance. So he went back to England and began 10 to prepare for an expedition that should not fail. Eight years he spent in getting ready, and at last in 1910, a year after the North Pole had been discovered, he started south again with the largest and most complete outfit that had ever been carried by a polar party. He realized that 15 the most important part of the outfit was the men themselves, and he chose a company of heroes that the world to-day is proud to honor.

He planned to start for the South in November, at the opening of the southern spring — for the seasons, you will 20 remember, on the southern half of the earth are just the opposite of ours, and January is midsummer. He was to build there, during the first summer, a large hut or camp to protect the men through the next winter. He was to explore the coast of the Antarctic continent, to cross the 25

Great Barrier, which he had crossed in 1901, and to build camps or stations at different points along the route, filling them with provisions so that when the party made their final dash for the Pole the next season, they could travel  
15 more quickly and carry lighter loads.

His plans for the first season were carried out. The expedition sailed from New Zealand in the good ship *Terra Nova*, and after weathering a storm which washed overboard some of their dogs, ponies, and supplies, and which  
10 almost sent the vessel to the bottom, they found themselves in the ice pack surrounding the Antarctic continent. The ice pack, you must know, is a great field of floating ice driven together by the winds and waves, and is sometimes quite impassable; but by patiently waiting  
15 and taking advantage of such openings as appeared from time to time, they worked their way through it and on the last day of the year 1910 steamed out into the clear water of Ross Sea.

At this season of the year the days are long, and there  
20 is almost no night. The weather is then as warm as it ever becomes in that part of the world and the air is so clear that objects can be seen at great distances. On the second of January, Mount Erebus, the Antarctic volcano on Ross Island, could be seen one hundred and fifteen  
25 miles away.

Crossing Ross Sea, they came face to face with the Great Barrier, a wall of solid ice which incloses part of



the Antarctic continent and slopes away on the inside to an ice plain some eight hundred miles in width. Part of this ice plain is over the sea, but is so deeply frozen that it never breaks up.

5 At last the party found a landing place. After tramping over a mile of ice they came upon the solid rock of the coast and built their hut or winter quarters. Then they unloaded the ship on the edge of the ice and carried the supplies across on sledges.

10 The sound was full of killer whales; and while this work was going on, the whales swam under the ice, bumping against it from below and breaking out large sections. It was an anxious time for Scott and his men, but happily no lives were lost.

15 I will not tell you much about the work of that first season. It was mainly getting ready. They built camps and stored provisions at different points upon the Barrier, along the route which they were to take the following year — Hut Point, at the southern end of Ross Island; Safety  
20 Camp, a little farther on; Corner Camp, where the line of march turned; and most important of all One Ton Camp, where they stored a ton of provisions, oil, fuel, and other necessities, making a safe base of supplies for their next year's journey.

25 Traveling upon the Barrier was very hard. Part of the surface was covered with deep, soft snow which sometimes almost buried men and animals, and which concealed the

great cracks or crevasses in the ice below. I will tell you but one incident of this first year's sledging to show how a true man acts when a creature that is dependent upon him is in need/

The summer season was drawing to a close, and winter 5 was almost upon them. Scott and his men were making such haste as they could to get back to winter quarters and were gliding along in the half-twilight when suddenly two of the middle dogs of Scott's team disappeared, then another pair, then two more. In less time than it takes to 10 tell it, twelve of the thirteen dogs which drew his sledge dropped out of sight, and the leader, Osman, a large, strong animal, was seen struggling desperately to keep his foothold on the ice beyond. They had fallen into a crevasse.

Looking down, Scott could dimly see them hanging in 15 their harness, while two that had dropped out were clinging to an ice bridge far below. In an instant he threw a bundle of tent poles across the crevasse, leaped it, fastened a rope to the harness which was strangling Osman, and tied it firmly to the poles. He then cut Osman loose, just in time 20 to save him. The dogs that were still hanging in the harness were now supported by the tent poles, and through the united efforts of the entire party were soon pulled up. Then Scott in the half-darkness was lowered by a rope sixty-five feet into the crevasse, where the two remaining dogs 25 were still upon the ice bridge. The dogs were drawn up one after another, and last of all, the captain himself.

When the Scott party reached Safety Camp on their return, they found a note from one of the parties whom they had left to explore the coast and mountains. This told them that the Norwegian explorer Amundsen had  
5 been seen in the Bay of Whales at a point much nearer the Pole than the Scott party, and that he, with a large force of men and dogs, was planning to start as soon as winter was over, on the same quest.

If Scott had been a jealous man he would perhaps have  
10 taken chances and started sooner, for it would be disappointing after all these preparations to have another reach the goal before him. But as he thought of it, it seemed to him that the important thing after all, was to get there and take the observations, and he would not risk  
15 the safety of his men or the success of his undertaking by trying to get ahead of another man who was working for the same end. So he continued his journey back to winter quarters.

The winter was long and cold. The men made them-  
20 selves as comfortable as possible, taking observations of temperature and winds, and going out on a few short journeys when the weather permitted — which was not often. During an entire week the temperature did not rise higher than sixty degrees below zero and once it fell to seventy-  
25 seven degrees below. Meanwhile three of the party went to the other end of the island and studied the habits of a colony of penguins. They were gone five weeks. In all

that time there were but a few hours each day when it was light enough for them to see, and even that was but a dim twilight. They slept in bags under a canvas tent, and one night a blizzard carried away the tent, burying them in snow. But they lived through it and returned to their comrades with valuable records and specimens.

## II. THE DASH FOR THE POLE

The light was now gradually growing stronger and the cold less intense. The Arctic summer was again approaching, and the time was at hand for our heroes to do the thing for which they had been so long preparing. It was not an easy task. First, there was the Barrier to cross, between four hundred and five hundred miles in width at that point; then there was the great Beardmore Glacier to climb — a difficult undertaking even in a temperate climate and an inhabited country, but frightfully difficult there. Then there was a further journey of some three hundred and fifty miles over — no one knew what, for no human being had ever been there. And when all that had been done and the goal reached, there was the return journey, out of the ice and the cold and the awful loneliness, back to life and safety. From their winter quarters to the Pole and back again was a journey of some eighteen hundred and fifty miles, or nearly the distance from New York to Chicago and return — through unbroken and uncharted wastes of snow and biting cold, with no human help in case of need.

It had been snowing heavily and the journey over the Barrier was slower than had been expected. The two motor sledges broke down, one after the other, and part of the loads had to be left behind, while the lightened  
5 sledges were hauled forward by the men. During the warmer hours of the day the ice and snow often melted, but as the sun dropped toward the horizon or was covered by clouds the temperature fell to fifteen or twenty degrees below zero. This is the Antarctic summer. Yet the men  
10 had become so accustomed to greater cold that they did not feel it. At one time they were held back four days by a raging blizzard. When such storms came they could only get under cover of their tents and wait.

As they neared the glacier, the fodder gave out, and  
15 they had to kill the ponies. A few days later, to save provisions, the dogs were sent back in charge of one of the men, and the rest of the party pushed on, hauling the sledges up the glacier, over rough ice seamed with crevasses. At one time they tramped through loose snow  
20 knee-deep. Again, they went for days over a half-formed crust which was continually breaking through under their weight. They found no animals or birds of any kind which they could kill for food. The only wild life they had seen since leaving the coast was a few gulls on the  
25 seaward stretches of the Barrier.

On the twenty-second of December they reached the top of the glacier. Here it was found that the provisions were

still falling behind their calculations, and four of the men were sent back, that there might be food enough for the rest. Those who returned would find provisions in the camps along the route.

The crevasses became less frequent as they went on, and the surface harder. Beyond the top of the glacier they found a rough plateau of ice which led them upward to a height of 10,570 feet above the level of the sea — about four thousand feet higher than Mount Washington, and thirty-five hundred feet lower than Pike's Peak. 5 10

On the thirty-first of December, with lightened provisions, they rebuilt the sledges, making them smaller in order to lessen the labor of pulling. But even so, they did not make the hoped-for progress, and a few days later three more men were sent back. They were terribly disappointed, and one even wept, but there was no help for it. They did not know then that the selection meant life to them and death to those who were chosen to go on. If they had known, perhaps it would have made no difference, for they had set their hearts upon reaching the Pole, and death was a thing they did not fear. 15 20

The little party who pushed on were Captain Scott, Lieutenant Bowers, Dr. Wilson, Captain Oates, and Edgar Evans — five as brave men as the sun ever shone upon. It will be worth while for you to remember them, for it is good to know such men. Misfortunes soon began to crowd upon them. The surface of the ice was crossed with great 25

ridges like waves, made by the wind, and the crests of these ridges were hard and sharp and difficult to get over. Farther on, the snow grew loose and sandy and the pulling frightfully hard, while a strong wind blew in their  
5 faces nearly all the time. An average of about ten miles a day was made, but the work was very exhausting. On January eighth they were stopped by another blizzard, with drifting snow, and were obliged to wait again. Then the surface grew softer and the plain more flat.  
10 Think, if you can, of the monotony of those last stages, as they trudged on with the heavy sledges dragging behind them, and nothing before, as far as the eye could reach, but snow and sky.

On the sixteenth of January they knew by their obser-  
15 vations of the sun that they were nearing the Pole, and they began to wonder whether the Norwegian expedition under Amundsen had been before them. Even as they talked of it, Bowers's sharp eyes saw what seemed a black speck ahead. They drew nearer, and the speck  
20 gradually took the shape of a flag. At last it was seen to be tied to the runner of a sledge. Around it were the remains of a camp, with sledge tracks, ski tracks, and the footprints of dogs. That told the story. Amundsen, coming from another direction, had already found the Pole,  
25 and their labor was in vain. Yet they pushed on.

On Thursday, the eighteenth of January, they reached, upon a broad, flat plain of snow, a place which their

calculations told them was the Pole. And sure enough, not far away stood a tent with the Norwegian flag and the pennant of Amundsen's ship, the *Fram*, flying from the peak. Inside the tent they found a note saying that Amundsen and four companions had been there December 15 sixteenth, 1911, just thirty-three days before. There was also a letter from Amundsen to Scott and another letter to the king of Norway, which Scott was asked to deliver if he got back to Europe first.

Scott took the letters and left a note in the tent saying 10 that he with Wilson, Bowers, Oates, and Edgar Evans, had also been there. Then, as nearly as possible on the spot which they supposed to be the Pole, they raised the Union Jack. The surface of the snow on all sides was flat except for the wind ridges; and the temperature on that day was 15 twenty-two degrees below zero.

The Pole was about ninety-five hundred feet above the sea, a thousand feet lower than the country over which they had passed. They took an observation of the sun each of the twenty-four hours of the day and found that it passed in 20 a circle around the heavens, moving neither up nor down. This proved that they were at the Pole. The compass had been pointing to their right all through the journey from Ross Island, showing that the magnetic pole was not the same as the geographical pole. Indeed, while they were 25 pushing southward another party from Ross Island had sought and found the magnetic pole in latitude about 72°.

The thing Scott's party had set out to do had been accomplished. Now their chief concern was to get back to the world of men and to the loved ones who were waiting for them anxiously at home.

5 The wind was with them as they started back, showing that its direction was reasonably constant. They rigged a piece of sailcloth to their sledge; this gave them some help, but the sledge sank into the loose, sandy snow and the men were evidently losing strength. Evans had injured his  
10 hand when they rebuilt the sledges, and the wound grew worse. Oates's feet suffered terribly from the cold.

All felt that they were not having enough to eat, yet they did not dare to increase their rations, fearing that they would run short, for they were now many days behind  
15 their program. Dr. Wilson strained his leg while pulling the heavy sledge. Captain Scott and Evans fell into a crevasse, and Evans in falling struck his head a hard blow on the ice. They were able to retrace their old sledge tracks without great difficulty, though in some places the snow  
20 had drifted over them; and as they went from camp to camp they picked up the provisions which they had left for their return. Yet they were losing time, they had not strength to make the long stages which they had taken on their outward journey, and the provisions which they  
25 found at one camp were barely sufficient to carry them to the next. Scott's journal at this point begins to show anxiety.

On February seventh they reached the glacier. Here they were sheltered, and the weather grew somewhat warmer — the temperature one day being as high as twelve degrees above zero. In the glacier they saw solid rock once more and collected specimens of stone and fossils. 5

But Evans was rapidly growing weaker, and one day, though he tried bravely to keep up and not let the others know how ill he was, he fainted, and the secret was out. The fall into the crevasse had given him a fatal hurt. He told them to leave him there and save themselves, but 10 they laughed at such a thought. "While there is life, there is hope!" they said. "Come on and do your best! We will not leave you." So they pulled him on the sledge, adding his weight to the burden that was already too heavy for them to bear, and taking the tenderest care of him. 15 At last, when he could not bear the jolting of the sledge, they camped and stayed with him, lessening their own food supply until they were almost starving. And when he died, they buried him in the snow and held a funeral service, and went on. 20

Hope began to stir in their hearts again. If they could make nine miles a day, there were enough provisions to carry them to One Ton Camp, and there they should find plenty of everything. Nine miles was not much. They had done more than that on their outward journey. But 25 now they were on short rations, and their strength was failing. Could they do it?

It was early in March. Winter was coming on, and with so little food they could not stand against the cold. One day Scott wrote in his journal, "For the moment the temperature has risen to twenty degrees below zero, an  
5 improvement which makes us much more comfortable."

Oates's feet were badly frozen and growing worse. Each night in camp Dr. Wilson worked over them, but could not bring them back to life. At last Oates's hands and arms began to freeze, and one night he said, as Evans had said,  
10 "Boys, you must leave me here and save yourselves. I shall never live through this, even if we get to One Ton Camp." And they knew that it was true. But they would not leave him. By turns they helped him on over the snow, supporting him on either side when he could walk,  
15 and at last pulling him upon the sledge, when he could no longer stand.

They were not making their nine miles a day. Sometimes it was only four or five miles. Oates begged them again to leave him, but they shook their heads. Then a  
20 great thought came to him. "If they will not leave me," he said to himself, "I will leave them." So he got up and went out into the blinding storm—and was never seen again. And the three who were left, when they understood what he had done, bowed their heads, for they remembered  
25 how it is written, "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends." Oates had given his life for theirs.

They tried to find him, but the snow was driving so fiercely that they could scarcely see one another. There was nothing to do now but to hasten on.

During the lulls in the storm they made such progress as they could and at last pitched their tent only eleven miles 5 from One Ton Camp — one day's march, or two at most, from all that would give them life and strength. But that night the storm increased, and when they arose next morning they knew that they should never go any farther.

Scott spent the strength which remained to him in writing 10 letters to his wife and to the friends of Wilson and Bowers, who were then too weak to write for themselves. He also wrote a message to the world in which he said:

"For my own sake I do not regret this journey, which has shown that Englishmen can endure hardship, help one 15 another, and meet death with as great fortitude as ever in the past. Had we lived, I should have had a tale to tell of the hardihood, endurance, and courage of my companions which would have stirred the heart of every Englishman. These rough notes and our dead bodies must tell the 20 tale, but surely, surely a great rich country like ours will see that those who are dependent upon us are properly provided for."

So Scott and his companions finished their journey, and found at last a better country than is anywhere on earth, 25 and they entered it joyously and triumphantly, as heroes always do.

When it became evident that Scott and his party were delayed, a searching party started after them, but the winter was by that time so far advanced that the men were driven back. Next spring they tried again and after six  
5 weeks' search found the bodies of three of the heroes in the tent, with their records and specimens and Scott's journal, which tells us all we know of that last terrible journey. The journal told them how Oates met his death, and they went farther, to the place where he had left his  
10 comrades, but they could find no trace of him. As near the place as they could guess, they raised a mound of ice and marked it with his name. Over the bodies of the other three they raised another mound, and after a prayer went away leaving them to the great white silence of the  
15 ice and snow.

On a hill above the camp on Ross Island, and looking out over the wide lonely Barrier, stands a cross on which is carved the names of the five heroes and a line from Tennyson's "Ulysses," "To seek, to strive, to find, and  
20 not to yield."

### QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Give some of the reasons why men have wished to reach the Poles.
2. When was the North Pole discovered, and was it found to be on land or sea? What sort of animals were there?
3. When did Scott make his first expedition? How much time did he spend in getting ready for his second?
4. When

did he start on his second expedition, and from where did he sail? 5. What is an ice pack? 6. Describe the penguin, and if possible find a picture of one. 7. Describe the seasons in the Antarctic regions.

8. What was Captain Scott's plan for reaching the Pole? 9. Describe the Great Barrier. 10. Describe a crevasse. 11. Tell in your own words the adventure of the dogs in the crevasse. 12. As Scott was returning from his first season's work, what did he learn about Amundsen and how did he feel about it? 13. How did Scott's party spend the winter of 1911, and how low did the temperature fall? 14. Tell of the adventures of the party who visited the penguins.

15. When did Scott finally set out for the Pole, about how long was the journey both ways, and into what three stages did he divide it? 16. Name some of the difficulties which the party met on their journey to the Pole. 17. What animals did they find, and where? How then does the animal life of the South Pole compare with that of the North Pole? 18. Compare the height of the land which they passed over with the height of well-known mountains in America.

19. Tell what they found at the Pole. 20. Describe the movement of the sun as seen from the Pole. 21. What was discovered about the magnetic pole? 22. In what direction were the wind currents? 23. Where did the men get provisions on their return journey? 24. Tell how Evans proved himself a hero. 25. Tell about Oates's heroic act. 26. Tell what happened to the three remaining heroes. 27. Tell what seems to you the noblest act done by any of Scott's men, and give reasons. 28. Did these men show the world something finer than the discovery of the Pole, and if so what was it? 29. Repeat the motto from Tennyson's poem "Ulysses" which was placed upon their monument.

The journal of Captain Scott, with full reports of Dr. Wilson and others of the expedition, has been published in two large volumes called "Scott's Last Expedition." A shorter account is in *Everybody's Magazine* for July, August, September, and October, 1913. A still shorter account, together with stories of other explorations at both the North and the South Poles, may be found in the book "Heroes of the Farthest North and Farthest South," by J. Kennedy McLean. This book is written especially for young people. A full account of Amundsen's expedition is given in an English translation called "The South Pole."

**plummet** (plūm'mět) : a piece of lead or a weight on the end of a cord, used to measure the depth of water.

**Terra Nova** (Tě'r'ā Nō'vā) : the name of Scott's ship. It means "New Land."

**Erebus** (Ě'r'ē būs) : a volcano on Ross Island.

**Great Barrier** (Bār'rĩ ěr) : a field of solid ice partly surrounding the Antarctic continent.

**killer whales** : fierce creatures that prey upon seals and other sea animals.

**crevasse** (crě vās'se') : a deep crevice in a glacier or ice field.

**Amundsen** (Ä'münd'sěn) : a Norwegian explorer.

**quest** (kwěst) : search.

**observation** (ōb sēr vā'shōn) : the act of looking carefully at something that takes place, generally using

instruments for the sake of greater exactness.

**penguins** (pěn'gwĩns) : short-legged Antarctic birds with finlike wings and scaly feathers.

**motor** (mō'tēr) : a small engine.

**monotony** (mō nōt'ō nŷ) : sameness.

**stages** : parts into which a journey is divided.

**ski** (skĩ) : a strip of wood or runner bound under the foot and used for gliding over the snow.

**Union Jack** : a small flag consisting usually of the square or rectangle which forms the upper corner of the complete flag. Scott's jack was the British union jack.

**hardihood** (hār'dĩ hōōd) : bravery.

**endurance** (ěn dūr'ānce) : the power to withstand pain or hardship.

**triumphantly** (trĩ ūm'fānt lŷ) : victoriously.

## PART VI. AROUND THE YEAR

### WILL AND I

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE

[Here is a story of another hero, a brave man who lost home, money, and health, but who was cheerful and hopeful through it all, and who kept his mind full of beautiful thoughts, which he put into beautiful poems. In many ways he will remind you of Lanier, whose story 5 you have already read.

On New Year's Day in the year 1830 Paul Hamilton Hayne was born in a fine old mansion in Charleston, South Carolina. His forefathers had come from England in the early colonial days before the United States became 10 a nation. Some of them had fought in the Revolution and had done important work for the new government under Washington. His uncle, Robert Y. Hayne, was governor of South Carolina and a famous speaker. His father was an officer in the navy.

15

So this boy came into a home where there was wealth, culture, a large library of good books, and everything that should make a lad successful. He was a fine scholar, went through school and college in Charleston, and began early

to write for the newspapers and magazines. With some others he started Russell's Magazine and was its editor. He married a beautiful young Charleston woman, wrote and published several books of poems, and was becoming well  
5 known as a poet, when the Civil War broke out.

Soon after this, Charleston was besieged. Mr. Hayne's home was one of many that were burned; his books and everything that he owned were destroyed, and he was left very poor. He had joined the Southern army, but his health  
10 broke down, and he found that he could not stand the hard life of a soldier. So, with his wife and child, he went to Georgia and built a little cottage or shanty, as he called it, in the pine woods near Augusta. There he lived for twenty-three years, fighting death, as Lanier fought it,  
15 and there at last he died, in 1886. He left a son, William Hamilton Hayne, who was also a poet.

In this poem a boy tells how he and his brother Will roam the woods and pick wild roses for their mother.]

20           We roam the hills together,  
          In the golden summer weather,  
                    Will and I;  
          And the glowing sunbeams bless us,  
          And the winds of heaven caress us,  
                    As we wander hand in hand  
25           Through the blissful summer land,  
                    Will and I.

Where the tinkling brooklet passes  
Through the heart of dewy grasses,

Will and I

Have heard the mock-bird singing,  
And the field-lark seen upspringing

5

In his happy flight afar,

Like a tiny wingèd star,

Will and I.

Amid cool forest closes

We have plucked the wild wood roses,

10

Will and I ;

And have twined, with tender duty,

Sweet wreaths to crown the beauty

Of the purest brows that shine

With a mother-love divine,

15

Will and I.

Ah ! thus we roam together,

Through the golden summer weather,

Will and I ;

While the glowing sunbeams bless us,

20

And the winds of heaven caress us,

As we wander hand in hand

O'er the blissful summer land,

Will and I.

## FLYING FURZE

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE

[The flying furze spoken of in this poem is the winged seed of a tall, coarse kind of grass or sedge that grows in Georgia and many other parts of the South. It is blown about by the wind over the fields and hedges, like the seed  
5 of the dandelion or the milkweed or the thistle. You have surely seen winged seeds or down very much like these, floating and shimmering in the sunshine on an autumn day, and I am sure you have felt, as Hayne did, that they were very beautiful and very fairylike. In reading this  
10 poem notice how musical it is, and how the words seem to float and dance just like the down, until in the last verse they grow fainter and softer and at last fade away.]

Airily, fairily, over the meadows,  
Over the broom-grasses waving and gay,  
15 O, see how it shimmers,  
How wavers and glimmers,  
Flying, and flying away !

Hastefully, wastefully, over the copses,  
Over the hedgerows in scattered array,  
20 See, see how 'tis curling  
And twinkling and whirling,  
Ever and ever away !

Merrily, cheerily, down the far verges,  
 Verges of fields growing misty and gray,  
 Still, still how it shimmers,  
 Grows fainter and glimmers,  
 Shimmers, and glimmers away?

### QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Tell what you can about Hayne. Compare his life with Lanier's. How were they alike, and how different?

2. What is the poem "Will and I" about? 3. Explain "golden summer weather"; "winds of heaven *caress* us." 4. For whom did they get roses? What did that show?

5. What is "flying furze"? 6. Do seeds really fly "wastefully"? Why are they so made as to fly on the wind? 7. Put into simpler words "in scattered array," "far verges of fields."

Others of Hayne's easier poems are "The Meadow Brook," "The Winds of the Winter," and "The Three Copecks."

For a list of autumn poems see Literary Readers, Book Four, page 297. Others are Stedman's "Autumn Song," "The Little Leaves," and "The Flight of the Birds"; Cowper's "The Cricket"; Longfellow's "The Rainy Day"; Bryant's "The Death of the Flowers"; Hood's "November"; Alice Cary's "Faded Leaves"; and Eugene Field's "The Night Wind."

**mock-bird** : mocking bird.

**airily** (âîr'î lÿ) : lightly, like air.

**fairily** (fâîr'î lÿ) : fairylike.

**broom-grasses** : tall grasses bearing stalks with clusters of seeds.

**shimmers** (shîm'mērs) : shines faintly or tremblingly, glimmers.

**wavers** (wāv'ērs) : moves unsteadily, first one way and then another.

**hastefully** (hāste'fûl lÿ) : hurrying.

**copses** (cōps'ēs) : clumps of small trees or bushes.

**array** (ār rāy') : lines or ranks.

**verges** (vērg'ēs) : borders or edges.

## BALLAD OF THE THANKSGIVING PILGRIM

CLINTON SCOLLARD

[The author of this poem is one of the most musical of our later American poets. He was born at Clinton, New York, in 1860, and studied at Hamilton College, at Harvard University, and at Cambridge University, England. 5 He has traveled much and has written beautiful poems of oriental life, which are to be found in his "Songs of Sunrise Lands," "Lutes of Morn," and "Lyrics of the Dawn." He has also written many poems of nature and ballads of American history. "On the Eve of Bunker Hill," "Wayne 10 at Stony Point," and "King Philip's Last Stand" are among the best of them.]

A ballad is a simple poem which tells a story. This ballad is about a man who had been away from home for many years. He went to Alaska, probably to hunt for 15 gold; and his old mother back in New York State, and his brothers and sisters, did not know what had become of him. But, without sending any word, he made up his mind one day to go back to the old home and surprise them all on Thanksgiving. He was late in getting there, 20 but at last he climbed the hills of Kirkland, where he had lived when a boy, and found the old farmhouse, and came upon the family at their Thanksgiving dinner. You may guess how glad his mother was to see him.]

The purple hills of Kirkland  
    Stood up against the morn,  
As o'er the rutty road there strode  
    A pilgrim lean and lorn.

The wood-crowned hills of Kirkland,  
    They notched the wan blue sky,  
As toward that plodding pilgrim came  
    A horseman urging by.

"I prithee, weary pilgrim,  
    Now whither dost thou roam?"  
"I seek a gabled farmstead set  
    Amid these hills of home.

"I seek an ancient rooftree set  
    Amid these uplands gray."  
"God give thee luck," the horseman cried,  
    "This froze Thanksgiving day!"

The quiet hills of Kirkland,  
    They saw, when broad noon shone  
Above the fair Oriska vale,  
    This pilgrim toiling on.

The frosted asters waved and tossed  
    Before him and behind;  
The journeying silken milkweed seed  
    Went capering down the wind.

The hemlocks preened their night-dark plumes  
 As up and up he clomb;  
 The same old rook-calls welcomed him  
 Back to the hills of home.

5 High on the hills of Kirkland  
 Where hale the North Wind roared,  
 O gay were they that grouped about  
 The heaped Thanksgiving board!

10 And yet the brooding mother,  
 She hid with smiles the tear  
 For one whose lips she had not kissed  
 This many a lonely year.

For one whose *Wanderlust* had led  
 His roving spirit far,  
 15 Until she dreamed he slept beneath  
 The clear Alaskan star.

Hark, at the door a summons!  
 A step upon the sill!  
 O mother-eyes abrim with joy,  
 20 And mother-heart athrill!

And O ye hills of Kirkland,  
 In dull November gray,  
 Ye never saw a gladder sight  
 Upon Thanksgiving day!



"HARK, AT THE DOOR A SUMMONS!  
A STEP UPON THE SILL!"

## QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Tell something about the author of this poem. 2. What is a ballad? Why is this man called a pilgrim? 3. What makes the hills of Kirkland purple, as the wanderer sees them on Thanksgiving morning? 4. What does "lean and lorn" tell us about the man? 5. What is meant by the hills "notching" the wan blue sky, and what is a "wan" sky? 6. What does the horseman ask the wanderer, and what does the wanderer reply? 7. What is meant by "prithie"? by "gabbed farmstead"? by "ancient rooftree"? by "uplands gray"? by "frore"?

8. Where was the pilgrim at noon of Thanksgiving Day? What do the words "frosted asters" add to the poem? 9. What do "journeying," "silken," and "capering" tell about the milkweed seed? 10. What is a hemlock, and what is meant by "preened their night-dark plumes"? What made the hemlocks look so dark at midday? 11. What is meant by "the *same old* rook-calls welcomed him"? 12. A poet always leaves part of his picture for the reader to imagine and fill out. Describe the group at the dinner table as you think it might have been. 13. Why is the mother called a "brooding mother"? Of whom was she thinking as they gathered about the table? 14. What is meant by "O mother-eyes abrim with joy, and mother-heart athrill"? 15. Tell the story of the poem in your own words.

The poems of Mr. Scollard which will probably most interest you are "A Boy's Book of Rhyme" and "Ballads of Valor and Victory." The latter of these books Mr. Scollard and Mr. Wallace Rice wrote together. Some of the ballads are named in the introduction to this poem.

Other good Thanksgiving poems for fifth-grade reading — in addition to those named in the Literary Readers, Book Four,

page 301 — are Whittier's "A Song of Harvest," Amelia E. Barr's "Thanksgiving," Alice W. Brotherton's "The First Thanksgiving Day" (in Plymouth), Arthur Guiterman's "The First Thanksgiving" (in Boston), Charlotte W. Thurston's "Thanksgiving Philosophy," Eudora S. Bumstead's "Margie's Thanksgiving." (The last four are in R. H. Schauffler's book "Thanksgiving," and the third and fourth in Stevenson's "Days and Deeds.") There are several good Thanksgiving stories in the Schauffler book and in Frances Jenkins Olcott's "Good Stories for Great Holidays."

**rutty** (rüt'tŷ) : full of ruts.

**lorn** (lôrn) : forlorn, lonely.

**wan** (wạn) : pale.

**plodding** (plöd'ding) : moving in a slow, toilsome way.

**prithce** (prith'ĕe) : I pray thee.

**gabled** (gä'bled) : having gables. A gable is the triangular space at the end of a roof.

**farmstead** (färm'stĕad) : a farm with the buildings upon it.

**rooftree** (rōōf'trĕe) : the beam that supports the top of a roof; here used for the roof itself.

**frore** (frōre) : frosty.

**Oriska vale** (Ō ris'kă vāle) : the Oriskany valley, in New York State.

**hemlock** : a dark evergreen tree with spreading branches; often called hemlock spruce.

**preened** : smoothed or made sleek, as a bird arranges its feathers with its beak.

**clomb** (clōmb) : an old word for climbed.

**rook-calls** : the calling or cawing of the rooks.

**hale** : hearty and strong.

**Wanderlust** (văn'dĕr lŭst) : a longing to travel or wander about from place to place.

**roving** (rōv'ing) : wandering.

**abrim** (ă brīm') : full to the brim.

**athrill** (ă thrĭll') : thrilling.

*(For memorizing)*

He that loveth not, knoweth not God; for God is love.

1 JOHN iv, 8

SNOW SONG

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

[The author of this beautiful little "Snow Song" is a friend of the Mr. Scollard of whom we read in our Thanksgiving lesson. Both were born in the same year, 1860, and both in New York State, Mr. Sherman's early home being  
5 at Peekskill. Both are college professors; both have written graceful and beautiful verse; and the two have together published one book of poems, called "A Southern Flight."

Mr. Sherman graduated from Columbia University, New York City, in 1884, and nearly ever since that time has  
10 been a professor there. Some of his charming verses for children remind us of Stevenson's. His best-known book is "Little Folk Lyrics," from which this poem is taken. "Lyrics of Joy" and "Lyrics for a Lute" are made up of poems for older people.]

15           Over valley, over hill,  
             Hark, the shepherd piping shrill!  
             Driving all the white flocks forth  
             From the far folds of the North.

             Blow, Wind, blow;  
20           Weird melodies you play,  
             Following your flocks that go  
             Across the world to-day.

How they hurry, how they crowd  
When they hear the music loud !  
Grove and lane and meadow full  
Sparkle with their shining wool.

Blow, Wind, blow

5

Until the forests ring :

Teach the eaves the tunes you know,  
And make the chimney sing !

Hither, thither, up and down  
Every highway of the town,  
Huddling close, the white flocks all  
Gather at the shepherd's call.

10

Blow, Wind, blow

Upon your pipes of joy ;

All your sheep the flakes of snow  
And you their shepherd boy !

15

### QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Tell what you can of the author of this poem. 2. Who is the "shepherd piping shrill," and what are the white flocks that he is driving? 3. Put into easier words "weird melodies." What are the "weird melodies"? 4. Why do the flocks hurry and crowd? 5. What is meant by teaching the eaves tunes and making the chimney sing? 6. Shut your eyes and try to imagine this picture of the shepherd driving the sheep. Pick out the lines that you like best. 7. *Memorize the poem.* 8. Which

idea of the wind do you like better, Mr. Sherman's, or Mr. Macdonald's in "The Wind and the Moon," page 74?

Other good winter poems by Mr. Sherman are "December," "Wizard Frost," "The Juggler," "Song for Winter," "The Snow Weaver," "The Snowbird," and "Winter's Acrobats." "Little Folk Lyrics" has songs for all seasons.

Good winter verses by other poets, suitable for this grade, are Tennyson's "Winter: the Song of the Wrens," E. A. Rand's "Little Ships in the Air," E. W. Shurtleff's "Proud Winter Cometh," Dora Read Goodale's "Winter," W. C. Bennett's "A Winter Song," Paul Hamilton Hayne's "The Winds of the Winter," Madeline S. Bridges' "The First Snow," and Hezekiah Butterworth's "The Snowbird." Most of these will be found in Lovejoy's "Poetry of the Seasons." See also list in the Literary Readers, Book Four, page 316.

*(For memorizing)*

## STANZAS FROM "THE FIRST SNOWFALL"

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

The snow had begun in the gloaming,  
And busily all the night  
Had been heaping field and highway  
With a silence deep and white.

5 Every pine and fir and hemlock  
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,  
And the poorest twig on the elm tree  
Was ridged inch-deep with pearl.

## RED RIDING-HOOD

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

[This story is not about the Red Riding-hood who went to see her grandmother and had the trouble with the wolf. This is another Red Riding-hood — a little girl whom Mr. Whittier knew. He tells us how one cold winter's day she put on her boots and hood and went out in the snow 5 to feed the wild creatures. The poem ends with a prayer that God will always keep this little Red Riding-hood as tender-hearted and full of pity as she now is.]

The story of Mr. Whittier's life is told in the Literary Readers, Book Four, page 310.]

10

On the wide lawn the snow lay deep,  
Ridged o'er with many a drifted heap;  
The wind that through the pine trees sung  
The naked elm boughs tossed and swung;  
While, through the window, frosty-starred,  
Against the sunset purple barred,  
We saw the somber crow flap by,  
The hawk's gray fleck along the sky,  
The crested blue jay flitting swift,  
The squirrel poising on the drift,  
Erect, alert, his broad gray tail  
Set to the north wind like a sail.

15

20

It came to pass, our little lass,  
With flattened face against the glass,  
And eyes in which the tender dew  
Of pity shone, stood gazing through  
5 The narrow space her rosy lips  
Had melted from the frost's eclipse :  
" Oh, see," she cried, " the poor blue jays !  
What is it that the black crow says ?  
The squirrel lifts his little legs,  
10 Because he has no hands, and begs ;  
He 's asking for my nuts, I know.  
May I not feed them on the snow ? "

Half lost within her boots, her head  
Warm-sheltered in her hood of red,  
15 Her plaid skirt close about her drawn,  
She floundered down the wintry lawn ;  
Now struggling through the misty veil  
Blown round her by the shrieking gale ;  
Now sinking in a drift so low  
20 Her scarlet hood could scarcely show  
Its dash of color on the snow.

She dropped for bird and beast forlorn  
Her little store of nuts and corn,  
And thus her timid guests bespoke :  
25 " Come, squirrel, from your hollow oak —  
Come, black old crow — come, poor blue jay,

Before your supper's blown away!  
 Don't be afraid, we all are good;  
 And I'm Mamma's Red Riding-Hood!"

O Thou whose care is over all,  
 Who heedest even the sparrow's fall,  
 Keep in the little maiden's breast  
 The pity which is now its guest!

5

### QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Tell or write the story of Mr. Whittier's life. 2. Who was the Red Riding-hood of this story? 3. What is meant by "frosty-starred"? What made the bars against the purple of the sunset? 4. Why is the crow called "somber"? Describe a crow. 5. Why is the hawk called a "gray fleck along the sky"? 6. What was the "tender dew of pity" in the little girl's eyes? 7. Put into prose "The narrow space her rosy lips had melted from the frost's eclipse." What is meant by the "frost's eclipse"? 8. What was the "misty veil" that was blown about her? 9. To whom are the last four lines addressed? Read, in the Bible, Matthew xi, 29, and tell what is meant by "Who heedest even the sparrow's fall." 10. Explain the last two lines.

Other poems which tell of the kindness of children toward birds and animals are Westwood's "Little Bell," Thaxter's "Christmas in Norway," Alma-Tadema's "Lambs in the Meadow," Wordsworth's "The Pet Lamb," and Mrs. Miller's "Little May."

**fleck** (flĕck): a spot or speck.

**poising** (poiſ'ing): balancing.

**erect** (ĕ rĕct'): upright.

**alert** (ă lĕrt'): watchful and lively.

**eclipse** (ĕ clipse'): a darkening or concealing, as of the sun.

**plaid** (plăid): a checkered cloth.

**bespoke** (bĕ spōke'): spoke to.

## IS THERE A SANTA CLAUS?

FRANCIS P. CHURCH

[One day in the autumn of 1897 little Virginia O'Hanlon, who lived in New York City and who was eight years old, had an argument with some of her schoolmates about Santa Claus. Virginia felt sure there was a Santa Claus; 5 her friends said there was not. Virginia felt greatly disturbed about it, and that night she wrote a letter to the editor of the New York *Sun*, the newspaper that came every morning to their breakfast table. This was the letter:

10 Dear Editor,

I am eight years old. Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus. Papa says, "If you see it in the *Sun*, it's so." Please tell me the truth; is there a Santa Claus?

Virginia O'Hanlon

15 One of the editorial writers for the *Sun* was Mr. Francis P. Church, a man with a big heart and a fine appreciation of poetry. He sat down and wrote an answer to Virginia, and it was printed in the paper next morning. And this answer had in it so much of sympathy and thought that 20 it has been printed again and again. Here it is:]

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist.

Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are, unseen and unseeable, in the world.

You tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernal beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

No Santa Claus! Thank God, he lives, and he lives forever! A thousand years from now, Virginia, nay, ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.

**exists** (ěg zŭsts'): lives.

**supernal** (sŭ pěr'nál): heavenly.

**conceive** (cŏn ċēive'): see with the mind; think of.

## A CHRISTMAS CAROL

PHILLIPS BROOKS

[Phillips Brooks, one of the greatest preachers and most earnest and thoughtful men of his time, was born in Boston in 1835. He graduated from Harvard at the age of twenty, studied in Virginia, and was given charge of a church in Philadelphia. Afterwards, and for more than twenty years, he was in charge of Trinity Church, Boston. He wrote a number of books and several famous hymns, among them, "O Little Town of Bethlehem." He died in 1893.]

- Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night !  
10 Christmas in lands of the fir tree and pine,  
Christmas in lands of the palm tree and vine,  
Christmas where snow peaks stand solemn and white,  
Christmas where cornfields lie sunny and bright,  
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night !
- 15 Christmas where children are hopeful and gay,  
Christmas where old men are patient and gray,  
Christmas where peace, like a dove in its flight,  
Broods o'er brave men in the thick of the fight.  
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night !
- 20 Other good Christmas poems and stories are mentioned  
in the Literary Readers, Book Four, page 309.

# DO YOU FEAR THE WIND?

HAMLIN GARLAND

[Mr. Garland is known as a writer of stories and plays. He was born in West Salem, near La Crosse, Wisconsin, in 1860, and grew up on a farm. He went to school in Iowa, taught in Illinois, and was a farmer in Dakota. Then he went to Boston and began to write stories. He returned West in 1893 and now lives in New York City. He has written many popular novels, a life of Grant, and a volume of poems; also a book for young people, called "Boy Life on the Prairie."]

Do you fear the force of the wind,	10
The slash of the rain?	
Go face them and fight them,	
Be savage again.	
Go hungry and cold like the wolf,	
Go wade like the crane:	15
The palms of your hands will thicken,	
The skin of your cheek will tan;	
You'll grow ragged and weary and swarthy,	
But you'll walk like a man!	

be savage again: live out of doors,	swarthy (swarth'ŷ): dark-skinned,
as a savage lives.	tanned.

## APRIL RAIN

ROBERT LOVEMAN

[Did you ever stop to think what the April rain is bringing? Daffodils and violets and a host of other flowers are all waiting, ready to spring into bloom as soon as the water drops reach their roots and give them the drink of  
5 moisture that they need. And the poet, when he looks at the rain, does n't see *just rain*; he sees the flowers that the rain is waking into life, and it seems to him as if it were "raining daffodils."

Mr. Loveman was born in Cleveland, Ohio, in 1864, was  
10 educated in the South, and has spent most of his life there. His verses are graceful and full of poetic thought. Among his books are "Poems," "A Book of Verses," "The Blushful South," "The Gates of Silence," and "Songs from a Georgia Garden." His home is in Dalton, Georgia.]

15           It is n't raining rain to me,  
              It's raining daffodils;  
          In every dimpled drop I see  
              Wild flowers on the hills;  
          The clouds of gray engulf the day  
20           And overwhelm the town;  
          It is n't raining rain to me,  
              It's raining roses down.

It is n't raining rain to me,  
 But fields of clover bloom,  
 Where every buccaneering bee  
 May find a bed and room;  
 A health unto the happy!  
 A fig for him who frets!  
 It is n't raining rain to me,  
 It's raining violets.

5

## QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Tell what you can of the author of this poem. 2. Explain what the poet means by saying, "It's raining daffodils." 3. What is a "buccaneering bee," and where can the bee find "bed and room"? 4. Explain "A fig for him who frets!" 5. *Memorize the poem.*

Other good poems of early spring, suitable for this grade, are W. W. Caldwell's "Robin's Come," Nora Perry's "The Coming of Spring," Lewis G. Wilson's "The Hylodes," Kate B. Sherwood's "The First Crocus," H. S. Washburn's "To the First Robin," Alexander Wilson's "The Bluebird," Mary Howitt's "April," Elizabeth A. Allen's "In April," Susan H. Swett's "The Blue Jay." Most of these are in Lovejoy's "Poetry of the Seasons." (See also list in the Literary Readers, Book Four, page 319.)

**engulf** (ĕn gŭlf') : to swallow up, as in a gulf.

**overwhelm** (ō vēr whĕlm') : to cover over or bury.

**buccaneering** (bŭc că nēer'ing) : robbing like a pirate.

**a fig!** I don't care a fig, or the worth of a fig, or a snap of the fingers.

## THE THROSTLE

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

[In these verses the poet tells what he thinks the throstle, or thrush, sings, just as in the poem on page 212 he tells what the brook sings. Notice how perfectly the words express the warbling and trilling of the bird. The lines in quotation marks are the bird's song; the other lines are the words of Mr. Tennyson, talking to the bird.]

"Summer is coming, summer is coming,

I know it, I know it, I know it.

Light again, leaf again, life again, love again!"

10 Yes, my wild little Poet.

Sing the near year in under the blue.

Last year you sang it as gladly.

"New, new, new, new!" Is it then so new

That you should carol so madly?

15 "Love again, song again, nest again, young again,"

Never a prophet so crazy!

And hardly a daisy as yet, little friend,

See, there is hardly a daisy.

"Here again, here, here, here, happy year!"

20 O warble unchidden, unbidden!

Summer is coming, is coming, my dear,

And all the winters are hidden.

## QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. At what time of the year is the thrush supposed to be singing in this poem? What words in his song tell you this?
2. Practice line 9 until you can read it without a pause and with perfect distinctness. Remember that you are imitating the song of a bird. Explain in your own words what this line means.
3. Why, in line 10, is the bird called a "wild little *Poet*"?

4. What is meant by "under the blue"? 5. Put line 15 into a sentence in your own words. 6. Why is the bird called a "prophet"? (Crazy here means excited and carried away with his message.) What did the bird foretell that could not then be seen? 7. Put into simpler words "O warble unhidden, unbidden!" 8. What other poem have you read that imitates the song of a bird? (See Literary Readers, Book Four, page 150.)

Other easy poems of Tennyson are "Sweet and Low" and "The Bee and the Flower" (see Literary Readers, Book Four), "The Owl," "The Snowdrop," "The Mermaid," "The Shell," "Bugle Song," "Break, Break, Break," "The Eagle," and "The Death of the Old Year."

**carol** (căr'öl): a song of joy.

**prophet** (pröf'ět): one filled with a spirit that gives him power to tell beforehand things that shall be.

**unhidden** (ün chüd'den): not re-proved or not found fault with.

**unbidden** (ün bíd'den): not asked or not invited.

(*For memorizing*)

If any one is unhappy it must be his own fault, for God made all to be happy.

EPICETUS

## THE GLADNESS OF NATURE

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

[We always think of Bryant as our poet of the out-of-doors. He sang of the birds and bees and flowers and clouds; and in them all he saw a beauty which he also shows us how to see.

5 In this poem it is the gladness of the summer time that he sings about. Everything seems to him to be laughing and dancing. Have you never seen such a day in summer, when it was a joy just to breathe? Try to let this feeling get into your heart as you read the poem.

10 The story of Bryant's life is in Book Four, page 146.]

Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,  
When our mother Nature laughs around;  
When even the deep blue heavens look glad,  
And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground?

15 There are notes of joy from the hangbird and wren,  
And the gossip of swallows through all the sky;  
The ground squirrel gaily chirps by his den,  
And the wilding bee hums merrily by.

The clouds are at play in the azure space  
20 And their shadows at play on the bright-green vale,  
And here they stretch to the frolic chase,  
And there they roll on the easy gale.

There's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower,  
 There's a titter of winds in that beechen tree,  
 There's a smile on the fruit, and a smile on the flower,  
 And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.

And look at the broad-faced sun, how he smiles  
 On the dewy earth that smiles in his ray,  
 On the leaping waters and gay young isles!  
 Ay, look, and he'll smile thy gloom away.

5

### QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Tell what you can of the author of this poem. (See Literary Readers, Book Four.) 2. What things in the poem tell you the season? 3. Why is nature called "*mother Nature*"?

4. Describe the hangbird; the wren; the swallow; the ground squirrel. 5. What is meant by the "gossip of swallows." 6. What is the "wilding" bee? 7. Why do the clouds and shadows seem to be at play? 8. What is an "easy gale"?

9. What is the aspen, and why does the poet speak of the "*dance of leaves*"? 10. What is a "titter of winds"? 11. What is the "smile on the fruit"? the "laugh from the brook"?

Other simple poems by Bryant are "Robert of Lincoln" (Literary Readers, Book Four), "The Planting of the Apple Tree" (Book Six), "To the Fringed Gentian," and "The Yellow Violet" (Advanced Literary Reader, Part I).

**hangbird**: the Baltimore oriole.

**wilding** (wīld'ing): wild.

**azure** (ăzh'ûre): sky-blue.

**vale** (vāle): a valley.

**titter** (tīt'tēr): a suppressed laugh.

**aspen** (ăsp'ēn): a poplar having its leaves so placed on long slender stems that they are moved by the slightest breeze.

**beechen** (bēech'en): beech.

## THE PIXY PEOPLE

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

[When we read "The Circus-Day Parade" and the story of Mr. Riley's life in Book Four of the Literary Readers, we felt sure that he loved fun and was a boy at heart. Now we are going to read another poem of his which shows the  
5 sort of fancies that filled his brain. A poet, you know, is one who sees more than other people. This will show you that Mr. Riley saw a great deal.

He tells us that once on a drowsy summer day he had a dream. Under the trees it was dim and fairylike, with  
10 a gleam of sunshine falling here and there through the leaves. The crickets were chirping in the clover, and the bees were making that droning sort of noise that you always hear when they are hunting for honey. The grasshoppers were jumping about in the grasses and weeds.  
15 The katydid in the honeysuckle was shaking the blossoms with its trilling. It was noon. Everything seemed very peaceful and sleepy, and Mr. Riley, who was probably lying somewhere in the grass, just dozed off before he knew it.

Then he thought he saw the pixy people, or the fairies,  
20 pouring out of the top of a mullein stalk, and the mullein stalk was so high that when compared with the pixies it seemed like a tall steeple. One of the pixy people, who appeared to be their king, wore a hat made of a pansy.

Another, the queen, had a dress of moonshine and green.  
One wore a vest of rose-leaves, and another a coat of  
tiger-lily-skin, and another a coat made of the galingale, a  
sweet sort of grass ; and they sang and danced about until  
Mr. Riley opened his eyes and — it was all a dream. 5

In reading the poem try to see the quiet drowsy sort of  
picture that the poem gives us, and you will almost think  
you can see the pixies yourself.]

It was just a very  
Merry fairy dream ! 10  
All the woods were airy  
With the gloom and gleam ;  
Crickets in the clover  
Clattered clear and strong,  
And the bees droned over 15  
Their old honey-song.  
  
In the mossy passes,  
Saucy grasshoppers  
Leapt about the grasses  
And the thistle-burs ; 20  
And the whispered chuckle  
Of the katydid  
Shook the honeysuckle  
Blossoms where he hid.  
  
Through the breezy mazes 25  
Of the lazy June,

Drowsy with the hazes  
Of the dreamy noon,  
Little pixy people  
Winged above the walk,  
5 Pouring from the steeple  
Of a mullein-stalk.

One — a gallant fellow,  
Evidently king —  
Wore a plume of yellow  
10 In a jeweled ring  
On a pansy bonnet,  
Gold and white and blue,  
With the dew still on it,  
And the fragrance too.

15 One — a dainty lady,  
Evidently queen —  
Wore a gown of shady  
Moonshine and green,  
With a lace of gleaming  
20 Starlight that sent  
All the dewdrops dreaming  
Everywhere she went.

One wore a waistcoat  
Of rose-leaves, out and in,  
25 And one wore a faced-coat  
Of tiger-lily-skin ;

And one wore a neat coat  
Of palest galingale ;  
And one a tiny street-coat,  
And one a swallow-tail.

And Ho ! sang the king of them, 5  
And Hey ! sang the queen ;  
And round and round the ring of them  
Went dancing o'er the green ;  
And Hey ! sang the queen of them,  
And Ho ! sang the king — 10  
And all that I had seen of them  
— Was n't anything !

It was just a very  
Merry fairy dream !  
All the woods were airy 15  
With the gloom and gleam ;  
Crickets in the clover  
Clattered clear and strong,  
And the bees droned over  
Their old honey-song ! 20

### QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Write or tell the story of Mr. Riley's life (see Literary Readers, Book Four, page 79.) 2. Who are the pixy people, and how did Mr. Riley happen to see them? 3. What time of the year was it? What time of the day? 4. Say in simpler words, "All the woods were airy with the gloom and gleam."

5. What four kinds of insects did Mr. Riley see or hear? What were they doing? 6. What is the bees' "honey-song"? What are "mossy passes"? 7. What is the "whispered chuckle" of the katydid? How does the katydid make this noise? 8. How many times can you find the sound of *z* in the first half of the third stanza? What does the sound so often repeated make you think of? 9. The "breezy mazes" probably means the mazes made by the long grasses. Who passed through these mazes? 10. Why did one of the pixies look like a king? Why did one seem like a queen? 11. What happened at the end? 12. Memorize the poem, or at least stanzas one, three, six, and seven.

Other easy poems of Mr. Riley's are "The Circus-Day Parade" (Literary Readers, Book Four, page 83), "The South Wind and the Sun," "The Brook Song," "The Yellow Bird," "No Boy Knows," and "On the Sunny Side." See also "A Song," on page 225 of this book.

Good fairy poems by other poets: Ariel's Song by Shakespeare; The Fairies of the Caldon-Low, by Mary Howitt; The Fairies, by William Allingham; Fairy Folk, by Robert Bird; A Fairy in Armor, by Joseph Rodman Drake; The Last Voyage of the Fairies, by W. H. Davenport Adams; The Fairies' Shopping, by Margaret Deland. (See "The Posy Ring.")

**airy** (âir'ÿ): here means unreal.

**droned** (drōned): made a low, dull, humming sound.

**passes** (pâss'ēs): passages or paths.

**chuckle** (chŭck'le): a quiet sort of laugh.

**mazes** (māz'ēs): confused paths, crossing each other in many ways.

**hazes** (hāz'ēs): dimness or mistiness, often caused by heat.

**mullein** (mŭl'leĭn): a tall, wild plant with large woolly leaves and a spike of yellow flowers.

**gallant** (gāl'lănt): brave, noble.

**waistcoat** (wāist'cōat): a vest.

**faced-coat**: a coat with lapels and lining of some other kind of cloth.

**galingale** (gāl'in gāle): a grass having a sweet, spicy root.

**swallow-tail**: a dress coat.

## THE FLAG GOES BY

HENRY HOLCOMB BENNETT

[The flags used by the American colonies in the early days of the Revolution were of many kinds. On them were pine trees and rattlesnakes and crosses and various other things. Each colony had its own flag. But on June 14, 1777, Congress voted "that the flag of the United States be thirteen stripes alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars white on a blue field, representing a new constellation." The stars and stripes stood for the thirteen states.

As new states were added the number of stripes as well as of stars was increased, until at length the flag became too broad to look well. So, on April 4, 1818, Congress voted that thereafter it should have but the thirteen original stripes, and that as new states were added the number of stars should be increased so that there should always be a star for each state.

The red in the flag stands for courage, the white for purity, and the blue for truth, or justice. But the flag stands for more than that. It stands for our country — your country and mine. Whether we see it floating over the school-house, or from the mast of a ship upon the sea, or on some quaint building in a foreign land, it always means the United States of America. Cannons salute it; kings and

emperors honor it; men take off their hats to it when it is carried down the street. It means liberty and honor and justice and law and protection and the power of a great and brave nation. It means all that American history means.

5 Henry Holcomb Bennett, who writes this flag song, was born at Chillicothe, Ohio, in 1863. He is both an author and an artist, having written a number of stories of army life and of birds and animals, some of which he has illustrated with his own drawings. His home is in Chillicothe,  
10 the town of his birth.]

Hats off!

Along the street there comes  
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,  
A flash of color beneath the sky:

15 Hats off!

The flag is passing by!

Blue and crimson and white it shines,  
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.

Hats off!

20 The colors before us fly;  
But more than the flag is passing by.

Sea-fights and land-fights, grim and great,  
Fought to make and save the State;  
Weary marches and sinking ships;  
25 Cheers of victory on dying lips;

Days of plenty and years of peace ;  
 March of a strong land's swift increase ;  
 Equal justice, right, and law ;  
 Stately honor and reverend awe ;

Sign of a nation great and strong  
 To ward her people from foreign wrong ;  
 Pride and glory and honor — all  
 Live in the colors to stand or fall.

Hats off !

Along the street there comes  
 A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums ;  
 And loyal hearts are beating high :

Hats off !

The flag is passing by !

### QUESTIONS AND HELPS

1. Tell why we take off our hats when the flag goes by.  
 3. What are "steel-tipped, ordered lines"? 4. What does the poet see in the flag besides the stars and stripes? 5. What does the flag stand for? 6. Tell the story of "The Star-Spangled Banner" (see Literary Readers, Book Four, page 275).

**alternate** (äl tēr'nâte) : first one and then the other.

**union** : here means the square in the upper inner corner of a flag.

**constellation** (cōn stēl lā'shōn) : a group of stars to which some special meaning is given.

**Chillicothe** (Chīl lī cōth'ē).

**ruffle** (rūf'fle) : a low rattle of drums.

**grim** : savage, fierce.

**reverend awe** (rēv'ēr ēnd awe) : respectful fear or wonder.

**ward** (wārd) : to protect.

**loyal** (loy'āl) : faithful and true.

## THE OLD FLAG FOREVER

FRANK L. STANTON

[Mr. Stanton was born at Charleston, S.C., in 1857. He began life as a printer, and from typesetting in newspaper offices soon turned to writing. He is one of the editors of the *Atlanta Constitution*, the paper of which Joel  
5 Chandler Harris was also an editor. Among his books of poems are "Songs of the Soil," "Songs from Dixie Land," "Up from Georgia," and "Little Folks Down South."]

She's up there — Old Glory — where lightnings are sped ;  
She dazzles the nations with ripples of red ;  
10 And she'll wave for us living, or droop o'er us dead —  
The flag of our country forever !

She's up there — Old Glory — how bright the stars stream !  
And the stripes like red signals of liberty gleam !  
And we dare for her, living, or dream the last dream  
15 'Neath the flag of our country forever !

She's up there — Old Glory — no tyrant-dealt scars  
Nor blur on her brightness, no stain on her stars !  
The brave blood of heroes hath crimsoned her bars —  
She's the flag of our country forever !

Other good poems suitable for Flag Day are Riley's "The Name of Old Glory" and Lucy Larcom's "The Flag." (See also list in the Literary Readers, Book Four, page 280.)







